RECITATIONS for EVERY OCCASION

Miss Eleanora Haacke

Stanley 51 42
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Eleanora Haacke

Litie

Eleanore Kaiser

110

Recitations
for
Every Occasion

The Best New Pieces
to Read and Recite
and a Few Favorites
of an Older Vintage

For the Days We Celebrate
and Public and Private
Entertainments Generally

By
CARLETON B. CASE

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PREFACE

Let us break away from the stereotyped matter that fills the usual book of recitations, and give the modern entertainer something fresh and bright, that both he and his audience will enjoy!

That was the all-pervading idea in the mind of the compiler when he set about the preparation of this work, and the result is before you. No other similar book that contains so much new and modern material of real value has ever come to the writer's attention.

At the same time, some of the old favorites, carefully chosen, such stand-bys as have an assured place in a book of this nature, are present in due measure; a just balance to the lighter-veined material.

The result is, a grouping of the serious and the frivolous; the heavy and the light; something suitable for every public and private affair where the young or the mature would entertain an audience by reading or reciting just what that audience would like to hear.

Some of the briefer and brightest bits of our collection are cast under the heading of "Encores." This, however, need not preclude their use at the first table when occasion arises.

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Recitations for Every Occasion

ARBOR DAY

ARBOR DAY

From North and from South come the voices of trees;
To you and to me they are borne on the breeze.

We offer our fruit unto each one who comes—
Peaches and apples, and cherries and plums;

We hold out our arms and the birds come to rest,
And hide 'neath our leaflets their dear little nest.

When cut by the axe we are laid at your feet,
We offer in fire both our light and our heat;

Or we make you a house, wagon, barn or a whip,
A pole for your flag, or a mast for your ship.

Just think what the trees do for you and for me;
So now let us plant here a beautiful tree.

—Lydia Avery Coonley.

GOOD NEWS

The fairies told the pale snow flowers;
  The flowers told the bees;
The bees came forth in sunny hours,
  And told it to the trees.

The trees unwrapt their little leaves,
  And told it to the birds;
The birds sang songs of harvest sheaves;
  All creatures knew the words.

It woke a downy yellow chick
From its warm three weeks' nap
Who, at his window, 'gan to pick;
I heard the casement snap.

Then looking out, he said to me;
What I to you now say;
"The Spring has come, for don't you see
That this is Arbor Day?"

THE USES OF TREES

What do you see in the lofty trees?
We see the ship that will cross the seas;
We see the masts to carry the sails;
We see the planks to weather the gales.

What do we plant when we plant the tree?
We plant the houses for you and me;
We plant the rafters, the shingles, the floor;
We plant the shade before the door.

A thousand things that we daily see
Are brought to us from the waving tree;
A thousand things on land and sea
Are planted by us when we plant the tree.

WHY WE KEEP ARBOR DAY

Trees of the fragrant forest,
With leaves of green unfurled,
Through summer's heat, through winter's cold,
What do you do for our world?

Our green leaves catch the raindrops
That fall with soothing sound,
Then drop them slowly, slowly down,
'Tis better for the ground.

When rushing down the hillside,
A mighty freshet forms,
Our giant trunks and spreading roots,
Defend our happy homes.

From burning heat in summer
We offer cool retreat,
Protect the land in winter's storm
From cold, and wind, and sleet.

Our falling leaves in autumn,
By breezes turned and tossed,
Will make a deep sponge carpet warm
Which saves the ground from frost.

We give you pulp for paper,
Our fuel gives you heat,
We furnish lumber for your homes,
And nuts and fruit to eat.

With strong and graceful outline,
With branches green and bare,
We fill the land through all the year
With beauty everywhere.

So, listen, from the forest
Each one a message sends,
To children on this Arbor Day
"We trees are your best friends."

—*Primary Education.*

THE APPLE-TREE AND I

"Dear apple-tree, dear apple-tree,
Please throw an apple down to me;
Yours are so large and fair and round,
Please drop me one upon the ground."

"Oh, no, my child, that cannot be,"
The old tree seemed to say to me.
"My apples, large and round and fair,
Look better high up in the air."

"Oh, apple-tree, dear apple-tree!
If you mean all you say to me,
Please shake your head real hard for no,
And I'll believe it's really so."

And so he shook his head at me,
That dear old, stupid apple-tree!
Down fell the apples at my feet,
And we had all that we could eat.

—Thomas Tapper, *in St. Nicholas.*

THE TREES

The Oak

Of trees, the oak my favorite is,
So stanch it is and strong;
Defying tempests, cold and heat
As right withstands the wrong.
The Druid's tree; a monarch's shield;
A charter's safe retreat,
O tree of history! Thy fame
Poet and sage repeat.

The Beech

The beech tree throws a deeper shade
Along the forest path,
Upon its branches children swing
With shout and merry laugh.
A legend old tells us thou art
A favored child of heaven
And never hath the lightning's bolt
Thy trunk or branches riven.

The Maple

A home tree is the maple tree,
It stands beside the door
Of the proud king's stately palace
Or the hovel of the poor.

Youth loves to seek its welcome shade,
Or old age there lies down,
And Autumn brings from heaven above
A rainbow for its crown.

The Magnolia

The magnolia from the sunny south
With its bright leaves evergreen;
With its wealth of bloom and rich perfume
Is the fairest ever seen.
Of all the trees of our dear land,
To me it is the queen.

The Willow

The willow is my chosen tree,
There's grace in every motion.
It marks the course of winding streams
From ocean unto ocean.
Above the blessed dead it oft
Within "God's acre" waves,
And droops its slender branches o'er
Full many a hero's grave.

The Birch

O'er the margin of the crystal lake
The pliant birch tree sways
And whispers to the waters deep
Through all the happy days.
Its leaflets rustle in the wind
Above the forest pool;
The water nymphs and fairies live
Within its shadows cool.

The Elm

An elm looked down where noble Penn
In friendly counsel, grave,
Formed the treaty ever kept
With Indian chieftains brave.

Historic elm! Oft does it shade
The city's dusty street,
Or offer by the country way
A rest benign and sweet.

The Pine

Sentinel stands the solemn pine
In the forests of the south,
Or climbs the rugged mountain side,
Or dares the frozen north.
Patient still, whatever land
Or clime hath given it birth,
I deem it the most constant tree
And choose it for its worth.

The Hickory

The hickory brings sweet thoughts of home,
A fireplace high and wide,
A father's chair in a corner warm,
A mother's at his side;
Children playing 'round the hearth,
Nuts and popcorn too,
Then goodnight songs and goodnight words
From hearts so dear and true,
Oh, do you wonder, then, at me
For loving best the hickory tree?

Every tree its beauty hath,
Each doth a blessing bring,
A gift of perfume, flower or fruit
For every living thing.
They teach to us this lesson, too,
We each must find a work to do.
If well we do it—thine and mine—
We so fulfill the plan divine.

WOODMAN, SPARE THAT TREE!

Woodman, spare that tree!
Touch not a single bough!
In youth it sheltered me,
And I'll protect it now.
'Twas my forefather's hand
That placed it near his cot;
There, woodman, let it stand,
Thy ax shall harm it not!

That old familiar tree,
Whose glory and renown
Are spread o'er land and sea—
And would'st thou hew it down?
Woodman, forbear thy stroke!
Cut not its earth-bound ties;
Oh, spare that aged oak,
Now towering to the skies!

When but an idle boy,
I sought its grateful shade;
In all their gushing joy,
Here, too, my sisters played;
My mother kissed me here;
My father pressed my hand—
Forgive this foolish tear,
But let the old oak stand!

My heart-strings round thee cling,
Close as thy bark, old friend!
Here shall the wild bird sing,
And still thy branches bend.
Old tree! the storm still brave!
And, woodman, leave the spot;
While I've a hand to save,
Thy ax shall harm it not.

—George P. Morris.

HOW IT WAS WRITTEN

This is how George P. Morris came to write the poem, "Woodman, Spare That Tree." Mr. Morris, in a letter to a friend, dated New York, Feb. 1, 1837, gave in substance the following account:

"Riding out of town a few days since, in company with a friend, an old gentleman, he invited me to turn down a little romantic woodland pass, not far from Bloomingdale.

"'Your object?' inquired I. 'Merely to look once more at an old tree planted by my grandfather long before I was born, under which I used to play when a boy, and where my sisters played with me. There I often listened to the good advice of my parents. Father, mother, sisters—all are gone; nothing but the old tree remains,' And a paleness overspread his fine countenance and tears came to his eyes. After a moment's pause he added: 'Don't think me foolish. I don't know how it is: I never ride out but I turn down this lane to look at that old tree. I have a thousand recollections about it, and I always greet it as a familiar and well-remembered friend.' These words were scarcely uttered when the old gentleman cried out, 'There it is!' Near the tree stood a man with his coat off, sharpening an ax. 'You're not going to cut that tree down, surely?' 'Yes, but I am though,' said the woodman. 'What for?' inquired the old gentleman, with choked emotion. 'What for? I like that! Well, I will tell you. I want the tree for firewood.' 'What is the tree worth to you for firewood?' 'Why, when down, about ten dollars.' 'Suppose I should give you that sum,' said the old gentleman, 'would you let it stand?' 'Yes.' 'You are sure of that?' 'Positive!' 'Then give me a bond to that effect.' We went into the little cottage in which my companion was born, but which is now occupied by the woodman. I drew up the bond. It was signed and the money paid over. As we left, the young girl, the daughter of the

woodman, assured us that while she lived the tree should not be cut. These circumstances made a strong impression on my mind, and furnished me with the materials for the poem."

SALUTE TO THE TREES

Many a tree is found in the wood
And every tree for its use is good:
Some for the strength of the gnarled root,
Some for the sweetness of flower or fruit;
Some for shelter against the storm,
And some to keep the hearth-stone warm;
Some for the roof and some for the beam,
And some for a boat to breast the stream;—
In the wealth of the wood since the world began
The trees have offered their gifts to man,

But the glory of trees is more than their gifts:
'Tis a beautiful wonder of life that lifts,
From a wrinkled seed in an earth-bound clod,
A column, an arch in the temple of God,
A pillar of power, a dome of delight,
A shrine of song, and a joy of sight!
Their roots are the nurses of rivers in birth;
Their leaves are alive with the breath of the earth;
They shelter the dwellings of man; and they bend
O'er his grave with the look of a loving friend.

I have camped in the whispering forest of pines,
I have slept in the shadow of olives and vines;
In the knees of an oak, at the foot of a palm
I have found good rest and slumber's balm.
And now, when the morning gilds the boughs
Of the vaulted elm at the door of my house,
I open the window and make salute:
"God bless thy branches and feed thy root!
Thou hast lived before, live after me,
Thou ancient, friendly, faithful tree."

—Henry Van Dyke, *in Scribner's Magazine.*

ARMISTICE DAY

ARMISTICE DAY

"Cease firing!" Over all the world
The swords were sheathed, the banners furled.
"The War is dead!" the nations sang;
Ten thousand thousand joy-bells rang!
Hosannas rose from every shore,
"Peace, peace is ours forevermore!"

Before the joyous shouting died
Dark war-clouds gathered far and wide.
Men could not swiftly sweep away
War's desolating tempest-sway,
That down the ancient, wrathful years
Has held them captive to their fears.

In minds too young for enmity
There lies the way to make men free.
When children's friendships are world-wide
New ages will be glorified.
Let child love child, and wars will cease;
Disarm the hearts, for that is Peace.

—Ethel Blair Jordan.

THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER
ARMISTICE DAY AT ARLINGTON

"The prayers of the faithful go up to heaven unceasingly."

The wind to-day is full of ghosts with ghostly bugles blowing,
Where shadows steal across the world, as silent as the dew.
Where golden youth is yellow dust, by haunted rivers flowing
Through valleys where the crosses grow, as harvest wheat is growing,
And only dead men see the line that passes in review.

The gripping clay once more gives way before the Mighty Mother
Who waits with everlasting arms to guard her sleeping sons.
And lonely mates in silent fields call out to one another
The story of an empty grave, where each has lost a brother,
Who takes the long, long trail at last beyond the rusting guns.

Gently the east wind brought him home to meet the south wind sighing.
Softly the north wind breathes his name that none of us may know.
For only those who fell with him, out in the darkness lying,
Can tell his company or rank, and they are unreplying,
As each dreams on through summer dawns or winter's mantling snow.

Nameless—and yet how gallantly he faced the roaring thunder
Where names were less than star-dust as the crashing steel swept by
To take its endless toll of those the night squad spaded under,
Clod upon clod, beneath the sod that time alone may sunder,
Held where the wind-blown grasses stir beneath an alien sky.

He'll miss, perhaps, the poppy blooms that sway above the clover,
But rose-red wreaths of Arlington bend low above his dreams.
The reveille at dawn is done, the slogging hikes are over,
Where out the friendly lanes of home, a gay and careless rover,
His wild, free spirit seeks the hills and haunts the singing streams.

No more he moves by Meuse or Aisne, some shell-swept river wading,
No marching orders call him from his rough-hewn granite grave.
And when at dusk we hear far off the eerie drum-taps fading,
What hallowed spot holds more than this, with spectral lines parading
Blood of our blood, dust of our dust, "the ashes of our brave"?

There will be tears from watching eyes, where rain and mist are blended,
There will be heartache in the lines where gold-starred mothers wait.
But where the great shells fall no more, what vision is more splendid
Than peace along the once-scarred fields, the last red battle ended,
Peace that he helped to bring again above the twi-light gate?

Let valor's minstrel voices sing his fame for future pages,
But when the starless darkness comes and the long silence creeps,
When blossom mists of spring return or winter torrent rages,
Write this above his nameless dust, to last beyond the ages,
"Safe in the Mighty Mother's arms an Unknown Soldier sleeps." —GRANTLAND RICE.

"SUPREME SACRIFICE" HYMN

Sung at the Tomb of the Unknow Soldier in Arlington, Armistice Day, 1921.

O valiant hearts, who to your glory came
Through dust and conflict and through battle flame;
Tranquil you lie, your knightly virtue proved,
Your memory hallowed in the land you loved.

Proudly you gathered, rank on rank to war,
As who had heard God's message from afar;
All you had hoped for, all you had, you gave
To save mankind—yourselves you scorned to save.

Splendid you passed, the great surrender made,
Into the light that nevermore shall fade;
Deep your contentment in that blest abode,
Who wait the last clear trumpet-call of God.

Long years ago, as earth lay stark and still,
Rose a loud cry upon a lonely hill,
While in the frailty of our human clay,
Christ, our Redeemer, passed the self-same way.

Still stands His cross from that dread hour to this
Like some bright star above the dark abyss;
Still through the veil, the victor's pitying eyes
Look down to bless our lesser Calvaries.

These were His servants, in His steps they trod
Following through death the martyr'd sons of God;
Victor, He rose; victorious, too, shall rise
They who drink his cup of sacrifice.

O risen Lord, O Shepherd of our dead,
Whose cross has brought them and whose staff has led—
In glorious hope their proud and sorrowing land
Commits her children to Thy Gracious Hand.

FILE THREE

["General Pershing stopped in his walk, turned sharply and faced File Three."—*London Dispatch.*]

File Three stood motionless and pale,
Of nameless pedigree;
One of a hundred on detail—
But would I had been he!

In years a youth, but worn and old,
With face of ivory;
Upon his sleeve two strands of gold—
Oh, would I had been he!

The General passed down the line,
And walked right rapidly,
But saw those threads and knew the sign—
Ah, had I been File Three!

"Twice wounded? Tell me where you were,"
The man of stars asked he.
"Givenchy and Lavenze, sir"—
Oh, where was *I*, File Three!

Then crisply quoth the General:
"You are a man, File Three."
And Tommy's heart held carnival—
God! Would I had been he!

—P. S. W., *in Chicago Tribune.*

ARMISTICE

How close the white-ranked crosses crowd,
Beneath the Flag which seems to be
A soaring, hovering glory-cloud
On lily-fields of Calvary!

Ours, ours they are—
Those dear, dead knights who won the Golden Star;
On far French hills, here in our churchyards lying,
Or in war's wildest wreckage—still unfound
In those torn, piteous fields which they, in dying,
Have for us all forever sanctified.
We cannot hallow more that holy ground;
All glory we would give them pales beside
The eternal splendor of those men, who thought
But of the sacred cause for which they fought.

And now, the battles done,
They who gave all, 'tis they alone who won.
In their great faith there was no dark misgiving;
They saw no base self-seekers don the mask
Of high ideals, to batten on the living.
Their vision was a world secure and just
Won by their victory—their only task
To crush one hideous foe; and in that trust
They sped with eager feet, and paid the price,
Unstinting, of the last great sacrifice.

That faith they hold.
The peace for which they battled was pure gold.
And in their splendid zeal they died unshaken.
Knowing such sacred beauty fills their sleep,
Shall we yet mourn, or wish they might awaken
To find the golden peace so far debased?
Should we not rather pray that they may keep
Their shining vision spotless, undefaced,
Until the world, repentant and redeemed,
Grow to the measure of the one they dreamed?

So let them rest.
They gave for us their dearest and their best;
They keep the holiest. Yet for their giving
Our fittest tribute is not grief and tears,
But the same ardent vision in our living
As that which shone, compelling, in their eyes
Uncowed by Death and all his dreadful fears.
Then, when at last these glorious dreamers rise,
The world we keep for them might almost seem
The living substance of their lofty dream!

How white the crosses — white and small!
With what proud love the Flag appears
To mother them! . . . And then it all
Is blurred by the insistent tears.

—Charles Buxton Going.

LADS OF THE GOLDEN STAR

You left us in life's early morning,
When the call came so clear from afar;
For you it was eternity's dawning,
Brave lads of the Golden Star;
Life held to you hands rich with promise;
Love waited your manhood to bless;
But bravely you followed the banner
To the land lying crushed and distressed.

With life-blood you've written your story
On the poppy-strewn meadows afar;
No tribute can add to your glory,
Brave lads of the Golden Star.
Now the Great Captain's banner enfolds you;
He'll lead you where still waters flow;
No longer the strife and the conflict,
But His peace, perfect peace, you shall know.

CHORUS:

Oh, laddies of the little star,
Once blue, now turned to gold,
Do you know up there in heaven fair
You're our own lads, just as of old?
Never shall you be forgotten, tho' the pathway stretches afar;
We'll meet you at last when life's journey is past,
Dear lads of the Golden Star.

—Lorena Davison Chaffee. *(Dedicated to Her Son).*

THE SERVICE FLAG

These are the stars that burn wherever glows
The faith of clear-eyed boys in things sublime,—
The gospel of the heart of youth, that knows
How petty are the goods of space and time,
How small the single life, the truth how high,
How many things are darker than to die.

These are the sons of———, who go forth
For us, yet not for us, but for the world;
From Orient isles, from East and South and North,
They have caught the vision—a new flag unfurled,—
Not ours nor England's: in the air fly free
The streaming colors of Humanity.

This is the shrine where we shall hold them dear,
Where prayers shall rise, remembering, when they ride
Among the fiends of ocean, or draw near
The vales of blood upon the further side;
Howe'er so long their road—to hell's own bar—
The angels of our love will follow as far.

And this the place where, on some day of days,
Each star shall gleam to give them welcome home,
When drums and hearts shall beat in echoing praise,
As our victorious soldiers trooping come,
Boasting no booty, nor revenge undreamed,—
Their only glory or pelf a world redeemed.

And if a softer note, that day, we lift
For those who come not back to greet our eyes,
Theirs, we shall know, is the diviner gift,
The golden star—the crown of sacrifice;
For them thrice gloriously the flag shall fly,
Who once for man, for God, had dared to die.

—Raymond M. Alden.

THE DEAD

I

Blow out, you bugles, over the rich Dead!
There's none of these so lonely and poor of old,
But, dying, has made us rarer gifts than gold.
These laid the world away; poured out the red
Sweet wine of youth; gave up the years to be
Of work and joy, and that unhoped serene,
That men call age; and those who would have been,
Their sons, they gave, their immortality.

Blow, bugles blow! They brought us, for our dearth,
Holiness, lacked so long, and Love, and Pain.
Honour has come back, as a king, to earth,
And paid his subjects with a royal wage;
And Nobleness walks in our ways again;
And we have come into our heritage.

II

These hearts were woven of human joys and cares
Washed marvellously with sorrow, swift to mirth.
The years had given them kindness. Dawn was theirs,
And sunset, and the colours of the earth.
These had seen movement and heard music; known
Slumber and waking; loved; gone proudly friended;
Felt the quick stir of wonder; sat alone;
Touched flowers and furs and cheeks. All this is ended.

There are waters blown by changing winds to laughter
And lit by the rich skies, all day. And after,
Frost, with a gesture, stays the waves that dance
And wandering loveliness. He leaves a white
Unbroken glory, a gathered radiance,
A width, a shining peace, under the night.

—Rupert Brooke.

HYMN FOR AIRMEN

Lord, guard and guide the men who fly
Through the great spaces of the sky,
Be with them traversing the air
In darkening storm or sunshine fair.

Thou who dost keep with tender might
The balanced birds in all their flight,
Thou of the tempered winds be near,
That, having Thee, they know no fear.

Control their minds, with instinct fit
What time, adventuring, they quit
The firm security of land;
Grant steadfast eye and skillful hand.

Aloft in solitudes of space
Uphold them with Thy saving Grace.
O God, protect the men who fly
Through lonely ways beneath the sky.

—M. C. D. H.

IN FLANDERS FIELDS

In Flanders fields the poppies blow
Between the crosses, row on row,
That mark our place; and in the sky
The larks, still bravely singing, fly,
Scare heard amidst the guns below.
We are the dead. Short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
Loved and were loved, and now we lie
In Flanders fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe!
To you from falling hands we throw
The torch. Be yours to hold it high!
If ye break faith with us who die
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
In Flanders fields.

—Lieut. Col. John D. McCrae.

POPPIES

Poppies?
Not for me, buddy!
Buds o' Hell I'd call 'em,
Plain red hell—they—
They remind me—

And folks plant 'em around
Gardens—huh!
Says one old dame to me,
"Don't they bring back," says she
"The poppied fields of Flanders?"
"Poppied fields of—" Ain't that a heluva—
But who wants 'em brung back—huh?
Say, buddy,
If she'd seen poppies
Like I've seen 'em—millions—acres—
Scattered through the wheat-fields,
Red—and gettin' redder—mostly poppies—
Yeah—mostly!

Slim—my buddy—old scout
Slept under the same handkerchief,
Me 'n' Slim—clean through from the word go!
I'm liable to forgit—ain't I—
Day we kicked off west o' Chateau-Thierry
Down the valley—
Poppies—say,
You couldn't rest for poppies.

Then the Jerries cut loose
Machine-gun fire—reg'lar sickle.
Poppy leaves—bits o' red
Flickin' and flutterin' in the wind,
Mowed 'em, buddy—and us—I'll tell the world!
Got old Slim—got him right!
Down in the poppies he goes—kickin'—clawin'!

Don't talk poppies to me—
Skunk-cabbage first—*compree?*
If you'd seen old Slim—
Boy, he died *wallerin'* in poppies!
Poppies—
Hell!

—J. Eugene Chrisman, in *Everybody's.*

I HAVE A RENDEZVOUS WITH DEATH

I have a rendezvous with Death
At some disputed barricade,
When Spring comes round with rustling shade
And apple blossoms fill the air.
I have a rendezvous with Death
When Spring brings back blue days and fair.

It may be he shall take my hand
And lead me into this dark land
And close my eyes and quench my breath;
It may be I shall pass him, still,
I have a rendezvous with Death
On some scarred slope of battered hill,
When Spring comes round again this year
And the first meadow flowers appear.

God knows 'twere better to be deep
Pillowed in silk and scented down,
Where love throbs out in blissful sleep,
Pulse nigh to pulse, and breath to breath,
Where hushed awakenings are dear,
But I've a rendezvous with Death
At midnight in some flaming town,
When Spring trips north again this year,
And I to my pledged word am true,
I shall not fail that rendezvous.

—Alan Seeger.

CHILDREN'S DAY

IN PRAISE OF CHILDREN

In praise of little children I will say
God first made man, then found a better way
For woman, but his third way was the best.
Of all created things, the loveliest
And most divine are children. Nothing here

Can be to us more gracious or more dear.
And though, when God saw all his works were good,
There was no rosy flower of babyhood,
'Twas said of children in a later day
That none could enter heaven save such as they.

The earth, which feels the flowering of a thorn,
Was glad, O little child, when you were born;
The earth, which thrills when skylarks scale the blue,
Soared up itself to God's own heaven in you;
And heaven, which loves to lean down and to glass
Its beauty in each dewdrop on the grass,—
Heaven laughed to find your face so pure and fair,
And left, O little child, its reflex there.

—William Canton.

SCHOOL

Before School

"Quarter of nine! Boys and girls, do you hear?"
"One more buckwheat, then; be quick, mother dear."
"Where is my luncheon-box?" "Under the shelf,
Just in the place where you left it yourself."
"I can't say my table!" "Oh, find me my cap!"
"One kiss for mamma, and sweet sis in her lap."
"Be good, dear." "I'll try." "Nine times nine's eighty-one."
"Take your mittens!" "All right." "Hurry up, Bill; let's run."
With a slam of the door they are off, girls and boys,
And the mother draws breath in the lull of the noise.

After School

"Don't wake up the baby! Come gently, my dear."
"Oh, mother! I've torn my new dress; just look here!
I'm sorry; I only was climbing the wall."
"Oh, mother! my map was the nicest of all!"

"And Nelly, in spelling, went up to the head!"
"Oh, say! can I go on the hill with my sled?"
"I've got such a toothache!" "The teacher's unfair!"
"Is dinner most ready? I'm just like a bear!"

Be patient, worn mother, they're growing up fast;
These nursery whirlwinds, not long do they last;
A still, lonely house would be far worse than noise—
Rejoice and be glad in your brave girls and boys.

BEING A BOY

One of the best things in the world to be is a boy; it requires no experience, though it needs some practice to be a good one.

The disadvantage of the position is that it does not last long enough. It is soon over. Just as you get used to being a boy, you have to be something else, with a good deal more work to do and not half so much fun. And yet every boy is anxious to be a man, and is very uneasy with the restrictions that are put upon him as a boy.

There are so many bright spots in the life of a farm boy that I sometimes think I should like to live the life over again. I should almost be willing to be a girl if it were not for the chores.

There is a great comfort to a boy in the amount of work he can get rid of doing. It is sometimes astonishing how slow he can go on an errand. Perhaps he couldn't explain, himself, why, when he is sent to the neighbor's after yeast, he stops to stone the frogs. He is not exactly cruel, but he wants to see if he can hit 'em. It is a curious fact about boys, that two will be a great deal slower in doing anything than one. Boys have a great power of helping each other do nothing.

But say what you will about the general usefulness of boys, a farm without a boy would very soon come to grief. He is always in demand. In the first place, he is to do all the errands, go to the store, the post-office, and to carry all sorts of messages.

He would like to have as many legs as a wheel has spokes, and rotate about in the same way. This he sometimes tries to do, and people who have seen him "turning cart-wheels" along the side of the road have supposed he was amusing himself and idling his time. He was only trying to invent a new mode of locomotion, so that he could economize his legs and do his errands with greater dispatch. Leap-frog is one of his methods of getting over the ground quickly. He has a natural genius for combining pleasure with business.

—Charles Dudley Warner.

TIRED MOTHERS

A little elbow leans upon your knee,
Your tired knee, that has so much to bear;
A child's dear eyes are looking lovingly
From underneath a thatch of tangled hair.
Perhaps you do not heed the velvet touch
Of warm, moist fingers, folding yours so tight;
You do not prize this blessing overmuch,
Almost you are too tired to pray to-night.

But it is blessedness! A year ago
I did not see it as I do to-day—
We are so dull and thankless; and too slow
To catch the sunshine till it slips away.
And now it seems surpassing strange to me,
That, while I bore the badge of motherhood,
I did not kiss more oft, and tenderly,
The little child that brought me only good.

And if, some night when you sit down to rest,
You miss this elbow from your tired knee,
This restless curling head from off your breast,
This lisping tongue that chatters constantly;
If from your own the dimpled hands had slipped,
And ne'er would nestle in your palms again;
If the white feet into their grave had tripped,
I could not blame you for your heartache then!

I wonder so that mothers ever fret
  At little children clinging to their gown;
Or that the footprints, when the days are wet,
  Are ever black enough to make them frown.
If I could find a little muddy boot,
  Or cap or jacket, on my chamber floor;
If I could kiss a rosy, restless foot,
  And hear its patter in my home once more;

If I could mend a broken cart to-day,
  To-morrow make a kite to reach the sky—
There is no woman in God's world could say
  She was more blissfully content than I.
But ah! the dainty pillow next my own
  Is never rumpled by a shining head;
My singing birdling from its nest is flown;
  The little boy I used to kiss is dead!

—Mrs. Albert Smith.

AN ANGEL IN THE HOUSE

How sweet it were, if without feeble fright,
Or dying of the dreadful beauteous sight,
An angel came to us, and we could bear
To see him issue from the silent air
At evening in our room, and bend on ours
His divine eyes, and bring us from his bowers
News of dear friends, and children who have never
Been dead indeed—as we shall know for ever.
Alas! we think not what we daily see
About our hearths—angels that are to be,
Or may be if they will, and we prepare
Their souls and ours to meet in happy air;
A child, a friend, a wife whose soft heart sings
In unison with ours, breeding its future wings.

—Leigh Hunt.

IN SCHOOL-DAYS

Still sits the school-house by the road,
A ragged beggar sunning;
Around it still the sumachs grow,
And blackberry vines are running.

Within, the master's desk is seen,
Deep scarred by raps official;
The warping floor, the battered seats,
The jack-knife's carved initial;

The charcoal frescoes on its wall;
Its door's worn sill, betraying
The feet that, creeping slow to school,
Went storming out to playing!

Long years ago a winter sun
Shone over it at setting;
Lit up its western window panes,
And low eaves' icy fretting.

It touched the tangled golden curls,
And brown eyes full of grieving,
Of one who still her step delayed
When all the school were leaving.

For near her stood the little boy
Her childish favor singled:
His cap pulled low upon a face
Where pride and shame were mingled.

Pushing with restless feet the snow
To right and left, he lingered;—
As restlessly her tiny hands
The blue-checked apron fingered.

He saw her lift her eyes; he felt
The soft hand's light caressing,
And heard the tremble of her voice,
As if a fault confessing.

"I'm sorry that I spelt the word:
I hate to go above you,
Because,"—the brown eyes lower fell,—
"Because, you see, I love you!"

Still memory to a gray-haired man
That sweet child-face is showing.
Dear girl! the grasses on her grave
Have forty years been growing!

He lives to learn, in life's hard school,
How few who pass above him
Lament their triumph and his loss,
Like her,—because they love him.

—JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

CHRISTMAS

CHRISTMAS IN THE CITY

A good old-fashioned Chris'mas, with the logs upon the hearth,
The table filled with feasters, an' the room a-roar 'ith mirth,
With the stockin's crammed to bu'stin', an' the medders piled 'ith snow—
A good old-fashioned Chris'mas like we had so long ago.

Now, that's the thing I'd like to see ag'in before I die,
But Chris'mas in the city here—it's different, oh! my!
With the crowded hustle-bustle of the slushy, noisy street,
An' the scowl upon the faces of the strangers that you meet.

Oh! there's buyin', plenty of it, of a lot o' gorgeous toys:
An' it takes a mint o' money to please modern girls an' boys.
Why, I mind the time a jack-knife an' a toffy lump for me
Made my little heart an' stockin' jus' chock-full o' Chris'mas glee.

An' there's feastin'. Think o' feedin' with these stuck-up city folk!
Why, ye have to speak in whispers, an' ye darsn't crack a joke.
Then remember how the tables looked, all crowded with your kin,
When you couldn't hear a whistle blow across the merry din!

You see, I'm so old-fashioned, like, I don't care much for style,
An' to eat your Chris'mas banquets here I wouldn't go a mile;
I'd rather have, like Solomon, a good yarb-dinner, set
With real old friends, than turkle soup with all the nobs you'd get.

Mighty little Chris'mas spirit seems to dwell 'tween city walls,
Where each snow-flake brings a soot-flake for a brother as it falls;
Mighty little Chris'mas spirit! An' I'm a-pinin', don't you know,
For a good old-fashioned Chris'mas, like we had so long ago.

—Alice Williams Brotherton.

THE ORIGIN OF CHRISTMAS

Centuries before the birth of Christ the ancient races of Central Asia used in their pagan celebrations many of the Yule-tide ceremonies of the present time. These

people were sun-worshipers who believed the sun was born anew each morning, rode across the sky in a chariot, and sank at night into his grave. As the months passed and the sun's power gradually diminished, the people feared he might be overcome by weakness and leave the world in darkness. When therefore the sun began to grow stronger they celebrated the turning time, or yuletide as it was called, with great rejoicing. These festivals took place near the winter solstice, the shortest day of the year, when the sun beginning its upward course, thrilled the pagan hearts with the first distant promise of spring. Among the Romans this holiday was called Saturnalia and was a time of great merriment. In the myths and legends of these ancient celebrations by the sun-worshipers are recorded many of the customs with which we still observe Christmas.

The druids or ancient priests held in great reverence the mistletoe which they used in these celebrations. The first new growth was cut from the trees by white-robed priests with golden sickles which were never used for any other purpose. The ancient Teutons celebrated the season by decking a fir tree, for they thought of the sun, climbing higher and higher into the heavens, as the spreading and expanding of a mighty tree.

Christ's birth not having been recorded, the exact date was uncertain and it was celebrated on various days, varying from the first to the sixth of January; but the early Christians ascribed it to Yuletide and the twenty-fifth of December, the date on which was celebrated the turning of the sun, has been the favorite Christmas day.

When celebrating the birth of the Christ who had brought into the world a new light, it was natural that the customs of the old-time sun-worshipers should be retained, but giving them a finer and deeper significance.

A BILL OF FARE

There are meals for all kinds of days,
And fares for each kind of meal,
And your menu must fit the feast
If you wish to be genteel.
So if for your Christmas dinner
You should wish a bill of fare
That's approved by distinguished chefs,
And planned with painstaking care,
Try this and you'll find that your guests
From greatest down to the least,
Will be filled with satisfaction,
And enjoy your Christmas feast:

First serve a portion of gladness,
Garnished with radiant smile,
Then a large helping of welcome,
Served up in old-fashioned style;
With a side dish of laughter and cheer,
Well spiced with greetings and jest,
Will greatly enhance the menu,
And be well received by each guest.
Then a course of reminiscence,
That is garnished with gracious speech,
Will satisfy the young people,
And tales of by-gone days teach.

Just serve these courses politely,
And your guests will find them a treat,
No matter what manner of food
You have given to them to eat.

THE CHRISTMAS TREE

Colored popcorn on a string,
Canary birds which do not sing,
Little candles dribbling wax,
Bangles, spangles, jumping-jacks,
Jacks-in-boxes, rubber toys,

China Cupids, mostly boys;
Fancy gewgaws, globes of glass,
Children's watches made of brass,
Cheap tin horses, sheep and goats,
Paper dolls and wooden boats,
Lots of toys which go on wheels,
A ball, which, when you squeeze it, squeals,
Tinsel tassels, just for show,
A candy clock which doesn't go;
Rosy apples, gilded nuts,
A pocket-knife which never cuts,
Horns of plenty full of candy,
Tooting horns for Bill and Andy,
A drum for Tom, for Sis a sled,
A dandy pair of skates for Fred,
A red necktie for dear old dad—
The prettiest one he ever had;
A handkerchief for mamma, too,
And a sachet-bag for Sister Lou;
All these things and plenty more
On the tree and on the floor.

GRANDPA'S CHRISTMAS TRIALS

Dear me, here 'tis most Chris'mus again.

Oh, yes, I like Chris'mus all right only—wal, to tell the truth I sort o' dread the—presents. What say? You thought ev'rybody liked to git Chris'mus presents? Wal, I spose mos' folks do but—I may's well tell how 'tis. Oh, no, I ain't complainin' 'gainst Chris'mus, but I've got a real lot o' relations, 'specially a bunch o' gran'children that's gittin' growed up an' I'll be blest if ev'ry one of 'em don't gimme a Chris'mus present. W'y, I git a wash tub mos' full. Course they all gimme somethin' useful an' it's gittin' to be an' awful bother. W'y, I've got socks till you'd think I'm a centypede—all kinds an' colors; an' I've got han'kerchiefs to last me till I'm a hundred an' fifty years old; an' slippers—say, I could stock the slipper department of a shoe

store. An' shirts—if you was to sing a Song o' the Shirt 'bout each one I've got laid by it'd make an' awful long concert. Now here 'tis mos' Chris'mus an' I'll git more slippers an' socks an' han'kerchiefs an' shirts an' neckties. Say, I've got neckties for ev'ry day in the week an' weddin's an' fun'rals thrown in. This year I spose those that gimme slippers las' time will gimme neckties, an' those that gimme shirts will gimme slippers. Yes, I like Chris'mus but I wish Santy Claus wasn't so gen'rous with me.

A JOKE ON PA

The other day pa said to ma,
"I'll get that g-u-n today,
And I'll pick out a s-l-e-d
And have them put away."

He spelled the words right out like that,
Just the way that they used to do—
Forgot that since I go to school
I have learned to spell words, too.

I'll slide on that s-l-e-d,
And say, won't I have lots of fun?
I hope I can kill me a bear
When I get the g-u-n, gun.

HANG UP THE BABY'S STOCKING

Hang up the baby's stocking:
Be sure you don't forget;
The dear little dimpled darling!
She ne'er saw Christmas yet;
But I've told her all about it,
And she opened her big blue eyes,
And I'm sure she understood it—
She looked so funny and wise.

Dear! what a tiny stocking!
It doesn't take much to hold
Such little pink toes as baby's
Away from the frost and cold.
But then for the baby's Christmas
It will never do at all;
Why, Santa wouldn't be looking
For anything half so small!

I know what will do for the baby,
I've thought of the very best plan:
I'll borrow a stocking of grandma,
The longest that ever I can;
And you'll hang it by mine, dear mother,
Right here in the corner, so!
And write a letter to Santa,
And fasten it on to the toe.

Write, "This is the baby's stocking
That hangs in the corner here;
,You never have seen her, Santa,
For she only came this year;
But she's just the blessedest baby!
And now, before you go,
Just cram her stocking with goodies
From the top clean down to the toe."

A CHRISTMAS CAROL

(SELECTION)

Nephew—A merry Christmas, Uncle! God save you!

Scrooge—Bah! Humbug!

Nephew—Christmas a humbug, Uncle! You don't mean that, I am sure?

Scrooge—I do. Merry Christmas! What right have you to be merry? What reason have you to be merry? You're poor enough.

Nephew—Come, then what right have you to be dismal? What reason have you to be morose? You're rich enough.

Scrooge—Bah! Humbug!

Nephew—Don't be cross, Uncle!

Scrooge—What else can I be, when I live in such a world of fools as this? Merry Christmas! Out upon merry Christmas! What's Christmas-time to you but a time for paying bills without money; a time for finding yourself a year older, and not an hour richer; a time for balancing your books, and having every item in 'em through a round dozen of months presented dead against you? If I could work my will, every idiot who goes about with "Merry Christmas" on his lips should be boiled with his own pudding, and buried with a stake of holly through his heart. He should!

Nephew—Uncle!

Scrooge — Nephew! keep Christmas in your own way, and let me keep it in mine.

Nephew—Keep it! But you don't keep it.

Scrooge—Let me leave it alone, then. Much good may it do you! Much good it has ever done you!

Nephew — There are many things from which I might have derived good by which I have not profited, I dare say, Christmas among the rest. But I am sure I have always thought of Christmas-time, when it has come round,—apart from the veneration due to its sacred name and origin, if anything belonging to it can be apart from that,—as a good time; a kind, forgiving, charitable, pleasant time; the only time I know of, in the long calendar of the year, when men and women seem by one consent to open their shut-up hearts freely, and to think of people below them as if they really were fellow-passengers to the grave, and not another race of creatures bound on other journeys. And therefore, Uncle, though it has never put a scrap of gold or silver in my pocket, I believe it *has* done me good, and *will* do me good; and I say, God bless it!

—Charles Dickens.

A SONG OF CHRISTMAS

Sing a song of stockings,
  Filled up to the brim,
Hanging by the chimney-place,
  In the firelight dim.
Sing a song of Christmas trees,
  Standing straight and tall,
Loaded with all sorts of gifts
  From gold watch to a ball.
Sing a song of Santa Claus,
  And say, it is no jest,
Of all saints the world has known
  We children love him best.

DOLLY'S PRESENTS

My dolly has been very good
  Throughout all the months of the year;
She has not been naughty or cross,
  Never pouted or shed a tear.

She's done what I told her to do,
  And stayed where I put her each day;
She always was very polite
  When I took her with me to play.

So I'm sure that Santa Claus ought
  To bring her some presents this year,
But her stocking is so very small
  Pray, what can he stow away here?

WHERE IT IS NOT THE SAME

Same old toot-horns,
  Same old drums,
Same old joy when
  Christmas comes;
Same old dollies,
  Same old toys,

Same old riot,
Same old noise;
Same old candles,
Same old trees,
Same old sighs and
Jealousies;
Same old puddings,
Same old pies,
Same glad yells and
Dancing eyes.

Same old—no, not
Quite—not quite!
There's a little
Slab that's white;
There's a little
Mound where snow
Drifts across the
Ridge; and, oh,
It is cold, so
Cold, out there!
God look down with
Pity where
It is not the
Same, and may
Faith and hope be
Theirs today.

—S. E. Kiser.

TWO LITTLE STOCKINGS

Two little stockings hung side by side,
Close to the fireside broad and wide.
"Two?" said Saint Nick, as down he came,
Loaded with toys and many a game,—
"Ho, ho!" said he, with a laugh of fun,
"I'll have no cheating, my pretty one.

"I know who dwells in this house, my dear,
There's only one little girl lives here."
So he crept up close to the chimney-place,
And measured a sock with a sober face;
Just then a wee little note fell out
And fluttered low, like a bird, about.

"A-ha! What's this?" said he, in surprise,
As he pushed his specs up close to his eyes,
And read the address in child's rough plan.
"Dear Saint Nicholas," so it began,
"The other stocking you see on the wall
I've hung up for a child named Clara Hall.

"She's a poor little girl, but very good,
So I thought, perhaps, you kindly would
Fill up her stocking, too, to-night,
And help to make her Christmas bright.
If you've not enough for both stockings there,
Please put all in Clara's, I shall not care."

Saint Nicholas brushed a tear from his eye,
And, "God bless you, darling," he said with a sigh;
Then softly he blew through the chimney nigh
A note like a bird's, as it soars on high,
When down came two of the funniest mortals
That ever were seen this side earth's portals.

"Hurry up," said Saint Nick, "and nicely prepare
All a little girl wants where money is rare."
Then, oh, what a scene there was in that room!
Away went the elves, but down from the gloom
Of the sooty old chimney came tumbling low
A child's whole wardrobe, from head to toe.

How Santa Claus laughed, as he gathered them in,
And fastened each one to the sock with a pin;
Right to the toe he hung a blue dress,—
"She'll think it came from the sky, I guess,"
Said Saint Nicholas, smoothing the folds of blue,
And tying the hood to the stocking, too.

When all the warm clothes were fastened on,
And both little socks were filled and done,
Then Santa Claus tucked a toy here and there,
And hurried away to the frosty air,
With, "God pity the poor, and bless the dear child
Who pities them, too, on this night so wild."

The wind caught the words and bore them on high
Till they died away in the midnight sky;
While Saint Nicholas flew through the icy air,
Bringing "peace and good will" with him everywhere.

—Sarah Keables Hunt.

"I WISH YOU A MERRY CHRISTMAS"

Because of the song the angels sing,
Because of the wonderful message they bring,
I wish you a merry Christmas.

Because of the brilliant Bethlehem star
That led wise men from the east afar,
I wish you a merry Christmas.

Because of their adoration paid
To the infant King in the manger laid,
I wish you a merry Christmas.

Because all heaven on earth looked down
That Christmas night in the ancient town,
I wish you a merry Christmas.

Because of the gift from the Father above,
Of Christ the Lord, and redeeming love,
I wish you a merry Christmas.

Because for you and for me he came
Salvation to bring in his own dear name,
I wish you a merry Christmas.

—L. Adda Nichols.

SANTA CLAUS AND THE MOUSE

One Christmas Eve, when Santa Claus
Came to a certain house,
To fill the children's stockings there,
He found a little mouse.

"A merry Christmas, little friend,"
Said Santa, good and kind.
"The same to you, sir," said the mouse;
"I thought you wouldn't mind

"If I should stay awake tonight
And watch you for awhile."
"You're very welcome, little mouse,"
Said Santa with a smile.

And then he filled the stockings up
Before the mouse could wink—
From toe to top, from top to toe
There wasn't left a chink.

"Now they won't hold another thing,"
Said Santa Claus with pride.
A twinkle came in mousie's eyes,
But humbly he replied:

"It's not polite to contradict,
Your pardon I implore—
But in the fullest stocking there
I could put one thing more."

"Oh, ho!" laughed Santa. "Silly mouse,
Don't I know how to pack?
By filling stockings all these years
I should have learned the knack."

And then he took the stocking down
From where it hung so high,
And said: "Now put in one thing more;
I give you leave to try."

The mousie chuckled to himself,
And then he softly stole
Right to the stocking's crowded toe
And gnawed a little hole!

"Now, if you please, good Santa Claus,
I've put in one thing more;
For you will own that little hole
Was not in there before."

How Santa Claus did laugh and laugh!
And then he gayly spoke:
"Well, you shall have a Christmas cheese
For that nice little joke."

If you don't think this story true,
Why! I can show to you
The very stocking with the hole
The little mouse gnawed through.

—Emilie Poulsson.

A CHRISTMAS EVE THOUGHT

If Santa Claus should stumble
As he climbs the chimney tall,
With all this ice upon it,
I'm afraid he'd get a fall
And smash himself to pieces,
To say nothing of the toys!
Dear me, what sorrow that would bring
To all the girls and boys.
So I am going to write a note,
And pin it on the gate;
I'll write it large so he can see
No matter if it's late,
And say, "Dear Santa Claus, don't try
To climb the roof tonight;
But walk right in, the door's unlocked,
The nursery's on the right."

A POSSIBILITY

I've said "Please" all the last two weeks,
I've washed and combed my hair,
And run errands for all the folks
With never a minute to spare.

It's awful hard before Christmas
To remember all these things;
Guess if it was any longer
That I'd be sprouting wings.

—Winifred A. Hoag.

CHANT THE SONG OF WINTER

Chant the song of winter,
Fall and summer's gone.
'Tis time ter fat the cattle,
So shovel out the corn;
The buckwheat cakes are bakin',
Can smell 'em in the air;
The maple sugar's meltin',
So spread it everywhere.

Chant the song of winter,
Christmas time is near,
Mother's buyin' presents,
Pa's kickin' like a steer;
His pocketbook is empty,
But mother doesn't hear,
For it makes the children happy,
And it's only once a year.

Chant the song of winter,
The children will be here,
They'll eat at home at Christmas,
And drink the home-brewed beer;
There's one that will be missin',
We fear he's gone astray,
But he'll find his place awaitin'
If he wanders back this way.

Chant the song of winter,
Look at mother's sleeves,
They're rolled up to her elbows
(Over work she never grieves),
Mixin' up the mince meat,
Makin' tarts and pies,
Stuffin' ducks and turkeys,
And in pastry to her eyes

Chant the song of winter,
Stir the blazin' fire,
Cuddle 'round the fireplace,
Poke the sparks up higher;
Start the stories goin',
Or sing a merry song;
We might as well be happy,
For it won't last very long.

Chant the song of winter,
Whilst we're gathered here,
For our circle keeps a thinnin'
And all are drawin' near;
Join our hands in friendship,
Shake them whilst we may,
For friendship's kind of fickle
And changes in a day. —Bill Baxter.

COLUMBUS DAY

COLUMBUS

Behind him lay the gray Azores,
Behind the Gates of Hercules;
Before him not the ghost of shores,
Before him only shoreless seas.
The good mate said: "Now must we pray,
For lo! the very stars are gone.
Speak, Admiral, what shall I say?"
"Why say, 'Sail on! sail on! and on!' "

"My men grow mutinous day by day;
My men grow ghastly wan and weak."
The stout mate thought of home; a spray
Of salt wave washed his swarthy cheek.
"What shall I say, brave Admiral, say,
If we sight naught but seas at dawn?"
"Why, you shall say at break of day,
'Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!'"

They sailed and sailed, as winds might blow
Until at last the blanched mate said:
"Why, now not even God would know
Should I and all my men fall dead.
These very winds forget their way,
For God from these dread seas is gone.
Now speak, brave Admiral, speak and say—"
He said: "Sail on! sail on! and on!"

They sailed. They sailed. Then spoke the mate:
"This mad sea shows its teeth tonight.
He curls his lip, he lies in wait,
With lifted teeth, as if to bite!
Brave Admiral, say but one good word:
What shall we do when hope is gone?"
The words leapt as a leaping sword:
"Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!"

Then, pale and worn, he kept his deck,
And peered through darkness. Ah, that night
Of all dark nights! And then a speck—
A light! A light! A light! A light!
It grew, a starlit flag unfurled!
It grew to be Time's burst of dawn.
He gained a world; he gave that world
Its grandest lesson: "On and on!"

—Joaquin Miller.

COMMENCEMENT

COMMENCEMENT DAY

COMMENCEMENT DAY! All hail the one great college holiday and festival! The Independence Day of Baccalaureates, the Saturnalia of undergraduates! How many hearts have bounded to this day! How many bound every year, and will bound to the end of the chapter! Today Seniors are transformed into Alumni, students into men of the world; and all collegians, of whatever class and degree, are jubilant, and pour forth heart and voice in joyous greetings; for what is it but a foretaste of the felicity that is in reserve for each one in his turn? Who that has participated can ever forget the accessories of the occasion? The day, is it not always, by express bespeaking, "the very bridal of the earth and sky"? The procession, so hilarious, so irrepressible, that the young Alumnus, annually chosen as marshal, seldom fails to declare, at the close of his official duty, that the keeping of the ranks in order was his hardest day's work yet! And the brilliant audience, that spreads itself out, like some beautiful garden, variegated and flushed with flowers of every kind, shape, and hue, at the very feet of the heroes of the day.

Upon the platform, crowded with the virtue and learning of the city and State, stands forth the young candidate for college honors and public favor, modest, but unabashed; trembling with sensibility, but not with doubt or fear. And he is worthy to be observed and honored. Few persons know the price of distinction. Accident, self-indulgence, or fitful application cannot win it. By patient study through laborious days and long and silent watches of the night, at peril of health, with many a sacrifice of pleasure to duty, but with an unflinching determination to win the palm of excellence,

he has worked his way up to this honorable position. And his hour of triumph is come. Faces that he never saw before, that never saw him before, are turned upon him with curious and admiring gaze. Friends look and listen with rapt attention. The eye of the father kindles, and his manly pride is aroused, as he beholds, in the inheritor of his name, an object of general admiration, a rising hope and expectancy of the State. But who shall depict the feelings of the gentle mother! Her meek and glad surprise; her ill-disguised efforts to keep back the tears of joy that will spring in spite of her! Her rich and full over-payment of delight for every loving care and anxious foreboding, for nights of weariness and days of sorrow cheerfully borne for his sake, and for all the manifold trials, sacrifices, and ministerings of that great and abounding affection, that wondrous, holy love, without all parallel or compare, that has its well-spring in the maternal breast! And, perchance, deep down in the recesses of the heart of some fair maiden, there stirs a feeling of conscious sympathy, that makes no sign, save that it trembles in the half-averted eye and paints itself in the faintest of blushes on her delicate cheek, and which, though it brings upon her spirit a sort of trouble new and strange, fills it with emotions of pleasure that she does not care to repress, and hopes that may not be confessed.

Collegians! It is a noble thing to deserve and win the applause of the wise and good, and the approving smiles of the gentle and fair; and you may take with you the assurance, which one day, perhaps, you will realize, that although after-life may have its noble ambitions, and its brilliant and solid rewards, you will find none sweeter or purer than that which first woke a father's pride, and recompensed a noble mother's self-denying cares.

—W. D. Porter.

SUCCESS IN LIFE

Poets may be born, but success is made; therefore, let me beg of you, in the outset of your career, to dismiss from your minds all ideas of succeeding by luck.

There is no more common thought among young people than that foolish one that by and by something will turn up by which they will suddenly achieve fame or fortune. Luck is an ignis fatuus. You may follow it to ruin, but not to success. The great Napoleon, who believed in his destiny, followed it until he saw his star go down in blackest night, when the Old Guard perished around him, and Waterloo was lost.

A pound of pluck is worth a ton of luck.

Young men talk of trusting to the spur of the occasion. That trust is vain. Occasion cannot make spurs. If you expect to wear spurs, you must win them. If you wish to use them, you must buckle them to your own heels before you go into the fight. Any success you may achieve is not worth the having unless you fight for it. Whatever you win in life you must conquer by your own efforts, and then it is yours—a part of yourself.

Again: in order to have any success in life, or any worthy success, you must resolve to carry into your work a fullness of knowledge—not merely a sufficiency, but more than a sufficiency. Be fit for more than the thing you are now doing. Let everyone know that you have a reserve in yourself; that you have more power than you are now using. If you are not too large for the place you occupy, you are too small for it. How full our country is of bright examples, not only of those who occupy some proud eminence in public life, but in every place you may find men going on with steady nerve, attracting the attention of their fellow-citizens, and carving out for themselves names and fortunes from small and humble beginnings and in the face of formidable obstacles.

Let not poverty stand as an obstacle in your way.

Poverty is uncomfortable, as I can testify; but nine times out of ten the best thing that can happen to a young man is to be tossed overboard, and compelled to sink or swim for himself. In all my acquaintance, I have never known one to be drowned who was worth the saving. This would not be wholly true in any country but one of political equality like ours.

The reason is this: In the aristocracies of the Old World, wealth and society are built up like the strata of rock which compose the crust of the earth. If a boy be born in the lowest stratum of life, it is almost impossible for him to rise through this hard crust into the higher ranks; but in this country it is not so. The strata of our society resemble rather the ocean, where every drop, even the lowest, is free to mingle with all others, and may shine at last on the crest of the highest wave. This is the glory of our country, and you need not fear that there are any obstacles which will prove too great for any brave heart.

In giving you being, God locked up in your nature certain forces and capabilities. What will you do with them? Look at the mechanism of a clock. Take off the pendulum and ratchet, and the wheels go rattling down and all its force is expended in a moment; but properly balanced and regulated, it will go on, letting out its force tick by tick, measuring hours and days, and doing faithfully the service for which it was designed. I implore you to cherish and guard and use well the forces that God has given to you. You may let them run down in a year, if you will. Take off the strong curb of discipline and morality, and you will be an old man before your twenties are passed. Preserve these forces. Do not burn them out with brandy, or waste them in idleness and crime. Do not destroy them. Do not use them unworthily. Save and protect them, that they may save for you fortune and fame. Honestly resolve to do this, and you will be an honor to yourself and to your country.

—James A. Garfield.

COLLEGE REVISITED

He was a guileless college youth,
That mirrored modesty and truth;
And sometimes at his musty room
His sister called to chase the gloom.
One afternoon, when she was there,
Arranging things with kindly care,
As often she had done before,
There came a knock upon the door.
Our student, sensitive to fears
Of thoughtless comrades' laughing jeers,
Had only time to make deposit
Of his dear sister in a closet,
Then haste the door to open wide;
His guest unbidden stepped inside.

He was a cheery-faced old man,
And with apologies began
For calling, and then let him know
That more than fifty years ago,
When he was in his youthful bloom,
He'd occupied that very room;
So thought he'd take the chance, he said,
To see the changes time had made.

"The same old window, same old view—
Ha! ha! the same old pictures, too!"
And then he tapped them with his cane,
And laughed his merry laugh again.
"The same old sofa, I declare!
Dear me! It must be worse for wear.
The same old shelves!" And then he came
And spied the closet door. "The same—"
Oh, my! A woman's dress peeped through.
Quick as he could he closed it to.
He shook his head. "Ah! ah! the same
Old game, young man, the same old game!"

"Would you my reputation slur?"
The youth gasped; "That's my sister, sir!"
"Ah!" said the old man, with a sigh,
"The same old lie—the same old lie!"

COMMENCEMENT

It was Commencement at one of our colleges. The people were pouring into the church as I entered it, rather tardy. Finding the choice seats in the center of the audience room already taken, I pressed forward, looking to the right and to the left for a vacancy. On the very front row of seats I found one.

Here a little girl moved along to make room for me, looking into my face with large gray eyes, whose brightness was softened by very long lashes. Her face was open and fresh as a newly-blown rose before sunrise. Again and again I found my eyes turning to the rose-like face, and each time the gray eyes moved, half-smiling, to meet mine. Evidently the child was ready to "make up" with me. And when, with a bright smile, she returned my dropped handkerchief, and I said "Thank you," we seemed fairly introduced. Other persons, now coming into the seat, crowded me quite close up against the little girl, so that we soon felt very well acquainted.

"There's going to be a great crowd," she said to me.

"Yes," I replied; "people always like to see how school-boys are made into men."

Her face beamed with pleasure and pride as she said:

"My brother's going to graduate; he's going to speak; I've brought these flowers to throw to him."

They were not greenhouse favorites; just old-fashioned, domestic flowers, such as we associate with the dear grandmothers; "but," I thought, "they will seem sweet and beautiful to him for his little sister's sake."

"That is my brother," she went on, pointing with her nosegay.

"The one with the light hair?" I asked.

"Oh, no," she said, smiling and shaking her head in innocent reproof; not that homely one; that handsome one with brown, wavy hair. His eyes look brown, too, but they are not—they are dark blue. There! he's got his hand up to his head now. You see him, don't you?"

In an eager way she looked from me to him, and from him to me, as if some important fate depended upon my identifying her brother.

"I see him," I said. "He's a very good-looking brother."

"Yes, he is beautiful," she said, with artless delight; "and he's so good, and he studies so hard! He has taken care of me ever since mamma died. Here is his name on the programme. He is not the valedictorian, but he has an honor, for all that."

I saw in the little creature's familiarity with these technical college terms that she had closely identified herself with her brother's studies, hopes, and successes.

"His oration is a real good one, and he says it beautifully. He has said it to me a great many times. I 'most know it by heart. Oh, it begins so pretty and so grand. This is the way it begins," she added, encouraged by the interest she must have seen in my face: "Amid the permutations and combinations of the actors and the forces which make up the great kaleidoscope of history, we often find that a turn of Destiny's hand—"

"Why, bless the baby!" I thought, looking down into her bright, proud face. I can't describe how very odd and elfish it did seem to have those sonorous words rolling out of the smiling infantile mouth.

As the exercises progressed, and approached nearer and nearer the effort on which all her interest was concentrated, my little friend became excited and restless. Her eyes grew larger and brighter, two deep-red spots glowed on her cheeks.

"Now, it's his turn," she said, turning to me a face in which pride and delight and anxiety seemed about

equally mingled. But when the overture was played through, and his name was called, the child seemed, in her eagerness, to forget me and all the earth beside him. She rose to her feet and leaned forward for a better view of her beloved, as he mounted to the speaker's stand. I knew by her deep breathing that her heart was throbbing in her throat. I knew, too, by the way her brother came up the steps and to the front that he was trembling. The hands hung limp; his face was pallid, and the lips blue as with cold. I felt anxious. The child, too, seemed to discern that things were not well with him. Something like fear showed in her face.

He made an automatic bow. Then a bewildered, struggling look came into his face, then a helpless look, and then he stood staring vacantly, like a somnambulist, at the waiting audience. The moments of painful suspense went by, and still he stood as if struck dumb. I saw how it was; he had been seized with stage fright.

Alas, little sister! She turned her large, dismayed eyes upon me. "He's forgotten it," she said. Then a swift change came into her face; a strong, determined look; and on the funeral-like silence of the room broke the sweet, brave, child-voice:

" 'Amid the permutations and combinations of the actors and the forces which make up the great kaleidoscope of history, we often find that a turn of Destiny's hand—' "

Everybody about us turned and looked. The breathless silence; the sweet, childish voice; the childish face; the long, unchildlike words, produced a weird effect.

But the help had come too late; the unhappy brother was already staggering in humiliation from the stage. The band quickly struck up, and waves of lively music rolled out to cover the defeat.

I gave the little sister a glance in which I meant to show the intense sympathy I felt; but she did not see me. Her eyes, swimming with tears, were on her brother's face. I put my arm around her, but she was too

absorbed to heed the caress, and before I could appreciate her purpose, she was on her way to the shame-stricken young man sitting with a face like a statue's.

When he saw her by his side the set face relaxed, and a quick mist came into his eyes. The young men got closer together to make room for her. She sat down beside him, laid her flowers on his knee, and slipped her hand into his.

I could not keep my eyes from her sweet, pitying face. I saw her whisper to him, he bending a little to catch her words. Later I found out that she was asking him if he knew his "piece" now, and that he answered yes.

When the young man next on the list had spoken, and while the band was playing, the child, to the brother's great surprise, made her way up the stage steps, and pressed through the throng of professors and trustees and distinguished visitors, up to the college president.

"If you please, sir," she said with a little courtesy, "will you and the trustees let my brother try again? He knows his piece now."

For a moment the president stared at her through his gold-bowed spectacles, and then, appreciating the child's petition, he smiled on her, and went down and spoke to the young man who had failed.

So it happened that when the band had again ceased playing, it was briefly announced that Mr. —— —— would now deliver his oration—"Historical Parallels."

A ripple of heightened and expectant interest passed over the audience, and then all sat stone still, as though fearing to breathe lest the speaker might again take fright. No danger! The hero in the youth was aroused. He went at his "piece" with a set purpose to conquer, to redeem himself, and to bring the smile back into the child's tear-stained face. I watched the face during the speaking. The wide eyes, the parted lips, the whole rapt being said that the breathless audi-

ence was forgotten, that her spirit was moving with his.

And when the address was ended, with the ardent abandon of one who catches enthusiasm in the realization that he is fighting down a wrong judgment and conquering a sympathy, the effect was really thrilling. That dignified audience broke into rapturous applause; bouquets intended for the valedictorian rained like a tempest. And the child who had helped to save the day—that one beaming little face, in its pride and gladness, is something to be forever remembered.

—Sarah Winter Kellogg.

MANHOOD

Life's best prizes are won, not by adroitness nor sharpness, not by skill or strength, but by that grandest thing known on earth, Manhood. Honorable, educated, active, cultivated manhood is to rule this world.

Always there have been bad men, corrupted, degraded, but sharp and cunning, who have made great gains by their frauds, or crafty swindling, and have held some sort of position in the world in spite of their want of character, for there are parasites and money-worshipers who honor and applaud the man of money without caring to know how he came by his possessions. But these are the exceptions.

The true man is, yet, the thing most prized by the great world. True manhood is the wisest, sharpest, strongest, most clear-sighted, far-sighted contestant in the battlefield of life. Manhood carries the sharpest sword, gains the truest success, and wears the brightest crown. No one is, or can be, the best preacher, the best lawyer, the best physician, or the best business man, who is not truly, grandly, gloriously, and unselfishly a man.

If you would climb to the high places, carry off the richest prizes, get the most enjoyment out of life, and have the sublimest old age, you must conquer the base

elements of nature; you must have every atom of the dross of dishonesty squeezed, hammered, burned out, if necessary; you must become as sound as twenty-four-karat gold, as true as best steel. You must prove yourself as reliable as the course of nature, as incorruptible as sunlight, as pure and sweet in your personality as the breezes of Heaven. You must scorn all meanness, loathe all false pretense, be afraid of every kind of dishonesty, and hate a lie as you would hate the devil himself. You must determine stoutly to be what you would appear.

There is a premium on men like that. The great world, disgusted with frauds and pretenders and shams of all kinds, will know such a man as soon as he appears. It will prize him, honor him, reward him, make him famous, and render him immortal.

—George K. Morris.

EASTER

THE MESSAGE OF EASTER

O, beautiful blossoms of Easter,
With riches of odor and bloom,
Ye tell us that Christ has arisen
From out of His stone-covered tomb.
Ye bring us the promise of spring-time,
Ye tell us that winter is past,
And whisper to hearts that are weary
Of blessedness coming at last.

O, fragrant, white lilies of Easter,
Ye breathe not your perfume in vain,
Ye speak of the sweetness of Christ-life,
The beautiful mission of pain;
Ye tell of a Savior ascended,
Of death to be conquered at last,
Of robes and a crown that are waiting
When earth and its trials are past.

O, flowers and palms of glad Easter,
Ye tell of a victory won,
Of strife and of conquest and triumph,
Of all that our Master has done.
Ye point to the new Easter living,
A path that we tread not alone,
Your beauty and fragrance shall tell us
Christ lives in the hearts of His own.

—Emma G. Dietrick.

EASTER MORNING

The glad dawn sets his fires upon the hills,
Then floods the valleys with his golden light,
And triumphing o'er all the hosts of night,
The waiting world with new-born rapture fills.
And, hark! I seem to hear a song which thrills
The trembling air of earth with heaven's delight,
And straight uplifts with its Celestial Might
Souls faint with longing compassed around with ills.

"Christ, Christ is risen!" the unseen singers sing;
"Christ, Christ is risen!" the echoing hosts reply.
The hushed wind knows a passing seraph's wing,
And holds its breath while shining ones go by;
"Christ, Christ is risen!" loud let the anthem ring;
"He lives, He loves, He saves; we need not die!"

—Louise Chandler Moulton.

EASTER FLOWERS

Messages of God's dear love
Do these flowers bear;
He who with a gracious hand
Gives these colors rare,
Will remember you and me
With as true a care.

So I bring love's offering
On this Easter Day,
Flowers fair that to each heart
Softly seem to say:
"Death no more can over you
Hold eternal sway."

As the tender plants escaped
From the pris'ning mold,
So has Christ death's bondage burst,
Death so grim and cold.
This I think the message true
That these blossoms hold.

—Clara J. Denton.

"THERE IS NO DEATH"

There is no death! The stars go down
To rise upon some fairer shore,
And bright in Heaven's jeweled crown
They shine for evermore.

There is no death! The dust we tread
Shall change beneath the summer showers
To golden grain or mellow fruit
Or rainbow-tinted flowers.

The granite rocks disorganize
To feed the hungry moss they bear;
The forest leaves drink daily life
From out the viewless air.

There is no death! The leaves may fall,
The flowers may fade and pass away—
They only wait, through wintry hours,
The coming of the May.

There is no death! An angel form
Walks o'er the earth with silent tread;
He bears our best loved things away,
And then we call them "dead."

He leaves our hearts all desolate—
  He plucks our fairest, sweetest flowers;
Transplanted into bliss, they now
  Adorn immortal bowers.

The birdlike voice, whose joyous tones
  Made glad this scene of sin and strife,
Sings now an everlasting song,
  Around the tree of life.

Where'er He sees a smile too bright,
  Or heart too pure for taint and vice,
He bears it to that world of light,
  To dwell in Paradise.

Born unto that undying life,
  They leave us but to come again;
With joy we welcome them—the same
  Except in sin and pain.

And ever near us, though unseen,
  The dear immortal spirits tread;
For all the boundless Universe
  Is life—there are no dead.

—Bulwer Lytton.

AN EASTER HYMN

Awake, thou wintry earth—
  Fling off thy sadness!
Fair vernal flowers, laugh forth
  Your ancient gladness!
    Christ is risen!

Wave, woods, your blossoms all—
  Grim death is dead!
Ye weeping funeral trees,
  Lift up your head!
    Christ is risen!

Come, see! the graves are green;
It is light; let's go
Where our loved ones rest
In hope below!
Christ is risen!

All is fresh and new,
Full of spring and light;
Wintry heart, why wear'st the hue
Of sleep and night?
Christ is risen!

Leave thy cares beneath,
Leave thy worldly love!
Begin the better life
With God above!
Christ is risen!

—Thomas Blackburn.

FLAG DAY

A SONG FOR FLAG DAY

Your Flag and my Flag!
And how it flies today
In your land and my land
And half a world away!
Rose-red and blood-red
The stripes forever gleam;
Snow-white and soul-white—
The good forefathers' dream;
Sky-blue and true blue, with stars to gleam aright—
The gloried guidon of the day; a shelter through the night.

Your Flag and my Flag!
And, oh how much it holds—
Your land and my land—
Secure within its folds!

Your heart and my heart
Beat quicker at the sight;
Sun-kissed and wind-tossed,
Red and blue and white.
The one Flag—the great Flag—the Flag for me and you—
Glorified all else beside—the red and white and blue!

Your Flag and my Flag!
To every star and stripe
The drums beat as hearts beat
And fifers shrilly pipe!
Your Flag and my Flag—
A blessing in the sky;
Your hope and my hope—
It never hid a lie!
Home land and far land and half the world around,
Old Glory hears our glad salute and ripples to the sound. —Wilbur D. Nesbit.

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THE FLAG

O'er the high and o'er the lowly
Floats that banner bright and holy,
In the rays of Freedom's sun,
In the nation's heart embedded,
O'er our Union newly wedded,
One in all, and all in one.

Let that banner wave forever,
May its lustrous stars fade never,
Till the stars shall pale on high;
While there's right the wrong defeating,
While there's hope in true hearts beating,
Truth and Freedom shall not die.

Wave then,
And scatter like the circling sun,
Thy charities on all. —J. C. F. Schiller.

A TOAST TO THE FLAG

Here's to the red of it;
There's not a thread of it,
No, nor a shred of it,
In all the spread of it,
  From foot to head,
But heroes bled for it,
Faced steel and lead for it,
Precious blood shed for it,
  Bathing in red.

Here's to the white of it;
Thrilled by the sight of it,
Who knows the right of it
But has felt the might of it
  Through day and night;
Womanhood's care for it
Made manhood dare for it,
Purity's prayer for it
  Kept it so white.

Here's to the blue of it,
Heavenly view of it,
Star-Spangled hue of it,
Honesty's due of it,
  Constant and true;
Here's to the whole of it,
Stars, stripes, and pole of it,
Here's to the soul of it
  Red, white and blue.

—John Daly.

OLD GLORY

The white is the symbol of purity. It stands for the ideal virtue which should be exercised under certain circumstances and conditions. In a statesman it would stand for a pure and incorrupt citizenship; in a judge

it would stand for integrity; in a business man it would stand for honesty; in view of sickness it would stand for humility, and in relation to the poor it stands for charity. In fact, it stands for everything that is godly.

The red stands for love. This color receives its symbolism from the blood, and reminds us that every true patriot should be willing to die for the love of country; to shed his blood if necessary in the hour of the nation's peril. But more particularly does the red symbolize that divine love which should dwell in every breast and be the ruling passion in every soul.

The stars upon the azure are symbols of light and heavenly protection. They teach us that every state should be a symbol of light, of righteousness, of truth. They remind us, also, that heaven is above us, underneath, and around us, and that in the darkest hour of the nation's peril God's eye is upon us.

—A. S. Gumbart, D.D.

FLAG SONG

Bring the good old banner, boys,
The emblem of the free!
Fling its starry folds abroad
That all the world may see!
So it floated proudly o'er the sons of liberty,
When they were fighting for freedom.

Here we see the scarlet stripe
That tells of gallant blood
Poured on many a battlefield,
A patriotic flood,
Dewing with its gushing tide the heroes of the sea,
When they were fighting for freedom.

White betokens purity,
The watchword of the brave,
Dying for a principle
That all the world may save.
Pure in heart and purpose sank the heroes to the grave,
When they were fighting for freedom.

Blue the skies above us are,
And gemmed with starry light,
Blue for truth to God and man,
Triumphant for the right.
Red and white, and blue they chose, these heroes of the fight,
Chose for the badge of a freeman.

—Sara F. Archer.

FOURTH OF JULY

Independence Day

A BOY'S RIGHT

"Oh, hush, little boy! You're too noisy by far,"
The fathers and mothers keep saying.
"Oh, hush!" cry the sisters. "Wherever you are,
You make such a noise with your playing."

Three hundred and sixty-four days in the year
We're hushed; but it will not be heeded
Tomorrow, for Fourth of July will be here,
When our right to a noise is conceded.

Then fathers will join in the fun for a while,
And sisters are pretty good backers;
And mothers may cover their ears, but they smile,
And give us more money for crackers.

—Mary A. Gillette, in *St. Nicholas*.

AN INCIDENT OF WAR

It was in the valley of the Shenandoah. General Stewart, with his rebel mob, had pitched his camp on a hillside. At the top of the hill lay an old farmhouse, torn by the shot and shell of yesterday's fight, with a few haystacks standing near.

While General Stewart was inspecting his camp, he came across a little child, a boy, four or five years old. Turning to his sergeant, he asked in a tone indicating displeasure: "Sergeant, where did this child come from? Take it at once to its mother." "Its mother is dead," replied the sergeant. "Dead?" "Yes, killed in the battle yesterday. When you led the boys over the stone fence by the farmhouse on the hill, I found this little chap in a corner, a-shivering with fear."

While the sergeant was giving this information, the little fellow reached out a tiny Union flag, evidently trying to make friends with the general, who was turning away as if to avoid him.

"Sergeant, where did that flag come from?" "The boy had it in his hand when I found him. He said that his father gave it to him for the Fourth of July." That was sufficient. The general stooped and lifted the child in his arms. "Keep your little flag, my boy," said he. "You don't know the difference, and would that I didn't know and never had known the difference. Here, sergeant, take care of this child. We killed his father yesterday; let us take care of him. Perhaps he will bring luck to some of us. What do you say, boys?"

The sergeant bent over and hoisted the little fellow to his great, broad shoulders. Hark! What's that noise? A shout from down the hill and a whistle of bullets from the direction of the farmhouse warned the sergeant that the Federals were about to make another midnight attack. There was only one thing to do, and that was to gain the summit, where the haystacks would afford some protection. So up the hill, over the brush,

through the woods, with the child on his shoulders, he led the flight. Suddenly midnight was turned into daylight; the Federals had fired the haystacks. Every move of the rebel raiders was now discernible. Whither should they fly? Yankees in front of them, Yankees behind them, Yankees all around them! There seemed to be nothing but death awaiting them. During this terrible scene the little fellow was full of excitement. The brilliant fire, and the sight of those blue-clad men, with their glistening guns, delighted him. Little did he know the deadly meaning of those terrible machines of war. Look! The Federal officer draws his saber and his lips are framing the command, "Fire!" when the little chap, holding tightly to the sergeant's head, waved his little Union flag over his head there in the glow and light of those burning haystacks. And in that awful stillness that comes before any dreadful catastrophe, the child, raising himself higher on the sergeant's shoulders, shouted in his brave little voice: "Fourth of July! Hurrah! Hurrah! Fourth of July!"

When the little fellow ceased his boyish shouting, the sergeant stood there as firm as a rock, awaiting the volley that would hurl him to his death. But put it on record in gold and in red, that at the sight of that flag the line of blue divided, and the old, gray Confederate sergeant, with his precious charge on his shoulders, still waving his tiny flag, passed through the lines, saved by the child he bore, while cheer after cheer shook the bullet-riddled leaves of the old oaks overhead.

FOURTH OF JULY

Benny, beat the dish-pan!
  Tommy, bring your drum!
Sammy, save your breath to blow
  Dick's harmonium!
Bobby, take your tin fife!
  Sue, you're marching well!

Jimmy, keep in step there!
Alec, ring that bell!
Fire the cannon crackers!
Give a cheer now, boys!
What is this day meant for,
But to make a noise!

—Frances Amory, in *St. Nicholas.*

GRANT'S BIRTHDAY

A TRIBUTE TO GRANT

Not since the death of Moses has a man so gone up into a mountain to meet God. His life work was done. Like that great leader of Israel's mighty hosts, his life had been one of tumults and the din of war; now God was to give him a close of life under the light which shines only upon the heights and amid the vast silences which fill the solitudes of mountains. He turned his back upon the roaring of great cities; he bade adieu to the world of traffic, of labor, of ambition. As the wounded lion seeks the deepest jungle; as the stricken eagle stretches out his pinions for one last flight into the unbroken wastes of the forests, so did this man, who for twenty years had lived amid the din of battles, the pageants of courts, the plaudits of nations, leave the busy, noisy world far below and far behind him, and go up into the everlasting hills to meet God and to die.

Alexander,—the historian tells us—world-conqueror though he boasted himself to be, fell among the rioters of his camp, slain by the basest appetites of common men. Caesar, pierced by the assassin's dagger, tumbled headlong at the base of that statue which Rome had erected to his great rival. Napoleon, with his armies scattered, his empire broken, his fame tarnished, died alone, upon the bleak rocks of St. Helena, vainly giving orders in his delirium to hosts that no longer

existed but in his disordered dreams. But this man, who had never drawn a sword for personal ambitions, nor shed a drop of blood except in defense of his country, having marshaled the world's greatest armies, having twice ruled the world's mightiest free nation, calls to himself the few members of his own beloved household, and, with the companionship of his own spiritual adviser, seeks some place whence he can look down upon the world, and look up to heaven. Here, where earth and sky meet in solemn silence, he awaits his great discharge. The days come and go in one slow round of pain; but, uncomplaining, unmurmuring, he watches each morning as it rises, each day as it returns to God. Like a lone sentinel upon the world's very battlements, he waits the angel's rounds and his own summons. Suddenly, at last it comes. The eye closes; the head droops; the hand falls; and the greatest soldier of the age has gotten his release, and fallen in death, honored by two worlds, and wept by all mankind.

So closed his life, strange beyond the wildest drama of fancy. Not the Arab, who sits at nightfall surrounded by his companions, and lets his imagination people the cloudland and the shadow with beggars and princes, genii and demons, ever conceived a wilder story, nor one half so heroic. Born in a cabin of logs, and become the ruler of fifty millions; today a poor and harassed employe in a country store, and tomorrow moving armies of hundreds of thousands of men, over lines sweeping half a continent, and always to victory; past middle life and scarcely known to his neighbors, and straightway thereafter the guest of kings, circling the earth itself in a triumphal march, and receiving a tribute of honor from every sovereign; and grander than the grandest of his victories in the field, nobler than the noblest jewel from King, Emperor, or Czar, this solemn act with which is closed the drama of his life—an imperial casket, borne to a more than royal tomb, amid the silent, weeping millions of a great city, while side by side march, as his last guard of honor,

the Generals who followed, and the Generals who felt his sword.

Nothing can cover such high fame but heaven;
No pyramids set off his memories,
But the eternal substance of his greatness,
To which we leave him.

—H. D. Jenkins.

THE DEAD COMRADE

At the burial of Grant, a bugler stood forth and sounded "Taps."

Come, soldiers, arouse ye!
Another has gone;
Let us bury our comrade,
His battles are done.
His sun it is set;
He was true, he was brave,
He feared not the grave,
There is naught to regret.

Bring music and banners
And wreaths for his bier,—
No fault of the fighter
That Death conquered here.
Bring him home ne'er to rove,
Bear him home to his rest,
And over his breast
Fold the flag of his love.

Great Captain of battles,
We leave him with Thee!
What was wrong, O forgive it;
His spirit make free.
Sound taps, and away!
Out lights, and to bed!
Farewell, soldier dead!
Farewell—for a day.

—Richard Watson Gilder.

THE PERMANENCE OF GRANT'S FAME

The monopoly of fame by the few in this world comes from an instinct of human nature. Heroes cannot be multiplied. The millions pass into oblivion; only the units survive. Who aided the great leader of Israel to conduct the chosen people over the sands of the desert and through the waters of the sea unto the Promised Land? Who marched with Alexander from the Bosphorus to India? Who commanded the legions under Caesar in the conquest of Gaul? Who crossed the Alps with the Conqueror of Italy? Who fought with Wellington at Waterloo? Alas! how soon it may be asked, Who marched with Sherman from the mountain to the sea? Who stood with Meade on the victorious field of Gettysburg? Who went with Sheridan through the trials and triumphs of the blood-stained valley?

Napoleon said: "The rarest attribute among generals is two-o'clock-in-the-morning courage." "I mean," he added, "unprepared courage, that which is necessary on an unexpected occasion, and which, in spite of the most unforeseen events, leaves full freedom of judgment and promptness of decision." No better description could be given of the type of courage which distinguished General Grant.

His constant readiness to fight was another quality which, according to the same high authority, established his rank as commander. "Generals," said the exile at St. Helena, "are rarely found eager to give battle; they choose their positions, consider their combinations, and then indecision begins." "Nothing," added this greatest warrior of modern times, "nothing is so difficult as to decide." General Grant, in his services in the field, never once exhibited indecision. This was the quality which gave him his crowning characteristic as a military leader; he inspired his men with a sense of their invincibility, and they were thenceforth invincible!

General Grant's name will survive because it is indissolubly connected with the greatest military and moral triumph in the history of his country. If the armies of the Union had ultimately failed, the vast and beneficent designs of Mr. Lincoln would have been frustrated. General Grant would then have taken his place with that long and always increasing array of able men who are found wanting in the supreme hour of trial. But a higher power controlled the result. In the reverent expression of Mr. Lincoln, "no human counsel devised, nor did any mortal hand work out these great things." In their accomplishment these human agents were sustained by more than human power, and through them great salvation was wrought for the land.

As long, therefore, as the American Union shall abide, with its blessings of law and liberty, Grant's name shall be remembered with honor; as long as the slavery of human beings shall be abhorred and the freedom of man cherished, Grant's name shall be recalled with gratitude; and in the cycles of the future the story of Lincoln's life can never be told without associating Grant in the enduring splendor of his own fame.

—James G. Blaine.

HALLOWE'EN

A HALLOWE'EN FROLIC

A little witch in a steeple hat
Once tried a merry spell,
To make the hares come pit-a-pat
From dingle and from dell.

And pit-a-pat, beneath the moon,
The shy hares peeping came;
The little witch in buckled shoon,
She called them each by name.

"Come, 'Fairy-foot' and 'Sparkle-eyes'!
Come, 'Fine-ear,' 'Bob,' and 'Bun'!"
They gathered round in mild surprise,
But glad of any fun.

And when she told them what she willed
They stamped and leaped in glee,
And all their velvet noses thrilled
With laughter strange to see.

What was the prank, do you suppose,
And what the merry spell?
The sleepy owlet only knows,
And she would never tell!

—Helen Gray Cone, in *St. Nicholas.*

LABOR DAY

WORK

A Song of Triumph

Work!
Thank God for the might of it,
The ardor, the urge, the delight of it—
Work that springs from the heart's desire,
Setting the brain and the soul on fire—
Oh, what is so good as the heat of it,
And what is so glad as the beat of it,
And what is so kind as the stern command,
Challenging brain and heart and hand?

Work!
Thank God for the pride of it,
For the beautiful, conquering tide of it,
Sweeping the life in its furious flood,
Thrilling the arteries, cleansing the blood,
Mastering stupor and dull despair,
Moving the dreamer to do and dare.

Oh, what is so good as the urge of it,
And what is so glad as the surge of it,
And what is so strong as the summons deep,
Rousing the torpid soul from sleep?

Work!
Thank God for the pace of it,
For the terrible, keen, swift race of it;
Fiery steeds in full control,
Nostrils a-quiver to greet the goal.
Work, the Power that drives behind,
Guiding the purposes, taming the mind,
Holding the runaway wishes back,
Reining the will to one steady track,
Speeding the energies faster, faster,
Triumphing over disaster.
Oh, what is so good as the pain of it?
And what is so great as the gain of it?
And what is so kind as the cruel goad,
Forcing us on through the rugged road?

Work!
Thank God for the swing of it,
For the clamoring, hammering ring of it,
Passion of labor daily hurled
On the mighty anvils of the world.
Oh, what is so fierce as the flame of it?
And what is so huge as the aim of it?
Thundering on through dearth and doubt,
Calling the plan of the Maker out.
Work, the Titan; Work, the friend,
Shaping the earth to a glorious end,
Draining the swamps and blasting the hills,
Doing whatever the Spirit wills—
Rending a continent apart,
To answer the dream of the Master heart.
Thank God for a world where none may shirk—
Thank God for the splendor of work!

—Angela Morgan.

THE DIGNITY OF LABOR

There is dignity in toil; in toil of the hand as well as toil of the head; in toil to provide for the bodily wants of an individual life, as well as in toil to promote some enterprise of world-wide fame. All labor that tends to supply man's wants, to increase man's happiness, in a word, all labor that is honest, is honorable too.

The Dignity of Labor! Consider its achievements. Dismayed by no difficulty, shrinking from no exertion, exhausted by no struggle, "clamorous Labor knocks with its hundred hands at the golden gate of the morning," obtaining each day, through succeeding centuries, fresh benefactions for the world.

Labor clears the forest, and drains the morass, and makes the wilderness rejoice and blossom as the rose. Labor drives the plough, and scatters the seeds, and reaps the harvest, and grinds the corn, and converts it into bread, the staff of life. Labor gathers the gossamer web of the caterpillar, the cotton from the field, and the fleece from the flock, and weaves them into raiment, soft, and warm, and beautiful—the purple robe of the prince and the gray gown of the peasant being alike its handiwork. Labor moulds the brick, and splits the slate, and quarries the stone, and shapes the column, and rears, not only the humble cottage, but the gorgeous palace, and the tapering spire, and the stately dome.

Labor, diving deep into the solid earth, brings up its long-hidden stores of coal, to feed ten thousand furnaces, and in millions of habitations to defy the winter's cold. Labor explores the rich veins of deeply-buried rocks, extracting the gold, the silver, the copper, and the tin. Labor smelts the iron, and moulds it into a thousand shapes for use and ornament. Labor cuts down the gnarled oak, and hews the timber, and builds the ship, and guides it over the deep, to bear to our shores the produce of every clime.

Labor, laughing at difficulties, spans majestic rivers, carries viaducts over marshy swamps, suspends bridges over deep ravines, pierces the solid mountains with its dark tunnel, blasting rock, filling hollows, and linking together with its iron but loving grasp all nations of the earth.

Labor, a mighty magician, walks forth into a region uninhabited and waste; he looks earnestly at the scene, so quiet in its desolation; then waving his wonder-working wand, those dreary valleys smile with golden harvests; those barren mountain slopes are clothed with foliage; the furnace blazes; the anvil rings; the busy wheel whirls round; the town appears; the mart of commerce, the hall of science, the temple of religion, rear their lofty fronts; a forest of masts, gay with varied pennons, rises from the harbor. Science enlists the elements of earth and heaven in its service; Art, awaking, clothes its strength with beauty; Civilization smiles; Liberty is glad; Humanity rejoices; Piety exults; for the voice of industry and gladness is heard on every side.

"Work for some good, be it ever so slowly;
Work for some hope, be it ever so lowly;
Work! for all labor is noble and holy!"

—NEWMAN HALL.

YOUNG MAN, GET BUSY

Remember, my son, you have to work. Whether you handle a pick or a pen, a wheelbarrow or a set of books, digging ditches or editing a paper, ringing an auction bell or writing funny things, you must work. If you look around you will see the men who are the most able to live the rest of their days without work are the men who work the hardest. Don't be afraid of killing yourself with overwork. It is beyond your power to do that on the sunny side of thirty. They die sometimes, but it is because they quit work at six. P. M., and don't get home until two A. M. It's the interval

that kills, my son. The work gives you an appetite for your meals; it lends solidity to your slumbers; it gives you a perfect and grateful appreciation of a holiday.

There are young men who do not work, but the world is not proud of them. It does not know their names, even; it simply speaks of them as "old So-and-so's boys." Nobody likes them; the great, busy world doesn't know that they are there. So find out what you want to be and do, and take off your coat and make a dust in the world. The busier you are the less harm you will be apt to get into, the sweeter will be your sleep, the brighter and happier your holidays, and the better satisfied will the world be with you.

—Robert J. Burdette.

GOLDEN RULES OF DAVID COPPERFIELD

I feel as if it were not for me to record, even though this manuscript is intended for no eyes but mine, how hard I worked at that tremendous short-hand, and all improvement appertaining to it, in my sense of responsibility to Dora and her aunts. I will only add, to what I have already written of my perseverance at this time of my life, and of a patient and continuous energy which then began to be matured within me, and which I know to be the strong part of my character, if it have any strength at all, that there, on looking back, I find the source of my success.

I have been very fortunate in worldly matters; many men have worked much harder, and not succeeded half so well; but I never could have done what I have done, without the habits of punctuality, order, and diligence, without the determination to concentrate myself on one object at a time, no matter how quickly its successor should come upon its heels, which I then formed. Heaven knows I write this in no spirit of self-laudation.

The man who reviews his life, as I do mine, in going on here, from page to page, had need to have been a good man, indeed, if he would be spared the sharp

consciousness of many talents neglected, many opportunities wasted, many erratic and perverted feelings constantly at war within his breast, and defeating him. I do not hold one natural gift, I dare say, that I have not abused. My meaning simply is, that whatever I have tried to do in life, I have tried with all my heart to do well; that whatever I have devoted myself to, I have devoted myself to completely; that, in great aims and in small, I have always been thoroughly in earnest.

I have never believed it possible that any natural or improved ability can claim immunity from the companionship of the steady, plain, hard-working qualities, and hope to gain its end. There is no such thing as such fulfillment on this earth. Some happy talent, and some fortunate opportunity, may form the two sides of the ladder on which some men mount; but the rounds of that ladder must be made of stuff to stand wear and tear; and there is no substitute for thorough-going, ardent, and sincere earnestness. Never to put one hand to anything, on which I could throw my whole self; and never to affect depreciation of my work, whatever it was; I find, now, to have been my golden rules.

—Charles Dickens.

LINCOLN'S BIRTHDAY

LINCOLN'S BIRTHDAY

Again thy birthday dawns, O man beloved,
Dawns on the land thy blood was shed to save,
And hearts of millions, by one impulse moved,
Bow and fresh laurels lay upon thy grave.

The years but add new luster to thy glory,
And watchmen on the heights of vision see
Reflected in thy life the old, old story,
The story of the Man of Galilee.

We see in thee the image of Him kneeling
Before the close-shut tomb, and at the word
"Come forth," from out the blackness long concealing
There rose a man; clearly again was heard

The Master's voice, and then, his cerements broken,
Friends of the dead a living brother see;
Thou, at the tomb where millions lay, hast spoken:
"Loose him and let him go!"—the slave was free.

And in the man so long in thraldom hidden
We see the likeness of the Father's face,
Clod changed to soul; by thy atonement bidden,
We hasten to the uplift of a race.

Spirit of Lincoln! Summon all thy loyal;
Nerve them to follow where thy feet have trod,
To prove, by voice as clear and deed as royal,
Man's brotherhood in our one Father—God.

—Ida Vose Woodbury.

A KING

We talked of kings, little Ned and I,
As we sat in the firelight's glow;
Of Alfred the Great, in days gone by,
And his kingdom of long ago.

Of Norman William, who, brave and stern,
His armies to victory led.
Then, after a pause: "At school we learn
Of another great man," said Ned.

"And this one was good to the oppressed,
He was gentle, and brave, and so
Wasn't he greater than all the rest?
'Twas Abraham Lincoln, you know."

"Was Lincoln a king?" I asked him then,
And in waiting for his reply
A long procession of noble men
Seemed to pass in the firelight by.

When, "No," came slowly from little Ned,
And thoughtfully; then with a start,
"He wasn't a king—outside," he said,
"But I think he was in his heart."

—Elia Matthews Bangs, *in St. Nicholas.*

ADDRESS AT GETTYSBURG

Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting-place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

But in a larger sense we cannot dedicate—we cannot consecrate—we cannot hallow—this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion—that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain—that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

—Abraham Lincoln.

OH, WHY SHOULD THE SPIRIT OF MORTAL BE PROUD?

(Lincoln's favorite poem.)

Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?
Like a swift-fleeting meteor, a fast-flying cloud,
A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave,
Man passeth from life to his rest in the grave.

The leaves of the oak and the willow shall fade,
Be scattered around and together be laid;
And the young and the old, and the low and the high,
Shall moulder to dust and together shall lie.

The infant a mother attended and loved;
The mother that infant's affection who proved;
The husband that mother and infant who blessed,
Each, all, are away to their dwellings of rest.

The maid on whose cheek, on whose brow, in whose eye,
Shone beauty and pleasure—her triumphs are by;
And the memory of those who loved her, and praised,
Are alike from the minds of the living erased.

The hand of the king that the sceptre hath borne;
The brow of the priest that the mitre hath worn;
The eye of the sage, and the heart of the brave,
Are hidden and lost in the depths of the grave.

The peasant whose lot was to sow and to reap,
The herdsman, who climbed with his goats up the steep;
The beggar, who wandered in search of his bread,
Have faded away like the grass that we tread.

The saint who enjoyed the communion of heaven,
The sinner who dared to remain unforgiven,
The wise and the foolish, the guilty and just,
Have quietly mingled their bones in the dust.

So the multitude goes, like the flower or the weed
That withers away to let others succeed;
So the multitude comes, even those we behold,
To repeat every tale that has often been told.

For we are the same that our fathers have been;
We see the same sights that our fathers have seen—
We drink the same stream and we view the same sun,
And we run the same course that our fathers have run.

The thoughts we are thinking our fathers would think;
From the death we are shrinking our fathers would shrink,
To the life we are clinging they also would cling;
But it speeds for us all, like a bird on the wing.

They loved, but the story we cannot unfold;
They scorned, but the heart of the haughty is cold;
They grieved, but no wail from their slumbers will come;
They joyed, but the tongue of their gladness is dumb.

They died, aye; they died; and we things that are now,
Who walk on the turf that lies over their brow,
Who make in their dwellings a transient abode,
Meet the things that they met on their pilgrimage road.

Yea! hope and despondency, pleasure and pain,
We mingle together in sunshine and rain;
And the smile and the tear, and the song and the dirge,
Still follow each other, like surge upon surge.

'Tis the wink of an eye, 'tis the draught of a breath,
From the blossom of health to the paleness of death,
From the gilded saloon to the bier and the shroud—
Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?

—William Knox.

MEMORIAL DAY

Decoration Day

WE KEEP MEMORIAL DAY

When the May has culled her flowers for the summer
waiting long,
And the breath of early roses wooes the hedges into
song,
Comes the throb of martial music and the banners in
the street,
And the marching of the millions bearing garlands fair
and sweet—
'Tis the Sabbath of the Nation, 'tis the floral feast of
May!
In remembrance of our heroes
We keep Memorial Day.

They are sleeping in the valleys, they are sleeping
'neath the sea,
They are sleeping by the thousands till the royal
reveille;
Let us know them, let us name them, let us honor one
and all,
For they loved us and they saved us, springing at the
bugle call;
Let us sound the song and cymbal, wreathe the *immor-
telles* and bay.
In the fervor of thanksgiving
We keep Memorial Day.

—Kate Brownlee Sherwood.

ORIGIN OF MEMORIAL DAY

The custom that led up to the observance of Memorial Day originated in the South before the close of the Civil War. Early in the spring of each year Southern women, filled with sympathy and sorrow,

were in the habit of decorating the graves of their dead soldiers with flowers. They did not stop with their own dead, but remembered also the graves of the Northern soldiers who had fallen in battle and found a resting place in Southern graveyards. Little thought these tenderhearted women of the Southland, going about their ministry of love, with true Southern sympathy and thoughtfulness, that their kindly, compassionate action was a germ-thought of good which would scatter its blossoms of love and mercy far and wide. The deed touched the popular chord of sympathy. State after state was caught on the wave of loving remembrance. On May 5, 1868, Gen. John A. Logan, then commander-in-chief of the Grand Army of the Republic, issued an order fixing May 30th of that year for strewing with flowers the graves of dead soldiers. The Grand Army of the Republic gave its sanction to the custom by thus appointing a special day for memorial services in honor of our country's heroes.

TO A HERO

We may not know how fared your soul before
  Occasion came to try it by this test.
Perchance, it used on lofty wings to soar;
  Again, it may have dwelt in lowly nest.

We do not know if bygone knightly strain
  Impelled you then, or blood of humble clod
Defied the dread adventure to attain
  The cross of honor or the peace of God.

We see but this, that when the moment came
  You raised on high, then drained, the solemn cup—
The grail of death; that, touched by valor's flame,
  The kindled spirit burned the body up.

—Oscar C. A. Child.

MEMORIAL DAY, 1921

Standing Guard on the River Meuse—
Here a squad and there a platoon;
There in the mist a lonely lad
Watching beneath the silent moon,
Eyes to the east, but heart at home—
Tell me, ye winds, that nightly roam:
Who are the boys on the River Meuse?

Answer the winds: "These shiver no more
When we carry the snow from an icy shore;
They dread not steel nor shell nor wave,
They are standing each man above his grave—
Michigan, Texas, Virginia, Maine,
Golden California—these are your slain,
Columbia's slain on the River Meuse."

Are they sighting the enemy bold,
A crafty marksman in yonder wold?
Are they awaiting the break of day
To meet the Prussian in bloody fray?
The haughty guards lie stark and still,
They've made their bed on marsh and hill,
They fight no more on the River Meuse.

Columbia's fallen, spirits free,
Past life's rancor and bitter hates,
See the dread enemy in you and in me
That batters against America's gates!
There is a Prussian in us all
Since the day of our father Adam's fall:
They are watching him on the River Meuse.

They are watching the boy who heeds no law,
The maiden sipping the poison bowl,
The slacker sneaking through the dark,
The soul-blind, money-grubbing mole,
The worker who sows not and wants to reap,
The rich man stealing the poor man's sheep;
They're watching them on the River Meuse.

Pale figures fade as the morning breaks,
Faint voices are wafted across the deep:
"Buddies, we're weary and crumbling away;
Who'll mount the guard so the dead may sleep?
Who'll grip the rifle and beat the drum?"
March, Legion, march, thine hour has come!
Bring peace to the boys on the River Meuse!

—Carl Philipp.

HALLOWED GROUND

What hallows ground where heroes sleep?
'Tis not the sculptured piles you heap!
In dews that heavens far distant weep
Their turf may bloom;
Or Genii twine beneath the deep
Their coral tomb.

Is't death to fall for Freedom's right?
He's dead alone that lacks her light!
And murder sullies in Heaven's sight
The sword he draws:—
What can alone ennoble fight?
A noble cause!

What's hallowed ground? 'Tis what gives birth
To sacred thoughts in souls of worth:—
Peace! Independence! Truth! go forth
Earth's compass round;
And your high priesthood shall make earth
All hallowed ground.

—Thomas Campbell.

FOREVER

Those who love truly never die,
Though year by year the sad memorial wreath,
A ring and flowers, types of life and death,
Are laid upon their graves.

For death the pure life saves,
And life all pure is love, and love can reach
From heaven to earth, and nobler lessons teach
Than those by mortals read.

Well blessed is he who has a dear one dead:
A friend he has whose face will never change,
A dear communion that will not grow changed,
The anchor of a love is death.

The blessed sweetness of a loving breath
Will reach our cheek all fresh through weary years;
For her who died long since, ah! waste not tears,
She's thine unto the end.

Thank God for one dead friend,
With face still radiant with the light of truth,
Whose love comes laden with the scent of youth,
Through twenty years of death.

—John Boyle O'Reilly.

BREATHE BALMY AIRS

Breathe balmy airs, ye fragrant flowers,
O'er every silent sleeper's head;
Ye crystal dews and summer showers,
Dress in fresh green each lowly bed.

Strew loving offerings o'er the brave,
Their country's joy, their country's pride;
For us their precious lives they gave,
For freedom's sacred cause they died.

Each cherished name its place shall hold,
Like stars that gem the azure sky;
Their deeds on history's page enrolled,
Are sealed for immortality.

Long, where on glory's fields they fell,
May freedom's spotless banner wave;
And fragrant tributes, grateful, tell
Where live the free, where sleep the brave.

—S. F. Smith.

MARGUERITE

It was Decoration Day, some years ago—that day which means so very much and whose name suggests so very little. Marguerite knew that it was "Decoration Day," but she could not tell what it meant. She did not understand the long procession, the music, the flowers, and all; she only knew that she had been sent to sell her flowers because it was some kind of a flower day. Daisies she had in her large basket—bright gold and white daisies; and she had a little bunch in her tiny hand which she held out to passers-by as she said: "Daisies, fresh daisies, five cents a bunch?"

She stood at the foot of the beautifully-decorated soldiers' monument watching the crowd of people and the marching men with wide, wondering eyes. She did not know what it was all for. She knew very little, this tiny, ragged maid. Had you asked her name, she would have told you "Marguerite"; but she did not know she was named for the flowers she carried; she did not know that her hair was bright and sunny like their gold hearts; she did not know that they and her eyes were like the stars in their child-likeness, nor that the white petals were symbols of her own purity. She had not sold many flowers—she was so small and her daisies so simple that people scarcely noticed; but she did not seem to care—she was so busy with the new sights and sounds—and the child-soul was filled with a feeling she could not have told, and I doubt if we could express it for her, but I think she felt that there was something sweet and good in it all. I found this in her face as I watched her—for the little creature suddenly meant more to me than the ceremonies I had come to witness. After watching the drill of the uniformed men, she looked up at me wonderingly and said: "What does it mean?"

"It means, little one," said I, that all this marching and music and this big monument trimmed with flowers, this great day of celebrating is for the brave soldiers

who fought and died for our country, for you, and for me. Now, the men are going to put flowers on the soldiers' graves, because they were brave men."

"Ah!" said she, with a satisfied little look, "I'll go too. Will you come?"

I grasped the heavy basket and took the little hand in mine, and we trudged on toward the city of the dead. She scarcely spoke on the way, but clung to the bunch of daisies in her hand, and said softly to herself and to her blossoms: "Papa was a soldier."

When we reached the quiet city she looked about with more wonder than ever in the blue eyes, and asked me were the people who lived inside the white doors angels, and I said, "Yes."

Pointing to the lot of the unknown dead, she said:

"Who is over there under all those little flags?"

I explained to her, and she said:

"He must be there; they never knew where he was killed. I think he is there," and she drew me away from the crowd toward the rows of graves with a flag at each head.

"I don't know which is his, but I'll put the daisies here by this little flag."

She knelt at the head of one grave and laid her bunch of daisies down tenderly, then the large eyes looked up straight through the sunlight and blue sky, and with the little hands clasped on her breast, said:

"Can you see me, papa? I'm your own little girl. If this isn't your bed, you can look down and know the flowers are meant for you, and know this is your little girl, and she loves you."

Then, looking at the basket: "I could cover this brown bed all over, couldn't I? There are enough left, but then, perhaps, these other soldiers haven't any little girl to give them flowers. I guess I had better put one bunch on every grave." So the little Saint Marguerite went about on her own small flower mission, and only regretted that her daisies would not go "all around," and then said:

"I hope they all know we are proud of them."

As I looked at the hopeful face, I thought that if the soldier-father could not see his little one, the Great Father saw and blessed a new sweetness in life even in this tiny nature, whose true little heart had found the very deepest meaning of this Decoration Day.

—Evelyn Noble Schroeder.

MEMORIAL DAY

The circling year again brings round
This proud Memorial Day,
With mingled joy and grief profound,
We deck with wreaths the sacred mound,
Where patriot soldiers lay.

'Tis meet that we this honor show,
And pledge this day anew
Our fadeless faith, that all may know
How strong this faith will ever grow,
In loyal hearts and true.

Our land so broad, so grand, so free,
Pays homage to the band
Who fought and bled, and died that we
An undivided nation be,
The peer of any land.

Pile granite to the vaulted skies;
Carve words of deathless fame;
Let marble monuments arise
Where'er the soldier-patriot lies,
In honor of his name.

The granite pile may sink to dust,
No more its words be read;
The marble may forsake its trust;
The nation may, in reckless lust,
Forget the honored dead.

Their fame is fixed beyond the skies,
Their glory is of God;
'Twas not ambition's sacrifice,
Nor eager gain for worldly prize,
That laid them 'neath the sod.

They died our nation's life to save,
Ere it were rent in twain,
For this each fills a soldier's grave,
For this the glorious flag shall wave,
In honor of the slain.

They died: the clanking shackles fell
From bondman's fettered hand,
And angels winged their way to tell,
While heavenly choirs the anthem swell,
Of freedom's happy land.

—Z. F. Riley.

BROTHERS ONCE MORE

When civil war, with horrors dire
Swept through this land with sword and fire;—
When men with fratricidal hate
In storm of battle met their fate;—
The Blue arrayed against the Gray,
Rushing like madmen to the fray,
Steeped this fair land in deep distress,—
Wives, widowed—children, fatherless.
Such horrors scarce were known before,
Such carnage in a civil war.

But when fair Peace her sway proclaimed,
Ceasing their strife, with passions tamed,
Once more united, Gray and Blue
Joined hands the Union to renew,
And gladly welcomed Peace again
Tho' mourning o'er the thousands slain.

Although to-day 'tis many years
Since war made slaughter, blood, and tears;
The cannon's roar and warrior's rage
Are only known on history's page,—
We still with saddened hearts renew
The mem'ry of the Gray and Blue;
With reverence we deck the grave
Of each dead warrior who gave
His life the Union to restore
United as it was before;
Rejoicing, too, this land to see
Freed from the curse of slavery.

No matter now which won the day,
Or if the dead were Blue or Gray,
They all, who in their grave now rest,
Fought for the cause they deemed the best.
Brothers they were before the war—
Brothers now, just as they were before;
Brothers they all shall be at last,
When the Archangel's trumpet blast
Shall summon them to life above,
Where war gives place to peace and love.

—W. J. C. Train.

THE SOUTHERN SOLDIER

You of the North have had drawn for you with a master's hand the picture of your returning armies. You have heard how, in the pomp and circumstance of war, they came back to you, marching with proud and victorious tread, reading their glory in a nation's eyes. Will you bear with me while I tell you of another army that sought its home at the close of the late war—an army that marched home in defeat and not in victory, in pathos and not in splendor?

Let me picture to you the footsore Confederate soldier, as, buttoning up in his faded gray jacket the

parole which was the testimony to his children of his fidelity and faith, he turned his face southward from Appomattox in April, 1865. Think of him as ragged, half-starved, heavy-hearted, enfeebled by want and wounds; having fought to exhaustion, he surrenders his gun, wrings the hands of his comrades in silence, and lifting his tear-stained and pallid face for the last time to the graves that dot the old Virginia hills, pulls his gray cap over his brow and begins the slow and painful journey.

What does he find—let me ask you, who went to your homes eager to find, in the welcome you had justly earned, full payment for four years' sacrifice—what does he find when having followed the battle-stained cross against overwhelming odds, dreading death not half so much as surrender, he reaches the home he left so prosperous and beautiful?

He finds his house in ruins, his farms devastated, his slaves free, his stock killed, his barns empty, his trade destroyed, his money worthless; his social system, feudal in its magnificence, swept away; his people without law or legal status, his comrades slain, and the burdens of others heavy on his shoulders. Crushed by defeat, his very traditions are gone; without money, credit, employment, material, or training; and beside all this, confronted with the gravest problem that ever met human intelligence—the establishing of a status for the vast body of his liberated slaves.

What does he do—this hero in gray, with a heart of gold? Does he sit down in sullenness and despair? Not for a day. Surely God, who had stripped him in his prosperity, inspired him in his adversity. As ruin was never so overwhelming, never was restoration swifter. The soldier stepped from the trenches into the furrow; horses that had charged Federal guns marched before the plow, and fields that ran red with blood in April were green with the harvest in June.

Never was nobler duty confided to human hands than the uplifting and upbuilding of the prostrate and bleeding South, misguided, perhaps, but beautiful in her suffering. In the record of her social, industrial, and political evolution, we await with confidence the verdict of the world.

—Henry W. Grady.

A HYMN OF PEACE

Angel of Peace thou hast wandered too long!
Spread thy white wings to the sunshine of love!
Come while our voices are blended in song,—
Fly to our ark like the storm-beaten dove!
Fly to our ark on the wings of the dove,—
Speed o'er the far-sounding billows of song,
Crowned with thine olive-leaf garland of love—
Angel of Peace, thou hast waited too long!

Brothers we meet, on this altar of thine,
Mingling the gifts we have gathered for thee,
Sweet with the odors of myrtle and pine,
Breeze of the prairies and breath of the sea,—
Meadow and mountain and forest and sea!
Sweet is the fragrance of myrtle and pine,
Sweeter the incense we offer to thee,
Brothers once more round this altar of thine!

Angels of Bethlehem, answer the strain!
Hark! a new birth-song is filling the sky!—
Loud as the storm-wind that tumbles the main
Bid the full breath of the organ reply,—
Let the loud tempest of voices reply,—
Roll its long surge like the earth-shaking main!
Swell the vast song till it mounts to the sky,—
Angels of Bethlehem, echo the strain!

—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

MOTHER'S DAY

MOTHER LOVE

There is an enduring tenderness in the love of a mother to a son that transcends all other affections of the heart! It is neither to be chilled by selfishness, nor daunted by danger, nor weakened by worthlessness, nor stifled by ingratitude. She will sacrifice every comfort to his convenience; she will surrender every pleasure to his enjoyment; she will glory in his fame, and exult in his prosperity—and if misfortune overtake him he will be the dearer to her from misfortune; and if disgrace settle upon his name she will still love and cherish him in spite of his disgrace; and if all the world beside cast him off she will be all the world to him.

—Washington Irving.

KISSED HIS MOTHER

She sat on the porch in the sunshine,
As I went down the street—
A woman whose hair was silver,
But whose face was blossom-sweet,
Making me think of a garden
Where, in spite of frost and snow
Of bleak November weather,
Late fragrant lilies grow.

I heard a footstep behind me,
And a sound of a merry laugh,
And I knew the heart it came from
Would be like a comforting staff
In the time and the hour of trouble,
Hopeful, and brave, and strong,
One of the hearts to lean on
When we think that things go wrong.

I turned at the click of the gate-latch,
And met his manly look;
A face like his gives me pleasure,
Like the page of a pleasant book.
It told of a steadfast purpose,
Of a brave and daring will—
A face with a promise in it
That God grant the years fulfill.

He went up the pathway singing;
I saw the woman's eyes
Grow bright with a wordless welcome,
As sunshine warms the skies.
"Back again, sweetheart mother!"
He cried, and bent to kiss
The loving face that was lifted
For what some mothers miss.

That boy will do to depend on;
I hold that this is true;
From lads in love with their mothers
Our bravest heroes grew.
Earth's grandest hearts have been loving hearts
Since time and earth began,
And the boy who kissed his mother
Is every inch a man!

—Eben E. Rexford.

ROCK ME TO SLEEP

Backward, turn backward, O Time, in your flight,
Make me a child again, just for tonight!
Mother, come back from the echoless shore,
Take me again to your heart as of yore;
Kiss from my forehead the furrows of care,
Smooth the few silver threads out of my hair;
Over my slumbers your loving watch keep;—
Rock me to sleep, mother,—rock me to sleep!

Backward, flow backward, O tide of the years!
I am so weary of toil and of tears, —
Toil without recompense, tears all in vain,—
Take them, and give me my childhood again!
I have grown weary of dust and decay,—
Weary of flinging my soul-wealth away;
Weary of sowing for others to reap,—
Rock me to sleep, mother,—rock me to sleep!

Tired of the hollow, the base, the untrue,
Mother, O mother, my heart calls for you!
Many a summer the grass has grown green,
Blossomed and faded, our faces between:
Yet, with strong yearning and passionate pain,
Long I tonight for your presence again.
Come from the silence so long and so deep;—
Rock me to sleep, mother,—rock me to sleep!

Over my heart, in the days that are flown,
No love like mother love ever has shone;
No other worship abides and endures,—
Faithful, unselfish, and patient like yours:
None like a mother can charm away pain
From the sick soul and world-weary brain.
Slumber's soft calms o'er my heavy lids creep;—
Rock me to sleep, mother,—rock me to sleep!

Come, let your brown hair, just lighted with gold,
Fall on your shoulders again as of old;
Let it drop over my forehead to-night,
Shading my faint eyes away from the light;
For with its sunny-edged shadows once more
Haply will throng the sweet visions of yore;
Lovingly, softly, its bright billows sweep;—
Rock me to sleep, mother,—rock me to sleep!

Mother, dear mother, the years have been long
Since I last listen'd your lullaby song:
Sing, then, and unto my soul it shall seem
Womanhood's years have been only a dream.

Clasp'd to your heart in a loving embrace,
With your light lashes just sweeping my face,
Never hereafter to wake or to weep;—
Rock me to sleep, mother,—rock me to sleep!

—Elizabeth Akers Allen.

HIS MOTHER'S SONG

Beneath the hot midsummer sun
The men had marched all day;
And now beside a rippling stream,
Upon the grass they lay.
Tiring of games and idle jest
As swept the hours along,
They cried to one who mused apart:
"Come, friend, give us a song."

"I fear I cannot please," he said;
"The only songs I know
Are those my mother used to sing
For me long years ago."
"Sing one of those," a rough voice cried,
"There's none but true men here;
To every mother's son of us
A mother's songs are dear."

Then sweetly rose the singer's voice
Amid unwonted calm;
"'Am I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb?
And shall I fear to own His cause?'"
The very stream was stilled,
And hearts that never throbbed with fear
With tender thoughts were filled.

Ended the song; the singer said,
As to his feet he rose,
"Thanks to you all, my friends, good-night,
God grant us sweet repose."

"Sing us one more," the captain begged,
The soldier bent his head,
Then glancing round with smiling lips,
"You'll join with me?" he said.

"We'll sing the old familiar air,
Sweet as the bugle-call,
'All hail the power of Jesus' name,
Let angels prostrate fall'."
Ah! wondrous was the old tune's spell,
As on the soldier sang,
Each eye was moist with mem'ry's tear,
And loud the voices rang.

The songs are done, the camp is still,
Naught but the stream is heard;
But ah! the depths of every soul
By those old hymns are stirred.
And up from many a bearded lip
In whispers soft and low,
Rises the prayer a mother taught
Her boy long years ago.

THE KNIGHT'S TOAST

The feast is o'er. Now brimming wine
In lordly cup is seen to shine
Before each eager guest;
And silence fills the crowded hall
As deep as when the herald's call
Thrills in the loyal breast.

Then up arose the noble host,
And smiling, cried: "A toast! A toast!
To all our ladies fair!
Here before all I pledge the name
Of Staunton's proud and beauteous dame,
The Lady Gundamere."

Then to his feet each gallant sprung,
And joyous was the shout that rung,
As Stanley gave the word;
And every cup was raised on high,
Nor ceased the loud and gladsome cry
Till Stanley's voice was heard:

"Enough, enough," he smiling said,
And lowly bent his haughty head,
"That all may have their due,
Now each in turn must play his part,
And pledge the lady of his heart,
Like gallant knight, and true."

Then, one by one, each guest sprang up,
And drained in turn the brimming cup,
And called the loved one's name;
And each, as hand on high he raised,
His lady's grace or beauty praised,
Her constancy and fame.

'Tis now St. Leon's turn to rise;
On him are fixed those countless eyes;
A gallant knight is he;
Envied by some, admired by all;
Far-famed in lady's bower and hall,
The flower of chivalry.

St. Leon raised his kindling eye,
And lifts the sparkling cup on high.
"I drink to one," he said,
"Whose image never may depart,
Deep graven on this grateful heart,
Till memory be dead;

"To one whose love for me shall last
When lighter passions long have passed,
So holy 'tis and true;—
To one whose love hath longer dwelt,
More deeply fixed, more keenly felt,
Than any pledged by you."

Each guest upstarted at the word,
And laid a hand upon his sword,
With fury-flashing eye;
And Stanley said: "We crave the name,
Proud knight, of this most peerless dame,
Whose love you count so high."

St. Leon paused, as if he would
Not breathe her name in careless mood,
Thus lightly to another;
Then bent his noble head as though
To give that word the reverence due,
And gently said:—"My mother."

—Sir Walter Scott.

NEW YEAR'S DAY

ON THE THRESHOLD

I stand upon the threshold of two years,
And backward look, and forward strain my eyes;
Upon the blotted record fall my tears,
While, brushing them aside, a sweet surprise
Breaks like a day-dawn on my upturned face,
As I remember all Thy daily grace.

Thou hast been good to me; the burdened past
Thou hast borne with me, and the future days
Are in Thy hands; I tremble not, but cast
My care upon Thee, and in prayer and praise
Prepare to make the coming year the best,
Because of nobler work and sweeter rest.

ADDRESS TO THE NEW YEAR

O good New Year! we clasp
  This warm, shut hand of thine,
Loosing forever, with half sigh, half grasp,
  That which from ours falls like dead fingers' twine.
Ay, whether fierce its grasp
    Has been, or gentle, having been, we know
    That it was blessed: let the old year go.

Friend, come thou like a friend;
  And, whether bright thy face,
Or dim with clouds we cannot comprehend,
  We'll hold our patient hands, each in his place,
And trust thee to the end,
    Knowing thou leadest onwards to those spheres
    Where there are neither days nor months nor years.

—Dinah Mulock Craik.

NEW YEAR'S RESOLVE

As the dead year is clasped by a dead December,
  So let your dead sins with your dead days lie.
A new life is yours and a new hope. Remember
  We build our own ladders to climb to the sky.
Stand out in the sunlight of promise, forgetting
  Whatever your past held of sorrow or wrong.
We waste half our strength in a uesless regretting;
  We sit by old tombs in the dark too long.

Have you missed in your aim? Well, the mark is still
    shining.
  Did you faint in the race? Well, take breath for the
    next.
Did the clouds drive you back? But see yonder their
    lining.
  Where you tempted, and fell? Let it serve for a text.

As each year hurries by, let it join that procession
Of skeleton shapes that march down to the past,
While you take your place in the line of progression,
With your eyes on the heaven, your face to the blast.

I tell you the future can hold no terrors
For any sad soul while the stars revolve,
If he will but stand firm on the grave of his errors,
And instead of regretting resolve, resolve!
It is never too late to begin rebuilding,
Though all into ruins your life seems hurled;
For see! how the light of the New Year is gilding
The wan, worn face of the bruised old world.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

A YEAR'S SUPPLY

He was one of the city's wealthiest men, but he made no ostentatious display of his wealth. A little thin, poorly clad girl stood looking in the window of the restaurant at the good things to eat. The man approached and touched her on the shoulder.

"What is your name, little girl?" he asked.

"Susie Tompkins, sir," she answered, looking up at him with great haunting blue eyes.

There was something in her pleading, innocent voice that stirred a strange feeling in the millionaire's heart. Still it may have been indigestion.

"Have you a father?" he asked.

"Oh, no, sir, mother has only me to support."

"Is your mother very poor?"

"Oh, yes, sir."

"What is your mother's name?"

"Susan, sir, just like mine."

"Tell me, child, said the wealthy man, clutching her arm in an agony of suspense, "has your mother a wart on her nose and does her breath smell of onions?"

"Yes, sir."

The millionaire covered his face with his hands for a moment, and then said in a trembling voice:

"Little one, your mother and I once knew each other. You have her voice, her hair, and her eyes. If it had not been for a misunderstanding—perhaps—but that is all past now."

The man unbuttoned his overcoat and took from his vest pocket a package.

"Take this," he said. "I have more than I want. It will last you and your mother a year."

The little girl took the package and ran home in glee.

"Oh, see, mama!" she cried. "A gentleman gave me this. He said it would last us a whole year."

The pale woman unrolled the package with trembling hands.

It was a nice new calendar.

—O. Henry, *from "Postscripts" by O. Henry, Harper & Brothers, publishers.*

FAREWELL TO THE OLD YEAR

Farewell, old year; we walk no more together;
I catch the sweetness of thy latest sigh,
And, crowned with yellow brake and withered heather,
I see thee stand beneath this cloudy sky.

Here in the dim light of a gray December,
We part in smiles, and yet we met in tears;
Watching thy chilly dawn, I well remember
I thought thee saddest-born of all the years.

I knew not then what precious gifts were hidden
Under the mist that veiled thy path from sight;
I knew not then that joy would come unbidden,
To make thy closing hours divinely bright.

I only saw the dreary clouds unbroken,
I only heard the plash of icy rain,
And in that winter gloom I found no token
To tell me that the sun would shine again.

Oh, dear old year, I wronged a Father's kindness,
I would not trust him with my load of care;
I stumbled on in weariness and blindness,
And lo, he blessed me with an answered prayer!

Good-by, kind year, we walk no more together,
But here in quiet happiness we part;
And from thy wreath of faded fern and heather
I take some sprays, and wear them on my heart.

—Sarah Doudney.

THE NEW YEAR

A song for the Old,
While its knell is tolled,
And its parting moments fly!
But a song and a cheer
For the glad New Year,
While we watch the Old Year die!
Oh! its grief and pain
Ne'er can come again,
And its care lies buried deep;
But what joy untold
Doth the New Year hold,
And what hopes within it sleep!

A song for the Old,
While its knell is tolled,
And the friends it gave so true!
But, with hearts of glee,
Let us merrily
Welcome in the bright, bright New!

For the heights we gained,
For the good attained,
We will not the Old despise;
But a joy more sweet.
Making life complete,
In the golden New Year lies.

A song for the Old,
While its knell is tolled!
With a grander, broader zeal,
And a forward view,
Let us greet the New,
Heart and purpose ever leal!
Let the ills we met,
And the sad regret,
With the Old be buried deep;
For what joy untold
Doth the New Year hold,
And what hopes within it sleep!

—George Cooper.

THE OLD YEAR

Wail, winter Winds, o'er moor and fell,
The year is dying. Hark! The bell
Rings out amid the falling snow,
"Good-bye, old friend, for thou must go;
Good-bye, Old Year."

Good-bye, Old Year, thy life is done.
Since first thy light upon me shone,
The blissful hopes that fill'd my heart
Are withered all, and all depart
With thee, Old Year.

With bitter tears my eyes are wet;
My heart is sad with vain regret
For all the good that I had thought
To do, for ill that I have wrought
In thee, Old Year.

Where are the friends that side by side
With me have walk'd, the true and tried?
Gone! like the snow, that, fair and white,
Fell o'er the land thy birthday night—
All gone, Old Year!

Where are the flowers that brightly bloom'd
In thy young life, and earth perfumed?
Gone! with the winter's frosty breath,
And lying, like our friends, in death—
In death, Old Year!

But soft! thy heart beats faint and slow;
Thine eyes are dim, thy pulse is low;
One parting glance; thy life is o'er,
The New Year stands within the door.
Good-bye, Old Year!

—Violet Fuller.

NEXT YEAR

"Next year, next year," we say,
When come to naught
Our plans and projects gay,
Our bright dreams, fraught

With brighter hopes, that shine
On that far rim
Of life's horizon line,
Where dreams lie dim

And touched with morning dew—
"Next year, next year";
And while we plan anew
The days grow sere.

The year has fled, and lo!
We've left behind
The glory and the glow
We hoped to find;

And raised again the clew
We meant to heed—
The cherished plan to do
Some cherished deed.

"Next year, next year!"
Oh! why not now,
Delaying soul, *this* year
Keep word and vow?

Oh! why not now and here,
Why not today,
Before another year
Shall run away,

Keep word and faith, or ere
An hour's delay,
Make good the promise fair,
Today, today?

—Nora Perry.

OLD HOME WEEK

AT THE OLD HOME AGAIN

I stand upon my native hills again,
Broad, round, and green, that in the summer sky
With garniture of waving grass and grain,
Orchards, and beechen forests, basking lie,
While deep the sunless glens are scooped between,
Where brawl o'er shallow beds the streams unseen.

Here, I have 'scaped the city's stifling heat,
Its horrid sounds, and its polluted air;
And, where the season's milder fervors beat,
And gales, that sweep the forest border, bear
The song of bird, and sound of running stream,
Am come awhile to wander and to dream.

Ay, flame thy fiercest, Sun! thou canst not wake,
In this pure air, the plague that walks unseen.
The maize leaf and the maple bough but take,
From thy fierce heats, a deeper, glossier green;
The mountain wind, that faints not in thy ray,
Sweeps the blue streams of pestilence away.

The mountain wind! most spiritual of all
The wide earth knows; when in the sultry time
He stoops him from his vast cerulean hall,
He seems the breath of a celestial clime;
As if from heaven's wide-open gates did flow
Health and refreshment on the world below.

—William Cullen Bryant.

THE HOME CONCERT

Well, Tom, my boy, I must say good-bye;
I've had a wonderful visit here;
Enjoyed it, too, as well as I could
Away from all that my heart holds dear.
Maybe I've been a trifle rough—
A little awkward, your wife would say—
And very likely I've missed the hint
Of your city polish day by day.

But somehow, Tom, though the same old roof
Sheltered us both when we were boys,
And the same dear mother-love watched us both,
Sharing our childish griefs and joys,
Yet you are almost a stranger now;
Your ways and mine are as far apart
As though we had never thrown an arm
About each other with loving heart.

Your city home is a palace, Tom;
Your wife and children are fair to see;
You couldn't breathe in the little cot,
The little home that belongs to me.

And I am lost in your grand, large house,
And dazed with the wealth on every side;
And I hardly know my brother Tom,
In the midst of so much stately pride.

Yes, the concert was grand, last night;
The singing was splendid; but, do you know,
My heart kept longing, the evening through,
For another concert so sweet and low
That maybe it wouldn't please the ear
Of one so cultured and grand as you;
But to its music—laugh if you will—
My heart and thoughts must ever be true.

I shut my eyes in the hall last night
(For the clash of the music wearied me),
And close to my heart this vision came—
The same sweet picture I always see:
In the vine-clad porch of a cottage home,
Half in shadow and half in sun,
A mother chanting her lullaby,
Rocking to rest her little one.

And soft and sweet as the music fell
From the mother's lips, I heard the coo
Of my baby girl, as with drowsy tongue
She echoed the song with "Goo-a-goo."
Together they sang, the mother and babe,
My wife and child, by the cottage door.
Ah! that is the concert, brother Tom,
My ears are aching to hear once more.

So, now, good-bye. And I wish you well,
And many a year of wealth and gain.
You were born to be rich and gay;
I am content to be poor and plain.
And I go back to my country home
With a love that absence has strengthened, too—
Back to the concert all my own—
Mother's singing and baby's coo.

THE HOME IN THE GOVERNMENT

A few Sundays ago I stood on a hill in Washington. My heart thrilled as I looked on the towering marble of my country's Capitol, and a mist gathered in my eyes as, standing there, I thought of its tremendous significance and the powers there assembled, and the responsibilities there centered—its president, its congress, its courts, its gathered treasure, its army, its navy, and its 60,000,000 of citizens. It seemed to me the best and mightiest sight that the sun could find in its wheeling course—this majestic home of a Republic that has taught the world its best lessons of liberty—and I felt that if wisdom and justice and honor abided therein, the world would stand indebted to this temple on which my eyes rested, and in which the ark of my covenant was lodged for its final uplifting and regeneration.

A few days later I visited a country home. A modest, quiet house sheltered by great trees and set in a circle of field and meadow, gracious with the promise of harvest—barns and cribs well filled and the old smoke-house odorous with treasure—the fragrance of pink and hollyhock mingling with the aroma of garden and orchard, and resonant with the hum of bees and poultry's busy clucking—inside the house, thrift, comfort, and that cleanliness that is next to godliness—the restful beds, the open fireplace, the books and papers, and the old clock that had held its steadfast pace amid the frolic of weddings, that had welcomed in steady measure the new-born babes of the family, and kept company with the watchers of the sick bed, and had ticked the solemn requiem of the dead; and the well-worn Bible that, thumbed by fingers long since stilled, and blurred with tears of eyes long since closed, held the simple annals of the family, and the heart and conscience of the home. Outside stood the master, strong and wholesome and upright; wearing no man's collar; with no mortgage on his roof, and no lien on his ripen-

ing harvest; pitching his crops in his own wisdom, and selling them in his own time in his chosen market; master of his lands and master of himself. Near by stood his aged father, happy in the heart and home of his son. And as they started to the house the old man's hand rested on the young man's shoulder, touching it with the knighthood of the fourth commandment, and laying there the unspeakable blessing of an honored and grateful father. As they drew near the door the old mother appeared; the sunset falling on her face, softening its wrinkles and its tenderness, lighting up her patient eyes, and the rich music of her heart trembling on her lips, as in simple phrase she welcomed her husband and son to their home. Beyond was the good wife, true of touch and tender, happy amid her household cares, clean of heart and conscience, the helpmate and the buckler of her husband. And the children, strong and sturdy, trooping down the lane with the lowing herd, or, weary of simple sport, seeking, as truant birds do, the quiet of the old home nest.

And I saw the night descend on that home, falling gently as from the wings of the unseen dove. And the stars swarmed in the bending skies—the trees thrilled with the crickets' cry—the restless bird called from the neighboring wood—and the father, a simple man of God, gathering the family about him, read from the Bible the old, old story of love and faith, and then went down in prayer, the baby hidden amid the folds of its mother's dress, and closed the record of that simple day by calling down the bendiction of God on the family and the home.

And as I gazed, the memory of the great Capitol faded from my brain. Forgotten its treasure and its splendor. And I said: "Surely here—here in the homes of the people is lodged the ark of the covenant of my country. Here is its majesty and its strength. Here the beginning of its power and the end of its responsibility."

The homes of the people; let us keep them pure and

independent, and all will be well with the Republic. Here is the lesson our foes may learn—here is work the humblest and weakest hands may do. Let us in simple thrift and economy make our homes independent. Let us in frugal industry make them self-sustaining. In sacrifice and denial let us keep them free from debt and obligation. Let us make them homes of refinement in which we shall teach our daughters that modesty and patience and gentleness are the charms of woman. Let us make them temples of liberty, and teach our sons that an honest conscience is every man's first political law. That his sovereignty rests beneath his hat, and that no splendor can rob him and no force justify the surrender of the simplest right of a free and independent citizen. And above all, let us honor God in our homes—anchor them close in His love. Build His altars above our hearthstones, uphold them in the set and simple faith of our fathers and crown them with the Bible—that book of books in which all the ways of life are made straight and the mystery of death is made plain. The home is the source of our national life. Back of the national Capitol and above it stands the home. Back of the President and above him stands the citizen. What the home is, this and nothing else will the Capitol be. What the citizen wills, this and nothing else will the President be.

—Henry W. Grady.

TWO PICTURES

An old farm-house with meadows wide,
And sweet with clover on each side;
A bright-eyed boy, who looks from out
The door with woodbine wreathed about,
And wishes his one thought all day:
"O, if I could but fly away
From this dull spot, the world to see,
How happy, happy, happy,
How happy I should be!"

Amid the city's constant din,
A man who round the world has been,
Who, mid the tumult and the throng,
Is thinking, thinking all day long:
"O, could I only tread once more
The field-path to the farm-house door,
The old green meadow could I see,
How happy, happy, happy,
How happy I should be!"

—Annie D. Green.

THE EMPTY NEST

A home in a quiet country place,
Under the shadow of branches wide;
And a fair young mother with thoughtful face,
Sewing a seam by the window side.

The sunshine stretches across the floor,
The bright motes dance in its golden way,
And in and out, at the open door,
The children run in their busy play.

Guiding her needle with careless skill,
Her fingers fashion the garment white;
But weaving a fabric daintier still,
Her swift thoughts follow the needle's flight.

Her heart lies hushed in her deep content,
Her lips are humming an old love lay;
And still, with its music softly blent,
She hears what the eager children say:

"We found it under the apple-tree,—
A poor little empty yellowbird's nest;
See, it is round as a cup could be,
And lined with down from the mother's breast.

"This is a leaf, all withered and dry,
That once was a canopy overhead;
Doesn't it almost make you cry
To look at the dear little empty bed?

"All the birdies have flown away;
But birds must fly or they wouldn't have wings;
And the mother knew they would go some day,
When she used to cuddle the downy things.

"Do you think she is lonesome? Why, there's a tear!
And here is another—that makes two.
Why do you hug us, and look so queer?
If *we* were birdies we wouldn't leave *you.*"

Deep in the mother's listening heart
Drops the prattle with sudden sting;
For lips may quiver, and tears may start,
But birds must fly or they wouldn't have wings.

—Emily Huntington Miller.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY

THE BIRTH OF SAINT PATRICK

On the eighth day of March it was, some people say,
Saint Patrick at midnight he first saw the day;
While others declare 'twas the ninth he was born,
And 'twas all a mistake between midnight and morn;
For mistakes will occur in a hurry and shock,
And some blamed the baby—and some blamed the clock—
Till with all their cross-questions sure no one could know
If the child was too fast, or the clock was too slow.

Now the first faction-fight in owld Ireland, they say,
Was all on account of Saint Patrick's birthday.
Some fought for the eighth,—for the ninth more would
die,
And who wouldn't see right, sure they blackened his
eye!
At last, both the factions so positive grew,
That each kept a birthday, so Pat then had two,
Till Father Mulcahy, who showed them their sins,
Said, "No one could have two birthdays, but a twins."

Says he, "Boys, don't be fightin' for eight or for nine,
Don't be always dividin'—but sometimes combine;
Combine eight with nine, and seventeen is the mark,
So let that be his birthday,"—"Amen," says the clerk.
"If he wasn't a twins, sure our history will show
That, at least, he's worth any two saints that we know!"
Then they all got blind drunk—which complated their
bliss,
And we keep up the practice from that day to this.

—Samuel Lover.

ST. PATRICK WAS A GENTLEMAN

Oh! St. Patrick was a gentleman,
Who came of decent people;
He built a church in Dublin town,
And on it put a steeple.
His father was a Gallagher;
His mother was a Brady;
His aunt was an O'Shaughnessy,
His uncle an O'Grady.

So, *success attend St. Patrick's fist,*
For he's a saint so clever;
Oh! he gave the snakes and toads a twist,
And bothered them for ever!

The Wicklow hills are very high,
And so's the Hill of Howth, sir;
But there's a hill, much bigger still,
Much higher nor them both, sir.
'Twas on the top of this high hill
St. Patrick preached his sarmint
That drove the frogs into the bogs,
And banished all the varmint.

There's not a mile in Ireland's isle
Where dirty varmin musters,
But there he put his dear fore-foot,
And murdered them in clusters.
The toads went pop, the frogs went hop,
Slap-dash into the water;
And the snakes committed suicide
To save themselves from slaughter.

Nine hundred thousand reptiles blue
He charmed with sweet discourses,
And dined on them at Killaloe
In soups and second courses.
Where blind-worms crawling in the grass
Disgusted all the nation,
He gave them a rise which opened their eyes
To a sense of their situation.

No wonder that those Irish lads
Should be so gay and frisky,
For sure St. Pat he taught them that,
As well as making whiskey;
No wonder that the saint himself
Should understand distilling.
Since his mother kept a shebeen-shop
In the town of Enniskillen.

Oh! was I but so fortunate
As to be back in Munster,
'Tis I'd be bound that from that ground
I never more would once stir.

For there St. Patrick planted turf,
And plenty of the praties,
With pigs galore, ma gra, ma 'store,
And cabbages—and ladies!
Then my blessing on St. Patrick's fist,
For he's the darling saint oh!
Oh! he gave the snakes and toads a twist;
He's a beauty without paint oh!

—Henry Bennett.

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY

A VALENTINE

Oh little loveliest lady mine,
What shall I send for your valentine?
Summer and flowers are far away;
Gloomy old Winter is king today.
Buds will not blow, and sun will not shine;
What shall I do for a valentine?

Prithee, St. Valentine, tell me here,
Why do you come at this time o' year?
Plenty of days when lilies are white,
Plenty of days when sunbeams are bright.
But now, when everything's dark and drear,
Why do you come, St. Valentine dear?

I've searched the gardens all through and through,
For a bud to tell of my love so true.
But buds were asleep and blossoms were dead,
And the falling snow came down on my head.
So, little loveliest lady mine,
Here is my heart for your valentine!

—Laura E. Richards, in *St. Nicholas*.

NOCTURNE

Up to her chamber window
A slight wire trellis goes,
And up this Romeo's ladder
Clambers a bold white rose.

I lounge in the ilex shadows,
I see the lady lean,
Unclasping her silken girdle,
The curtain's folds between.

She smiles on her white-rose lover,
She reaches out her hand
And helps him in at the window—
I see it where I stand!

To her scarlet lip she holds him,
And kisses him many a time—
Ah, me! it was he that won her
Because he dared to climb!

—Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

SONG

Why so pale and wan, fond lover?
Pr'y thee, why so pale?
Will, when looking well can't move her,
Looking ill prevail?
Pr'y thee, why so pale?

Why so dull and mute, young sinner?
Pr'y thee, why so mute?
Will, when speaking well can't win her,
Saying nothing do't?
Pr'y thee, why so mute?

Quit, quit, for shame! this will not move,
This cannot take her;
If of herself she will not love,
Nothing can make her:
The devil take her!

—Sir John Suckling.

JENNY KISSED ME

Jenny kissed me when we met,
Jumping from the chair she sat in;
Time, you thief! who love to get
Sweets into your list, put that in.
Say I'm weary, say I'm sad;
Say that health and wealth have missed me;
Say I'm growing old, but add—Jenny kissed me!

—Leigh Hunt.

SENDING A VALENTINE

I might begin, "The rose is red"
(Though that is not so very new),
Or this the boys all think is good:
"If you love me as I love you."

But—seems to me—a valentine
Is nicer, when you do not say
The same old things that every one
Keeps saying, in the same old way.

And I asked Jane, the other night,
What grown-up people write about.
She would not answer me at first,
But laughed till I began to pout.
That stopped her, for she saw I meant
The question (and she will not tease).
"Why—love," she said, "and shining eyes,
A kiss, soft hair—just what they please."

It can't be hard, if that is all,
So I'll begin by saying this:

To my dear lady beautiful,
I send a valentine and kiss.
The valentine, because she has
The loveliest hair and gentlest eyes;

The kiss, because I love her more
Than any one beneath the skies;
Because she is the kindest, best,
The sweetest lady ever known;
And every year I'll say the same,
The very same, to her alone!

There! Now it's finished. Who will do?
I've thought of one and then another.
Who is there like it? Why, of course,
I'll send it right away to Mother!

—KATE KELLOGG, in *St. Nicholas.*

A WAY OUT OF IT

"Oh, 'tis time I should talk to your mother,
Sweet Mary," says I;
"Oh, don't talk to my mother," says Mary,
Beginning to cry;
"For my mother says men are deceivers,
And never I know will consent;
She says girls in a hurry who marry . . .
At leisure repent."

"Then suppose I should talk to your father,
Sweet Mary," says I;
"Oh, don't talk to my father," says Mary,
Beginning to cry;
"For my father he loves me so dearly,
He'll never consent I should go—
If you talk to my father," says Mary . . .
"He'll surely say—no."

"Then how shall I get you, my jewel?
Sweet Mary," says I;
"If your father and mother's so cruel
Most surely I'll die!"
"Oh, never say die, dear," says Mary,
"A way now to save you I see; . . .
Since my parents are both so contrary
You'd better ask—me."

—SAMUEL LOVER.

A MEMORABLE DESSERT

We dined. A fish from the river beneath,
A cutlet, a bird from the windy heath
  Where we had wandered, happy and mute;
It was a silent day with us—
In the early time it is often thus;
  But my sweet love chatted when came the fruit.

Flavor of sunburnt nectarine,
And the light that danced through a wineglass thin
  Filled with juice of the grape of Rhine;
She talked and laughed about this and that,
Easy, exquisite, foolish chat,
  While her pretty, fluttering hand sought mine.

And I thought: Come glory or come distress,
In this wonderful weary wilderness,
  This hour is mine till the day of death;
The fruit, the wine, and my lady fair,
With a flower of the heath in her dim brown hair,
  And a sigh of love in her fragrant breath.

JOHN ANDERSON

John Anderson, my jo, John,
  When we were first acquent,
Your locks were like the raven,
  Your bonnie brow was brent;
But now your brow is bald, John,
  Your locks are like the snow;
But blessings on your frosty pow,
  John Anderson, my jo!

John Anderson, my jo, John,
  We clamb the hill thegither;
And mony a canty day, John,
  We've had wi' ane anither;

Now we maun totter doun, John,
But hand in hand we'll go,
And sleep thegither at the foot,
John Anderson, my jo.

—Robert Burns.

GATHER YE ROSE-BUDS

Gather ye rose-buds as ye may,
Old Time is still a-flying;
And this same flower that smiles today
Tomorrow will be dying.

The glorious lamp of heaven, the sun,
The higher he's a-getting,
The sooner will his race be run,
And nearer he's to setting.

The age is best which is the first,
When youth and blood are warmer;
But being spent, the worse and worst
Time still succeed the former.

Then be not coy, but use your time,
And while ye may, go marry;
For having lost but once your prime,
You may forever tarry.

—Robert Herrick.

YOUNG CUPID

I remember
Meeting you
In September,
Ninety-two.
We were eating,
Both of us,

And the meeting
Happened thus:
Accidental,
On the road;
(Sentimental
Episode).
I was gushing,
You were shy;
You were blushing;
So was I;
I was smitten,
So were you
(All that's written
Here is true);
Any money?
Not a bit.
Rather funny,
Wasn't it?
Vows we plighted—
Happy pair!
How delighted
People were!
But your father—
To be sure—
Thought it rather
Premature.
And your mother—
Strange to say—
Was another
In the way.
What a heaven
Vanished then
(You were seven,
I was ten)!
That was many
Years ago—
Don't let any
Body know.

THANKSGIVING DAY

AN OLD-TIME THANKSGIVING

Patience Deliverence Hopeful Ann,
A gray little, prim little Puritan,
Who lived in the years that are far away,
Sat down to her dinner on Thanksgiving Day.

Turkey and goose and a pumpkin pie,
A little roast pig with a chestnut eye,
Pudding and apples, and good brown bread,
"I feel very hungry," Deliverance said.

Patience Deliverance Hopeful Ann,
She ate and ate when she once began,
Turkey and goose and chestnut pig,
And slices of pie that were much too big.

Till, grandmamma says, she was just like me,
They put her to bed with thoroughwort tea,
Patience Deliverance Hopeful Ann,
The gray little, prim little Puritan.

DIVINE ODE

The spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim:
Th' unwearied sun from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an Almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the listening earth,
Repeats the story of her birth:
Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though in solemn silence, all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball?
What though nor real voice nor sound
Amid their radiant orbs be found?
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
Forever singing as they shine,
"The Hand that made us is divine."

—Joseph Addison.

THANKSGIVIN'

White Meat, Dark Meat,
  Punkin Pie,
Turkey Stuffin'
  Piled sky-high;
Giblets Gravy,
  Three kinds o' Cake—
Jelly, Chalklut,
  'N' Stom'c-ake,
No School Friday,
  Got a Gun,—
Ain't Thanksgivin'
  Lots of Fun?

—Bud Smith.

THE LITTLE PILGRIM

I was on the Mayflower;
I'm sure you all must know
What a dreadful time we had
With the ice and snow.
Cold? O, yes, it was cold,
We never knew before
What "cold winter" really meant,
Till we reached this shore.

Then, the Indians, big and wild,
You know the story well,
For you've read about it all,
More than I can tell.
Were we sorry that we came
So far from England dear?
Never, though the land had been
Twice as cold and drear.

When at last our barns were filled
With all good things in store,
Pray, do you wonder that our hearts
With joy were running o'er?
So, when our Governor Bradford,
With wise and gentle sway,
Said "Come, we'll be thankful
For one whole livelong Day,"

There wasn't one to question
Or wonder at his word;
Throughout the whole of Plymouth
Greatest joy was heard.
Today, when you are singing
Sweet praises on your way,
Remember dear old Plymouth's
First Thanksgiving Day.

—Clara J. Denton.

A NOFFLE DREAM

Las' night I had a noffle dream—
I dreamed 'at I was in a tree
A roostin', an' somehow it seem'
'At some one come an' grab' for me
An' catch me by th' leg an' take
Me where's a light an' nen I see
What makes me shake an' shake an' shake—
A turkey gobbler's holdin' me!

An' other turkeys sits aroun'
An' feel to see how fat I am
An' pick me up an' drop me down
So 'at I get a noffle slam.
An' 'is old turkey gobbler, he
Take up a ax 'at's awful bright
An' swing it up an' over me
An' whirl it 'round 'ith all his might.

An' all 'em turkeys 'ey say: "Um-m-m!
I guess he'll be a dandy roast!"
An' all the children turkeys come
An' say which part they like th' most.
An' all of 'em 'ey say 'ey choose
Th' drumstick! Nen th' gobbler laugh
An' say some of 'em sure to lose
Unless 'ey carve th' sticks in half.

An' nen he swing his ax again
An' I 'ist twist buhfore it fell
An' wake myself! An' nen—an' nen—
W'y you 'ist bet I yell an' yell!
An' my pa come an' pat my head
An' say th' nightmare's what I got,
An' nen I think awhile an' said
'At it's a night-turkey! Ugh! 'at's what!

—*Chicago Tribune.*

THANKSGIVING DAY

Over the river and through the wood,
  To grandfather's house we go;
The horse knows the way
To carry the sleigh
  Through the white and drifted snow.

Over the river and through the wood—
  Oh, how the wind does blow!
It stings the toes
And bites the nose,
  As over the ground we go.

Over the river and through the wood,
  To have a first-rate play;
Hear the bells ring,
"Ting-a-ling-ding!"
  Hurrah for Thanksgiving Day!

Over the river and through the wood,
  Trot fast, my dapple-gray!
Spring over the ground,
Like a hunting hound!
  For this is Thanksgiving Day.

Over the river and through the wood,
  And straight through the barn-yard gate.
We seem to go
Extremely slow—
  It is so hard to wait!

Over the river and through the wood—
  Now grandmother's cap I spy!
Hurrah for the fun!
Is the pudding done?
  Hurrah for the pumpkin pie.

—Lydia Maria Child.

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY

All honor to that day which long ago
  Gave birth to him who Freedom's cause espoused;
Who, by his ardor in the sacred fight,
  The fire and strength of patriots aroused;
Who knew no master, save that One divine
  Whose strength was his, who knew no fear, save
    one—
The fear of doing wrong! All hail the day
  That gave to Freedom's cause George Washington.

Years come and go, and generations fall
  Into the dust. The world its heroes gives.
They step upon the stage, then pass away
  And are no more, but Freedom ever lives.
And while it lives, and while its banner bright
  Is upward flung into the golden sun,
Within the heart of every freeman's child
  Will live that honored name, George Washington.

Then honor to the day that gave him birth,
  For it is also Freedom's natal day.
Let all who worship Freedom's cause stand forth
  And to his memory their homage pay.
And let each loyal son the work take up—
  For, know ye, Freedom's work is never done—
And greater, grander, build the edifice
  Begun so long ago by Washington.

—Arthur J. Burdick.

GEORGA WASHINGDONE

Georga Washingdone vos a vera gooda man. His fadda he keepa bigga place in Washingdone Street. He hadda a greata bigga lot planta wees cherra, peacha, pluma, chesnutta, peanutta, an' banan trees. He sella

to mena keepa de standa. Gooda mana to Italia mana was Georga Washingdone. He hata de Irish. Kicka dem vay lika dees.

One tay wen litta Georga his son vos dessa high, lika de hoppagrass, he taka hees litta hatchet an' he beginna to fool around de place. He vos vera fresh vos litta Georga. Poota soon he cutta downa de cherra tree lika dees. Dat spoila de cherra cropa for de season. Den he goa round trea killa de banan an' de peanutta.

Poota soon Georga's fadda coma rounda quicka lika dees. Den he lifta uppa hees fista looka lika big bunch a banan, an' he vos just goin' to giva litta Georga de smaka de snoota if he tolda lie. Hees eyes blaze lika dees.

Litta Georga he say in hees minda—"I gitta puncha anyhow, so I tella de square ting." So he holda up hees litta handa lika dees, an' he calla "Tima!"

Den he saya, "Fadda, I cutta de cherra tree weesa mia own litta hatchet!"

Hees fadda he say, "Coma to de barn weesa me! Litta Georga, I wanta speeka weesa you!"

Den hees fadda cutta big club, an' he spitta hees handa, lika dees!

Litta Georga say, "Fadda, I could notta tella de lie, because I knowa you caughta me deada to rights!"

Den de olda man he smila lika dees, an' he tooka litta Georga righta down to Wall Street, an' made him a present of de United States!

THE GOOD OLD TIMES

When Washington was President,
  As cold as any icicle,
He never on a railroad went;
  And never rode a bicycle.

He read by no electric lamp,
  Nor heard about the Yellowstone,
He never licked a postage stamp,
  And never saw a telephone.

His trousers ended at the knees,
  By wire he could not send despatch;
He filled his lamp with whale-oil grease,
  And never had a match to scratch.

But in these days it's come to pass,
  All work is with such dashing done—
We've all those things; but then, alas!—
  We seem to have no Washington.

—Robert J. Burdette.

WASHINGTON

The five years following the final separation of the colonies have been called the critical period of American History. Imperial Unity had departed; National Unity had not taken its place. Local interests prevailed. State selfishness manifested itself in violence. There were disputes about territory; there was collapse of public spirit. Grievances and discontent were rife. Commerce was almost ruined by war and currency. There was groaning under public and private debt. Men were dragged to the debtor's prison. Gambling speculation flourished. Repudiation was whispered. Scarcity appeared; and with it bread riots. Law-loving mass broke out in rebellion. Anarchy seemed at hand.

To guard against these dangers the Convention was called of which Washington was president. In it he

arose and said: "It is too probable that no plan we propose will be adopted. Perhaps another dreadful conflict is to be sustained. If, to please the people, we offer what we ourselves disapprove, how can we afterwards defend our work? Let us raise a standard to which the wise and honest can repair; the event is in the hand of God."

But dissensions, strifes, differences as to taxation and representation threatened to destroy the foundation of the new national edifice. When the vote on the constitution came to be taken, sixteen of the delegates withdrew, while others remained to prophesy civil war, or scent tyranny and despotism. Some foretold war because the constitution was too weak; others prophesied disaster because the enmities of leaders were so intense. Adams felt compelled to appeal to the patriotism of another age because of the political baseness of some.

Then having formulated the constitution, the members went forth to pacify towns and villages torn with discussion regarding its adoption. Jay was hanged in effigy. Hamilton was stoned in the streets. England gave the constitution five years in which to effect a revolution. France was a volcano shaking institutions to the ground, and covering the remains with embers and ashes. Strife raged on land and sea. Surely no propitious time for that prescience of vision, that calmness and judiciousness of thought essential to the conception and realization of a peaceful and permanent nation.

But amid the din of arms, the strife of tongues, there was one who stood forth:

"Like some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm.
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread
Eternal sunshine settles on its head."

That cliff was Washington. Said Randolph: "There is but one character which keeps them in awe!—Washington!"

Another thing that made the cementing of the states an Herculean task was the heterogeneous character of the population; and the difficulty of communication that always fosters prejudices, provincialism and individual selfishness. There was great divergence in blood, education, antecedents. There were those who had come to America for conscience sake, and those inspired by adventure. These had nothing in common. Then, too, the land was often poor; and poverty keeps the eyes on self-interests alone. Men and women worked together in the field. The evenings were spent in mending shoes, hammering out nails or tools, and in spinning or weaving cloth. It was the period of flint and fireplaces. No lamps, no matches, no stoves; no asylums or hospitals; no modern conveniences for work or house; no agricultural implements; no pavements, street-lamps, cars, libraries, or galleries. Little to foster the broad outlook, the sense of essential dependence necessary to unity.

To make a homogeneous whole of this was the task and the reward of Washington. In the darkest hour, he alone saw rifts in the clouds, making his calmness and hope the refutation of skeptics. With masterly tact he dovetailed unlikes together, curbed the spirit of party strife, inspired singleness of heart into state

councils, honesty into government, provided equality of privilege for rich and poor. Greater than he who found a city of brick and left it stone, he found a nation of atoms and left it granite. He was the hub in which all the radiating spokes were united and held; the cement in which all the repellent elements of the formative period were embedded. He aroused the sense of mutual dependence in the states, which came to see in him, not a star in their firmament, but in their national system.

In the universe there are two opposite forces at work—the centrifugal and the centripetal. By the centrifugal, everything in our solar system is repelled from a common center; by the centripetal everything is drawn toward a common center.

Had the centrifugal absolute sway, each planet would fly off in a tangent, become totally independent, and the universe lose the coherence by virtue of which it is a perfectly balanced system. Had the centripetal absolute sway, the various planets would soon lose their individuality, and the whole settle down upon and become merged into one all-including mass.

But by exactness in the balance of these two opposite forces the universe is not an agglomeration of planets, but a system, each planet revolving in its own orbit, occupying an undisputed sphere, contributing something to the splendor of the whole, and all revolving in harmony divine about a common center—the sun.

In that somewhat chaotic and wholly formative period of our national life these two elemental forces are at work.

Jefferson was the centrifugal force—the champion and exponent of it. As the advocate of state rights and individual freedom; as the author of the "Kentucky Resolutions" which became a precedent and authority for all subsequent secession doctrines of the Eastern States, for the nullification proceedings of South Carolina, almost, if not quite for the rebellion of '61; as the interpreter of the Constitution as a contract between independent parties, not binding upon one of them beyond its distinct stipulations; as the champion of a "general government reduced to a very simple organization, with a few plain duties to be performed by a few servants"—had his theories held undisputed sway, it is difficult to see how a federal league could have been transformed into a national unit, or the nation been more than a rope of sand.

On the other hand, Hamilton was the centripetal force. The whole tendency of his mind was toward centralization.

With but one object in life—strength, order, national force; as the persistent developer of the "implied powers" of the constitution first seized by him, and in which he found everything he needed to effect his theories provided his progress was not arrested; as the advocate of an aristocratic as distinguished from a democratic republic, in which the choice of president and senators should be committed to a class qualified to vote on a property basis, and in which the chief executive should appoint the governors of the various states, who should have a veto on all state legislation—principles he never lost faith in and were deepened by conflicts arising from the French Revolution—it is not

difficult to see that although purely republican, had his theories had absolute sway, our constitution had conformed too nearly to the British model for our conditions and development, while by such treatment of states, an over-centralized national government had entirely superseded the Confederate form.

There stood these two men over against each other with their policies, parties, and purposes, like the two elemental centrifugal and centripetal forces of the planetary system, each admiring what the other feared, and despising what the other admired.

But between these two, admitting both to his cabinet, rising above party more than any other statesman in our history, leaning on and learning from each, yet with a master-hand upon both; with his marvelous balance of intellectual qualities giving him almost an unerring judgment, stood Washington, mediating, restraining excesses, preserving the equilibrium, until out of this chaotic condition came a planet-like system of states, each revolving in its own orbit, each contributing to the luster of the whole, and all revolving around a center of unity—the Federal Sun—"Forever singing as they shine, the hand that made us is divine." Modern Aeneas that he was, he safely steered the ship of state in whose hold lay a nation's destiny, between the Scylla of excessive centralization on the one hand and the Charybdis of state individualism on the other.

And now, thou Father of our country, great soldier, greater statesman, greatest American citizen; first to rise above the colonial spirit and reach the conception of a broad nationality, at this, the beginning of a new century, we bring thee, not thirteen states—thy chil-

dren—jealous, disaffected, impoverished—but a nation of states that only oceans can bound, mutually helpful, united, one and inseparable forever, but still thy children; a family so multiplied and fruitful it promises to replenish and subdue the earth; we bring thee representatives of every kindred and clime and tongue who have learned to call thee "Father"; we bring to thee the islands of the sea, on whose altars the victims of tyranny shall bleed no more, and we trust that from thy higher height than that which overlooks the broad Potomac we may receive thy Fatherly benediction: "Well done, good and faithful; thou shalt be made ruler over many."

—W. Hamilton Spence.

'TIS SPLENDID TO LIVE SO GRANDLY

'Tis splendid to live so grandly
That, long after you are gone,
The things you did are remembered,
And recounted under the sun;
To live so bravely and purely,
That a nation stops on its way,
And once a year, with banner and drum,
Keeps the thoughts of your natal day.

'Tis splendid to have a record,
So white and free from stain
That, held to the light, it shows no blot,
Though tested and tried again;
That age to age forever
Repeats its story of love,
And your birthday lives in a nation's heart,
All other days above.

And this is Washington's glory,
A steadfast soul and true,
Who stood for his country's honor
When his country's days were few.

And now, when its days are many,
And its flag of stars is flung
To the breeze in defiant challenge,
His name is on every tongue.

Yes, it's splendid to live so bravely,
To be so great and strong,
That your memory is ever a tocsin
To rally the foes of the wrong;
To live so proudly and purely
That your people pause in their way,
And year by year, with banner and drum,
Keep the thoughts of your natal day.

—Margaret E. Sangster.

MISCELLANEOUS

GROWING UP

Gee! But I wanted to grow up.
I wanted to put on longies
And smoke cigars,
And be a man
With a pay-day on Saturday.
I wanted to grow up
And have somebody to buy sodas for,
And take to the circus
Once in a while.

We all did, then:
Pat, who could throw any kid in town,
And Don, who went to the Advent church,
And said the world was coming to an end
In Nineteen-hundred,
And Brick Top and Eppie and Skin and Spider.

We all wanted to grow up
And become pirates and millionaires and
Soldiers and Presidents and
Owners of candy stores.
And all the time we were eating home-cooking
And wearing holes in our pants,
And talking Hog-Latin
And doing what two fingers in the air
Stood for;
And saving stamps,
And making things we read about
In *The Boys' World.*

Do you know how to play mumble-de-peg,
And skim rocks,
And tread water,
And skin the cat?
Do you know what a stick on the shoulder stands for
And what "Comggery wiggery meggery" means?

Skin is running a wheat farm, now,
Up in North Dakota.
Pat's on the road
Selling something or other.
Brick Top never grew up, quite,
And was making darts for a kid of his own
When I saw him last.
And Spider is yelling his head off
About Socialism and the class struggle
On street corners.
Don was with the Rainbow Division when the world
ended.

Yesterday I heard a little freckle-face
Whistle through his fingers
And tell a feller called Curley
What he was going to do when he grew up.

—Binny Koras.

THE CONVALESCENT

"Go out," the doctor said, "and walk
  Along the country ways.
List to the cheerful song and talk
  Of chippy birds and jays.
Let drop your load of gloom and care
  And yield to Nature's spell.
Breathe deeply of the thymy air
  And you will soon be well."

It seemed to me like sound advice.
  I left my bed of pain,
And in a figurative trice
  Was in a country lane.
I listened for the birds to sing,
  I bade my care decamp.
I deeply breathed, and with a swing
  I started off to tramp.

And first I met a Super Four
  And then a Super Six,
And then about a thousand more
  Whose names I couldn't fix.
But this I very quickly saw—
  That Four, or Six, or Eight,
They did not own to any law
  And all of them were late.

I could not hear the merry birds
  Because of hoot and roar.
I only heard the awful words
  The angry drivers swore.
My lungs were filled with smoke and gas,
  My nerves were all on edge;
And then a Flivver tried to pass
  And knocked me o'er a hedge.

And now when I'm allowed to dress
And go my feeble way,
I know where I shall convalesce,
Whate'er the doctors say:
I'll seek a roof I know in town
Some thirty stories high,
And there in peace I'll sit me down
With wind and sun and sky.
—Gorton Carruth, in *The Saturday Evening Post.*

TWO SINNERS

There was a man, it is said one time,
Who went astray in his youthful prime.
Can the brain keep cool and the heart keep quiet
When the blood is a river that's running riot?
And boys will be boys, the old folks say,
And the man is the better who's had his day.

The sinner reformed, and the preacher told
Of the prodigal son who came back to the fold,
And Christian people threw open the door
With a warmer welcome than ever before.
Wealth and honor were his to command,
And a spotless woman gave him her hand.

And the world strewed their pathway with flowers
abloom,
Crying, "God bless ladye and God bless groom."

* * * * * *

There was a maiden who went astray
In the golden dawn of her life's young day.
She had more passion and heart than head,
And she followed blindly where fond Love led;
And love unchecked is a dangerous guide
To wander at will by a fair girl's side.

The woman repented and turned from sin,
But no door opened to let her in.
The preacher prayed that she might be forgiven,
But told her to look for mercy in Heaven;
For this is the law of the earth, we know,
That the woman is stoned, while the man may go.

A brave man wedded her after all,
But the world said, frowning, "We shall not call."

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

A MODEL SUMMER HOTEL

The Suitem House, Strive & Sweat, Proprietors,
Saponaceous Springs, N. Y.

This hotel has been built and arranged for the special comfort and convenience of summer boarders. On arrival, each guest will be asked how he likes the situation, and if he says the hotel ought to have been placed up on the knoll, or farther down towards the village, the location of the house will be immediately changed. Corner front room up only one flight for every guest. Bath, gas, closets, hot and cold water, laundry, telegraph, restaurants, fire-alarms, barroom, billiard table, daily papers, coupe, sewing machine, grand piano, a clergyman, and all other modern conveniences in every room.

Meals every minute if desired, and consequently no second table. English, French and German dictionaries furnished every guest to make up such a bill of fare as he may desire, without regard to the bill affair afterward at the office. Waiters of any nationality and color desired. Every waiter furnished with a libretto, button hole bouquet, full dress suit, ball tablets, and his hair parted in the middle. Every guest will have the best seat in the dining hall, and the best waiter in the house. Any guest not getting his breakfast red-hot, or

experiencing a delay of sixteen seconds after giving his order for dinner, will please mention the fact at the office, and the cook and waiters will be blown from the mouths of cannon in front of the hotel at once.

Children will be welcomed with delight, and are requested to bring hoop sticks and hockeys to bang the carved rosewood furniture especially provided for that purpose, and peg-tops to spin on the velvet carpets; they will be allowed to bang on the piano, yell in the halls, slide down the banisters, fall down stairs, carry away at dinner dessert enough in their pockets for a small family, and make themselves as disagreeable as the fondest mother can desire.

Washing allowed in rooms, and ladies giving an order to "put me on a flat-iron," will be put on one at any hour of the day or night.

A discreet waiter who belongs to the Masons, Odd Fellows, and Knights of Pythias, and who was never known to even tell the time of day, has been employed to carry milk punches and hot toddies to ladies' rooms in the evening. Every lady will be considered the belle of the house, and row-boys will answer the bell promptly. Should any row-boy fail to appear at a guest's door with a pitcher of ice-water, more towels, and pen, ink and paper before the guest's hand has left the bell knob, he will be branded "Front" on the forehead, and imprisoned for life.

The office clerk has been carefully selected to please everybody, and can lead in prayer, match worsteds at the village store, play billiards, is a good waltzer, and can dance the German, make a fourth at a game of euchre, amuse children, repeat the Beecher trial from memory, is a good judge of horses, as a railway and steamboat reference is far superior to Appleton's or anybody else's guide, will flirt with any young lady, and don't mind about being damned any more than a Connecticut river. Can room forty people in the best room in the house when the hotel is full, attend to the annunciator, and answer questions in Greek, Hebrew,

Choctaw, Irish, or any other polite language at the same moment without turning a hair.

Dogs allowed in any room in the house. The landlord will always be happy to hear that some other hotel is "the best house in the country." Special attention given to parties who can give information as to "how these things are done in Yewrup." The proprietor will take it as a personal affront if any guest on leaving should fail to dispute his bill, tell him that he is a swindler, his house a barn, his table wretched, and that he (the guest) "never was so imposed upon in his life, will never stay there again, and means to warn his friends." —*From the Travelers' Record.*

THE OUTLAW

A wild and woful race he ran
  Of lust and sin by land and sea;
Until, abhorred of God and man,
  They swung him from the gallows-tree.
And then he climbed the Starry Stair,
  And dumb and naked and alone,
With head unbowed and brazen glare,
  He stood before the Judgment Throne.

The Keeper of the Records spoke:
  "This man, O Lord, has mocked Thy Name.
The weak have wept beneath his yoke,
  The strong have fled before his flame.
The blood of babes is on his sword;
  His life is evil to the brim:
Look down, decree his doom, O Lord!
  Lo! there is none will speak for him."

The golden trumpets blew a blast
  That echoed in the crypts of Hell,
For there was Judgment to be passed,
  And lips were hushed and silence fell.

The man was mute; he made no stir,
  Erect before the Judgment Seat. . . .
When all at once a mongrel cur
  Crept out and cowered and licked his feet.

It licked his feet with whining cry.
  Come Heav'n, come Hell, what did it care?
It leapt, it tried to catch his eye;
  Its master, yea, its God was there.
Then, as a thrill of wonder sped
  Through throngs of shining seraphim,
The Judge of All looked down and said:
  "Lo! here is *one* who pleads for him.

"And who shall love of these the least,
  And who by word or look or deed
Shall pity show to bird or beast,
  By Me shall have a friend in need.
Ay, tho his sin be black as night,
  And tho he stand mid men alone,
He shall be softened in My sight,
  And find a pleader by My Throne.

"So let this man to glory win;
  From life to life salvation glean;
By pain and sacrifice and sin,
  Until he stand before Me—*clean.*
For he who loves the least of these
  (And here I say and here repeat)
Shall win himself an angel's pleas
  For Mercy at My Judgment Seat."

—Robert W. Service, *in "Ballads of a Bohemian," (Barse & Hopkins, New York.)*

THOUGHTS IN A LIBRARY

Speak low! tread softly through these halls;
  Here Genius lives enshrined;
Here reign, in silent majesty,
  The monarchs of the mind.

A mighty spirit-host they come
From every age and clime;
Above the buried wrecks of years
They breast the tide of Time.

And in their presence-chamber here
They hold their regal state,
And round them throng a noble train,
The gifted and the great.

O child of Earth! when round thy path
The storm of life arise,
And when thy brothers pass thee by
With stern, unloving eyes,

Here shall the poets chant for thee
Their sweetest, loftiest lays,
And prophets wait to guide thy steps
In Wisdom's pleasant ways.

Come, with these God-anointed kings
Be thou companion here;
And in the mighty realm of mind
Thou shalt go forth a peer!

—Anne C. Lynch Botta.

A SWING SONG

In the grassy, shade-strewn orchards of the joyous
Long Ago,
Vacant swings are waiting idly for the friends they
used to know—
For the friends whose laughter mingled once with
many a merry cry,
In those blossom-haunted borders of the days gone by.
To and fro the swings would go, while the soft spring
breeze
Stirred the petals down like snow from the apple trees;

To and fro, now high, now low, while glad hours used
to glide,
Glad hours well spent in full content
As the
Old
Cat
Died.

What though empty swings implore you to return from
Now to Then?
Time can nevermore restore you to those care-free
hours again;
Yet sometimes in dreams you're drifting, back beneath
a springtime sky—
Back once more amid the blossoms of the days gone by.
To and fro the dream swings go, while the soft spring
breeze
Stirs the petals down like snow from the apple trees;
To and fro, now high, now low, as in life's April-tide:
How near, how far, those dear days are
When the
Old
Cat
Died.

—George S. Bryan.

SUNDOWN

When my sun of life is low,
When the dewy shadows creep,
Say for me before I go,
"Now I lay me down to sleep."

I am at the journey's end,
I have sown and I must reap;
There are no more ways to mend—
"Now I lay me down to sleep."

Nothing more to doubt or dare,
  Nothing more to give or keep,
Say for me the children's prayer,
  "Now I lay me down to sleep."

Who has learned along the way—
  Primrose path or stony steep—
More of wisdom than to say
  "Now I lay me down to sleep."

What have you more wise to tell
  When the shadows round me creep. . . .
All is over, all is well. . . .
  "Now I lay me down to sleep." —"B. L. T."

THE CIRCUS

Around the circus of my mind
  The glittering thought-ponies go.
The great Ring-master cracks his whip
  And puts them through their show.

A slim, high-flying acrobat,
  Fancy, high above all these,
Underneath the tent's wide dome
  Somersaults on his trapeze.

Love, the tight-rope walker, next
  Flourishes her parasol,
But I scarce dare look at her
  Lest she fall.

I wonder if Clown Laughter is
  Nothing more than pantaloon,
Or is he God-sent to make mirth,
  A divine buffoon?

But suddenly the loud brass band
  Will cease; the lights will disappear,
And there will then be nothing but
  The empty benches tier on tier.

—E. W. Jacot.

KIPPS

Don't flash your bull's-eye on me. I'm all right.
I shan't do nothing wrong—nor I'm not lost
Nor drunk. You've seen me 'ere before at night?
Quite likely! Well, who am I? I'm a ghost.

Haunting? Well, 'ardly (Hardly I should say).
But as to bein' dead, well, who'll deny
He'll not come back again, not Folkestone way—
Art Kipps—the shop assistant—who was I?

You'd 'ardly guess how lonely Heaven can be,
Constable—for a chap who has no use
For all this business of immortality
And those dark trees in the long avenues!

It's like a church—only this difference:
The saints 'as left the windows, and the bells
Are always ringing, and you've got the sense
That all you see and 'ear means something else.

I'm puzzled in Heaven. See? I am. It's not
What I've been used to. Makes me want to come—
Badly—to see poor Buggins and his lot
Tidying up the old Emporium.

I've thought of them when swells with some great name
'Ave spoken to me—not that they are proud,
But swells and me can never be the same;
I want to be along of my old crowd.

My sort don't suit with immortality.
It hurts, does living after death—it's wrong—
I want to rest with other chaps like me—
Must you be going? Well, ole chap—so long.

—Humbert Wolfe.

THE POSTMAN SPEAKS

The postman's life is not all joy
  Though it has its pleasures, too;
Sometimes he feels like Ma's fair-hair'd boy,
  And at other times he's blue.
Some people make him wait in the rain,
  And it's hard to collect the "dues";
They tell him "You're late" till he fears his brain
  Its feeble grip will lose.
But, of all the pests on a pest-cursed earth
  That Satan ever set free,
The worst is the person who asks each trip:
  "Is that all you've got for me?"

I well recall one specimen
  Who had me going fair.
Twice daily when she closed her door
  I'd grind my teeth and swear.
To see if, for once in her fair young life,
  She'd forget her usual roast,
I'd saved up four mail order catalogues
  And a ten-pound "Parcel Post."
Like a horizontal letter U
  My poor back did incline;
But I spurred my jaded muscles
  With a ray of pale moonshine.
As I staggered up her high front steps,
  She chattered in fiendish glee:
"How is it you're late this morning—
  Is that all you've got for me?"

I can't forget one poor old man
  Who never had done me ill,
Save that with that same old question
  My spirits he would chill.
Though often sorely tempted,
  Until then—the Saints be praised! —
My hand, against my fellow man,
  Was never in anger raised.

But he sprung that gag with whiskers
That was old enough to vote,
And, like the straw on the camel's back,
It somehow got my goat.
Two savage blows with a flower pot,
And one with a paving stone,
And his mangled form lay at my feet,
With barely strength to groan:
"Go, break the news to my weeping wife,
And my sorrowing family,
But, tell me, Postman, ere you go,
Was that all you had for me?"
—Frank Battell, *(Milwaukee Postman of many years' experience).*

PRESERVING-TIME

Said Mr. Baldwin Apple
To Mrs. Bartlett Pear;
"You're growing very plump, Madame,
And also very fair.

"And there is Mrs. Clingstone Peach,
So mellowed by the heat,
Upon my word, she really looks
Quite good enough to eat.

"And all the Misses Crab-Apple
Have blushed so rosy red
That very soon the farmer's wife
To pluck them will be led.

"Just see the Isabellas,
They're growing so apace,
That they really are beginning
To get purple in the face.

"Our happy time is over,
For Mrs. Green Gage Plum
Says she knows unto her sorrow,
Preserving-time has come."

"Yes!" said Mrs. Bartlett Pear,
"Our day is almost o'er,
And soon we shall be smothering
In syrup by the score."

And before the month was ended,
The fruits that looked so fair,
Had vanished from among the leaves,
And the trees were stripped and bare.

They were all of them in pickle,
Or in some dreadful scrape;
"I'm cider!" sighed the Apple;
"I'm jelly!" cried the Grape.

They were all in jars and bottles,
Upon the shelf arrayed;
And in their midst poor Mrs. Quince
Was turned to marmalade.

—Royal *and* Barr Hill, *in St. Nicholas.*

A CRITICAL SITUATION

As Harris and I sat, one morning, at one of the small round tables of the great Hote Schweitzerhof in Lucerne, watching the crowd of people, coming, going, or breakfasting, and at the same time endeavoring to guess where such and such a party came from, I said:

"There is an American party."

"Yes—but name the State."

I named one State, he named another. We agreed upon one thing, however—that the young girl with the party was very beautiful and very tastefully dressed.

But we disagreed as to her age. I said she was eighteen, Harris said she was twenty. The dispute between us waxed warm, and I finally said, with a pretense of being in earnest—

"Well, there is one way to settle the matter—I will go and ask her."

Harris said, sarcastically, "Certainly, that is the thing to do. All you need to do is to use the common formula over here: go and say, 'I'm an American!' Of course, she will be glad to see you."

Then he hinted that perhaps there was no great danger of my venturing to speak to her.

I said, "I was only talking — I didn't intend to approach her, but I see that you do not know what an intrepid person I am. I am not afraid of any woman that walks. I will go and speak to this young girl."

The thing I had in mind was not difficult. I meant to address her in the most respectful way and ask her to pardon me if her strong resemblance to a former acquaintance of mine was deceiving me; and when she should reply that the name I mentioned was not the name she bore, I meant to beg pardon again, most respectfully, and retire. There would be no harm done. I walked to her table, bowed to the gentleman, then turned to her, and was about to begin my little speech when she exclaimed:

"I knew I wasn't mistaken—I told John it was you! John said it probably wasn't, but I knew I was right. I said you would recognize me presently and come over; and I'm glad you did, for I shouldn't have felt much flattered if you had gone out of this room without recognizing me. Sit down, sit down—how odd it is—you are the last person I was ever expecting to see again."

This was a stupefying surprise. It took my wits clear away, for an instant. However, we shook hands cordially all around, and sat down. But truly this was the tightest place I ever was in. I seemed to vaguely remember the girl's face, now, but I had no idea where I had seen it before, or what name belonged with it.

I immediately tried to get up a diversion about Swiss scenery, to keep her from launching into topics that might betray that I did not know her; but it was of no use, she went right along upon matters which interested her more.

"O dear! what a night that was, when the sea washed the forward boats away—do you remember it?"

"Oh! don't I!" said I—but I didn't. I wished the sea had washed the rudder and the smoke-stack and the captain away — then I could have located this questioner.

"And don't you remember how frightened poor Mary was, and how she cried?"

"Indeed I do!" said I. "Dear me, how it all comes back!"

I fervently wished it would come back — but my memory was a blank. The wise way would have been to frankly own up; but I could not bring myself to do that, after the young girl had praised me so for recognizing her; so I went on, deeper and deeper into the mire, hoping for a chance clue but never getting one. The unrecognizable continued, with vivacity:

"Do you know, George married Mary after all?"

"Why, no! Did he?"

"Indeed he did. He said he did not believe she was half as much to blame as her father was, and I thought he was right. Didn't you?"

"Of course he was. It was a perfectly plain case. I always said so."

"Why, no you didn't—at least that summer."

"Oh! no, not that summer. No, you are perfectly right about that. It was the following winter that I said it."

"Well, as it turned out, Mary was not in the least to blame—it was all her father's fault—at least his and old Darley's."

It was necessary to say something—so I said:

"I always regarded Darley as a troublesome old thing."

"So he was; but then they always had a great affection for him, although he had so many eccentricities. You remember that when the weather was the least cold he would try to come into the house."

I was rather afraid to proceed. Evidently Darley was not a man—he must be some other kind of animal —possibly a dog, maybe an elephant. However, tails are common to all animals, so I ventured to say:

"And what a tail he had!"

"One! He had a thousand!"

This was bewildering. I did not quite know what to say, so I only said:

"Yes, he was pretty well fixed in the matter of tails."

"For a negro, and a crazy one at that, I should say he was," said she.

It was getting pretty sultry for me. I said to myself, "Is it possible she is going to stop there, and wait for me to speak? If she does, the conversation is blocked. A negro with a thousand tails is a topic which a person cannot talk upon fluently and instructively without more or less preparation. As to diving rashly into such a vast subject—"

But here, to my gratitude, she interrupted my thought by saying:

"Yes, when it came to tales of his crazy woes, there was simply no end to them if anybody would listen. His own quarters were comfortable enough, but when the weather was cold, the family was sure to have his company—nothing could keep him out of the house. But they always bore it kindly because he had saved Tom's life, years before. You remember Tom?"

"Oh! perfectly. Fine fellow he was, too."

"Yes, he was. And what a pretty little thing his child was?"

"You may well say that. I never saw a prettier child."

"I used to delight to pet it and dandle it and play with it."

"So did I."

"You named it. What was that name? I can't call it to mind."

It appeared to me that the ice was getting pretty thin here. I would have given something to know what the child's sex was. However, I had the good luck to think of a name that would fit either sex—so I brought it out:

"I named it Frances."

"For a relative, I suppose? But you named the one that died, too—the one that I never saw. What did you call that one?"

I was out of neutral names, but as the child was dead and she had never seen it, I thought I might risk a name for it and trust to luck; therefore I said:

"I called that one Thomas Henry."

She said, musingly:

"That is very singular—very singular."

I sat still and let the cold sweat run down. I was in a good deal of trouble, but I believed I could worry through if she wouldn't ask me to name any more children. I wondered where the lightning was going to strike next. She was still ruminating over that last child's title, but presently she said:

"I have always been sorry you were away at the time—I would have had you name my child."

"Your child! Are you married?"

"I have been married thirteen years."

"Christened, you mean?"

"No, married. The youth by your side is my son."

"It seems incredible — even impossible. I do not mean any harm by it, but would you mind telling me if you are any over eighteen?—that is to say, will you tell me how old you are?"

"I was just nineteen the day of the storm we were talking about. That was my birthday."

That did not help matters much, as I did not know the date of the storm. I tried to think of some non-committal thing to say, to keep up my end of the talk and render my poverty in the matter of reminiscences

as little noticeable as possible, but I seemed to be about out of non-committal things. I was about to say, "You haven't changed a bit since then"—but that was risky. I thought of saying, "You have improved ever so much since then" — but that would not answer, of course. I was about to try a shy at the weather, for a saving change, when the girl slipped in ahead of me and said:

"How I have enjoyed this talk over those happy old times—haven't you?"

"I never have spent such a half hour in all my life before!" said I, with emotion; and I could have added, with a near approach to truth, "and I would rather be scalped than spend another one like it." I was grateful to be through with the ordeal, and was about to make my good-byes and get out, when the girl said:

"But there is one thing that is ever so puzzling to me."

"Why, what is that?"

"That dead child's name. What did you say it was?"

Here was another balmy place to be in; I had forgotten the child's name; I hadn't imagined it would be needed again. However, I had to pretend to know, anyway, so I said:

"Joseph William."

The youth at my side corrected me and said:

"No—Thomas Henry."

I thanked him—in words—and said, with trepidation:

"Oh! yes—I was thinking of another child that I named—I have named a great many, and I got them confused—this one was named Henry Thompson—"

"Thomas Henry," calmly interposed the boy.

I thanked him again—strictly in words—and stammered out:

"Thomas Henry—yes, Thomas Henry was the poor child's name. I named him for Thomas-er-Thomas Carlyle, the great author, you know—and Henry-er-er-Henry the Eighth. The parents were very grateful to have a child named Thomas Henry."

"That makes it more singular than ever," murmured my beautiful friend.

"Does it? Why?"

"Because when the parents speak of that child now, they always call it Susan Amelia."

That spiked my gun. I could not say anything. I was out of verbal obliquities; to go further would be to lie, and that I would not do; so I simply sat still and suffered—sat mutely and resignedly there, and sizzled—for I was being slowly fried to death in my own blushes. Presently the enemy laughed a happy laugh and said:

"I have enjoyed this talk over old times, but you have not. I saw very soon that you were only pretending to know me, and so as I had wasted a compliment on you in the beginning, I made up my mind to punish you. And I have succeeded pretty well. I was glad to see that you knew George and Tom and Darley, for I had never heard of them before, and therefore could not be sure that you had; and I was glad to learn the names of those imaginary children, too. One can get quite a fund of information out of you if one goes at it cleverly. Mary and the storm, and the sweeping away of the forward boats, were facts—all the rest was fiction. Mary was my sister; her full name was Mary ———. Now do you remember me?"

"Yes," I said, "I do remember you now; and you are as hard-hearted as you were thirteen years ago in that ship, else you wouldn't have punished me so. You haven't changed your nature nor your person, in any way at all; you look just as young as you did then, you are just as beautiful as you were then, and you have transmitted a deal of your comeliness to this fine boy. There—if that speech moves you any, let's fly the flag of truce, with the understanding that I am conquered and confess it."

All of which was agreed to and accomplished on the spot.

—Samuel L. Clemens.

THE RADIO NOISES

I've sat at the feasts of jungle beasts
  And listened at many a meal!
I've gathered statistics on characteristics
  Of whistle and squawk and squeal!
I'm up on the calls and caterwauls
  Of a dozen menageries;
But I never have heard from beast or bird
  Such horrible sounds as these:

"Whoo-oo-ee! Yow-ee! Yow-ee!
 This is from Station W J Z."
"Brx! Squawk! Awk! Aw-w-wk!
 W E A F, New York!"

Not even the crash when cymbals clash,
  Or the lonely Banshee wail,
Or the noisy gnaw of a cross-cut saw
  When it strikes a rusty nail;
Not even the yell of the torture cell,
  Or the whistles on New Year's Eve,
Can ever compare with the pure night air
  When the radio fans receive:

"Conditions prevailing in Germany which—
 S-s-sttsch! Ch! Ttsch! Ch! Ttsch!"
"—— and Peter Opossum came hoppity-skip—
 Ee-yow! Xzip! Xzip! Ziz-zz-zip!"

Sometimes they seem like the hissing of steam,
  Sometimes like bugle and fife;
Sometimes I tremble to hear them resemble
  A man who is beating his wife;
And sometimes it seems that the maniac screams
  Which blend with the hideous din
Come from some pioneer who is trying to hear
  While his neighbor next door tunes in!

"Whoo-oo-ee! Yow-ee! Yow-ee!
This is from Station W J Z."
"Eee-yow! Eee-yow! Eee-yow!
W O R is speaking now!"
—Corey Ford, *in The Saturday Evening Post.*

THERE SHALL BE NO MORE SEA

There shall be no more sea!
Then presently
We shall turn listless eyes
On Paradise,
And carelessly behold
Jasper and beaten gold.
Aimlessly up and down
The streets of God's tall town
That was not built by hands,
Throughout untroubled lands
Where glassy rivers flow,
Our restless feet will go;
And to the crystal walls,
Whence the sight falls
And falters in the bright
Incredible light,
We shall come wistfully
Straining our eyes to see,
Wonderfully small and far,
Our sea-enameled star.

How shall we sing
God's praises, wearying
For the wind and the fog and the brave
Thunder of wave upon wave,
For salt upon our lips
And the excellent beauty of ships,
For sound and sight
Of all our old delight?

God, whom our fathers wrought
Out of their travailing thought,
Deal with us generously—
Give us our sea!

—Anne Atwood Dodge, *in North American Review.*

WHEN THE SUNFLOWERS BLOOM

I've been off on a journey, I jes' got home to-day;
I've traveled east an' north an' south an' every other way;
I've seen a heap of country, an' cities on the boom
But I want to be in Kansas when the
Sun-
Flowers
Bloom.

Oh! it's nice among the mount'ins, but I sorter felt shet in;
'Twould be nice on the seashore ef it wasn't fur the din;
While the prairies air so quiet, an' there's always lots o' room;
Oh, it's nicer still in Kansas when the
Sun-
Flowers
Bloom.

You may talk about yer lilies, yer vi'let, an' yer roses,
Yer asters an' yer jassimens, an' all the other pos'es;
I'll allow they all air beauties an' full er sweet perfume,
But there's none of 'em a patchin' to the
Sun-
Flowers
Bloom.

When all the sky above is jest as blue as blue kin be
An' the prairies air a-wavin' like a yaller driftin' sea,
Oh! 'tis here my soul goes sailin' an' my heart is on the
boom,
In the golden fields of Kansas when the
Sun-
Flowers
Bloom.

—Albert Bigelow Paine.

THE MERCHANTS

I am the Frost.
I'll show you diamonds, laces, and tapestries
Of all variety
At lowest cost;
Weavings of chaste design
Perfect in every line;
Connoisseurs surely will buy of the Frost.

I am the Dew.
Notice my elegant bracelets and necklaces,
All of rare quality;
Pearls not a few;
Emeralds and amethyst;
Opals all rainbow kissed;
Ladies rise early to buy of the Dew.

I am the Snow.
Let me display for you carpets most exquisite.
Choicest of bordering
Also I show,
Heavy and soft and white,
Spread in a single night;
Folks who have wisdom will buy of the Snow.

I am the Rain.
Something I'll show you priceless and wonderful
Making these offers seem
Tawdry and vain!
'Tis but a cloak of gray
Wrapping the world away—
Happy the few who will buy of the Rain.

—Isabell E. Mackay, in *St. Nicholas*.

OUR OWN

If I had known in the morning
How wearily all the day
The words unkind
Would trouble my mind,
That I said when you went away,
I had been more careful, darling!
Nor given you needless pain;
But we vex "our own"
With look and tone
We might never take back again.

For though in the quiet evening
You may give me the kiss of peace,
Yet it might be
That never for me
The pain of the heart should cease.
How many go forth in the morning
That never come home at night;
And hearts have broken
For harsh words spoken,
That sorrow can never make right.

We have careful thoughts for the stranger,
And smiles for the sometime guest;
But oft for "our own"
The bitter tone,

Though we love "our own" the best.
Ah! lips with the curve impatient,
Ah! brow with that look of scorn,
'Twere a cruel fate
Were the night too late
To undo the work of the morn.

—Margaret E. Sangster.

PEOPLE WILL TALK

We may get through the world, but 'twill be very slow,
If we listen to all that is said as we go;
We'll be worried and fretted and kept in a stew,
For meddlesome tongues must have something to do—
For people will talk, you know.

If quiet and modest, you'll have it presumed
That your humble position is only assumed;
You're a wolf in sheep's clothing, or you're a fool;
But don't get excited, keep perfectly cool—
For people will talk, you know.

If generous and noble, they'll vent their spleen;
You'll hear some loud hints that you're selfish and mean.
If upright and honest and fair as the day,
They'll call you a rogue in a sly, sneakish way—
For people will talk, you know.

And then if you show the least boldness of heart,
Or a slight inclination to take your own part,
They'll call you an upstart, conceited, or vain;
But keep straight ahead, don't stop to explain—
For people will talk, you know.

If threadbare your coat, old-fashioned your hat,
Someone of course will take notice of that,
And hint rather strong that you can't pay your way;
But don't get excited, whatever they say—
For people will talk, you know.

If you dress in the fashion, don't think to escape;
For they'll criticise then in a different shape.
You're ahead of your means, or the tailor's unpaid;
But mind your own business, there's nought to be said—
For people will talk, you know.

They'll talk fine before you; but then at your back,
Of venom and slander there's never a lack.
How kind and polite is all that they say,
But bitter as gall when they're out of the way—
For people will talk, you know.

The best way to do is to do as you please,
For your mind, if you have one, will then be at ease;
Of course you'll meet with all sorts of abuse,
But don't try to stop them, 'twill be of no use—
For people will talk, you know.

BILL

He was six years old, and his name was Bill. I took him up on my knee, and asked him if he would like to hear the story of the flood, and he said he would.

"Well, Bill, once there was a man named Noah, who—"

"Noah what?"

"Simply Noah. He had no last name."

"How did they find him in the directory, then?"

"There were no directories. Noah lived a great many years ago, and—"

"Didn't live before the Centennial, did he?"

"Yes, thousands of years before."

"Did he wear pants?"

"I don't know. He lived in a country where—"

"Somewhere in Indiana, wasn't it?"

"In Asia Minor, where everybody was very wicked excepting Noah and his three sons."

"Were they all boys?"

"Yes, and—"

"Could they whistle on their fingers?"

"And Noah knew there was going to be a flood."

"In Rancocas Creek?"

"No; I'll tell you directly if you'll wait."

"Did it sweep away the mill-dam?"

"And so Noah and his sons went to work to build a huge boat, which—"

"A steamboat?"

"No; of course not. Which they called an ark."

"What did they call it that for?"

"And while they were building it numbers of people came to see them, and—"

"Reporters, were they?"

"And laughed at them for supposing there would be a flood."

"Did you say it wasn't in the Rancocas?"

"But they went on building the boat, without minding the people, so that—"

"Had she a jib-boom?"

"Oh! I don't know. And so one day it began to rain, very, very hard."

"I know what you're going to say. Noah left his umbrella at home."

"Oh! pshaw! They had no umbrellas in those days."

"No gum shoes either?"

"And it rained, and rained, and rained, and rained, until—"

"What rained?"

"So that the water began to cover the whole surface of the ground."

"Why didn't it run into the sewers?"

"So Noah and his family went into the ark, and took all kinds of animals with them, and—"

"Not spiders!"

"Yes, spiders."

"And eels, too?"

"Yes, and—"

"But not potato bugs?"

"I guess so."

"And pelicans?"

"Oh! yes, everything."

"What did he take in bedbugs for?"

"Oh! do hush! You ask too many questions."

"Did the billy-goat butt Noah's boys?"

"So when they were all in, Noah shut the door and the ark floated."

"Was the whale towed behind? Where did he keep the tadpoles?"

"And it rained harder and harder all the time."

"Was there a Mrs. Noah?"

"Of course."

"Well, how did she dry her washing when it rained?"

"And so the ark sailed along upon the water for many days."

"Did they row it?"

"No."

"What did Noah and the boys do?"

"Nothing that I know of."

"Maybe they fished off the side of the boat."

"Very likely they did."

"What did they fish for?"

"To catch fish, of course."

"Did they get any?"

"Oh, I reckon so."

"You think they really caught some?"

"Oh, certainly. And I think it's not worth while telling a story to such an inquisitive boy as you."

"Well, now, how could they catch fish outside, when you said that they took all the animals of every kind into the ark with them?"

"Why, you see, Bill—"

"It's outrageous!" said Bill, jumping off of my knee and moving toward the door. "I believe you're a scandalous story-teller, and that you made up the whole thing. I'm going to call mother, and tell her you're

setting me a bad example. Father'll make the fur fly off of you when he comes home."

Then Bill flitted up-stairs, and I went away. I am beginning now to catch a glimpse of some of the difficulties in educating youth.

—Max Adler.

SUNDOWN IN AMERICA

Into the torn sunset of Wyoming's desert past an Indian chief's grave
Rides a consumptive cowboy whistling a jazz composed by a Galician Jew in Brooklyn;
In a galvanized shack in the olive grove a rouge-lipped Italian girl
Is noisily pulling the last sheet out of her typewriter;
Two Negroes are walking from the docks in Baltimore
Talking about a meeting of the Knights of Pythias;
On a farm in Kansas a small towheaded boy baptized Johann
Is peering from the threshold toward the telegraph poles for his daddy's Ford car;
The calling of newsboys—the jangle and bellowing of the cows—
The toot of endless horns—the rasping of crickets—
The rush hour on the subways and trolleys—the piping of the sunweary birds—
The rise of the evening star above a forest on Lake Superior,
Little merchants pompously switching on electric display lights,
The clatter of dishes—the stamping of flyridden horses while unharnessed;
Young girls chattering hurriedly, powder their faces in dressing rooms of department stores;
On the darkened heights of Pike's Peak the mountain flowers huddle to sleep before the cold;
On a straggling fishing boat off Nantucket

A man is looking at the comics of last Sunday's Boston
newspaper;
On the outskirts of Mt. Rainier a man lying in an
underbrush,
Is breaking the law aiming his gun at a solitary antler;
On a porch of a boarding house of Santa Barbara a
bobbed-haired, middle-aged novelist
Is reading a love letter from a college boy and smoking
a cigarette;
A toy train full of Hungarian miners is puffing into a
filthy company-owned town;
In a store of Omaha a hesitating Bohemian farmer is
examining a phonograph;
On a lonely sandbar of the Atlantic a flock of snipes is
dashing through the shallows—
It is sundown in America.

—Charles Recht.

MERCHANDISE

Merchandise! Merchandise! Tortoise-shell, spices,
Carpets and indigo—sent o'er the high seas;
Mother-o'-Pearl from the Solomon Isles—
Brought by a brigantine ten thousand miles.
Rubber from Zanzibar, tea from Nang-Po,
Copra from Hayti, and wine from Bordeaux;
Ships, with top-gallants and royals unfurled,
Are bringing in freights from the ends of the world.

Crazy old wind-jammers manned by Malays,
With rat-ridden bulkheads and creaking old stays,
Reeking of bilge and of paint and of pitch—
That's how your fat city merchant grew rich;
But with tramps, heavy laden, and liners untold
You may lease a new life to a world that's grown old.
Merchandise! Merchandise! Nations are made
By their men and their ships and their overseas trade.

So widen your harbors, your docks and your quays,
And hazard your wares on the wide ocean ways,
Run out your railways and hew out your coal,
For only by trade can a country keep whole.
Feed up your furnaces, fashion your steel,
Stick to your bargains and pay on the deal;
Rich is your birthright, and well you'll be paid
If you keep in good faith with your overseas trade.

So send out your strong to the forests untrod,
Work for yourselves and your neighbors and God;
Keep these great nations the homes of the free,
With merchandise, men and good ships on the sea.
Merchandise! Merchandise! Good, honest merchandise!
Merchandise, men and good ships on the sea.

—Milton Hayes.

WHO CAN TELL?

"I wonder," said sweet Marjory,
To the robin on the wall:
"I wonder why the flowers are short,
And why the trees are tall?
I wonder why the grass is green,
And why the sky is blue?
I wonder, Robin, why I'm I,
Instead of being you?

"I wonder why you birds can fly,
When I can only walk?
I wonder why you only sing,
While I can sing, and talk?
Oh, I wonder, I so wonder
Why the river hurries by?
I think you ought to know, Robin;
I would, if I could fly!

"I wonder," said sweet Marjory,
With a puzzled little frown,
"I wonder why the moon won't shine
Until the sun goes down?
I wonder where the stars all go
When they're not in the sky?
I 'most believe you know, Robin,
For all you look so shy!

"I wonder why the snow comes?
And why the flowers die?
I wonder where the summer lives
When the wintry winds blow high?
I wonder," said sweet Marjory,
With her plump chin in her hand,
"I wonder, Robin, if we two
Shall ever understand?"

—Annie L. Hannah, *in St. Nicholas.*

MILKING-TIME

"I'll tell you, Kate, that Lovejoy cow
Is worth her weight in gold;
She gives a good eight-quarts o' milk,
And isn't yet five years old.

"I see young White a comin' now;
He wants her, I know that;
Be careful girl, you're spillin' it!
And save some for the cat.

"Good evenin,' Richard, step right in."
"I guess I couldn't, sir,
I've just come down"—"I know it, Dick;
You've took a shine to her.

"She's kind and gentle as a lamb,
Jest where I go she follers;
And though it's cheap, I'll let her go;
She's your'n for thirty dollars.

"You'll know her clear across the farm,
By them two milk-white stars;
You needn't drive her home at night,
But just let down the bars.

"Then when you've own'd her, say a month,
And learnt her, as it were
I'll bet—why, what's the matter, Dick?"
" 'Taint her I want—it's—her!"

"What? Not the girl! Well, I'll be blessed!—
There, Kate, don't drop that pan—
You've took me mightily aback,
But then, a man's a man.

"She's your'n, my boy, but one word more:
Kate's gentle as a dove;
She'll follow you the whole world 'round,
For nothin' else but love.

"But never try to drive the lass,
Her natur's like her ma's;
I've allus found it worked the best
To just let down the bars."

—PHILIP MORSE.

CROWS

Betsey-bug goes boomin' th'ough de dark on April nights;
Across de ha'nted holler ole Jack has lit his lights;
Big owl askin' questions up on de black-jack lim',
Li'l owl a-sassin'—ain't no ketchin' him;
Crows all roostin' quiet till mawnin' stars am gone,
An' den dey 'gin to holler—
"Cawn! Cawn! Cawn!"

W'en I'm out a-plantin', ole crow in de tree
Squintin', at de landscape oncet—an' squintin' twicet at me;
He watch dat hoe 'at kivers de kernels from his sight,
An' all he see in daytime he conjure on at night.
An' w'en 'at cawn is sproutin', why, honey, sho's yo' bawn,
He hollers to dem odder crows—
"Cawn! Cawn! Cawn!"

County agent tell me 'at crow's a frien' o' mine:
An' 'tain't de cawn he's after. Huh! "Frien'" is mighty fine!
Dont keer what he's after; I sees him in de row,
A-snatching' up de baby sprouts 'at's jus' begun to show.
Mighty curious frien' it is w'en daylight's nearly gone,
'At hollers at yo' cabin do'—
"Cawn! Cawn! Cawn!"

—Mary Lanier Magruder, *in Country Gentleman.*

KNEE-DEEP IN JUNE

I

Tell you what I like the best—
'Long about knee-deep in June,
'Bout the time strawberries melts
On the vine,—some afternoon
Like to jes' git out and rest
And not work at nothin' else!

II

Orchard's where I'd ruther be—
Needn't fence it in fer me!—
Jes' the whole sky overhead,
And the whole airth underneath—

Sort o' so's a man kin breathe
Like he ort, and kind o' has
Elbow-room to keerlessly
Sprawl out len'thways on the grass,
Where the shadders thick and soft
As the kivvers on the bed
Mother fixes in the loft
Allus, when they's company!

III

Jes' a sort o' lazin' there—
S'lazy 'at you peek and peer
Through the wavin' leaves above
Like a feller 'at's in love,
And don't know it, ner don't keer!
Ever'thing you hear and see
Got some sort of interest—
Maybe find a bluebird's nest
Tucked up there conveenently
Fer the boys 'at's apt to be
Up some other apple-tree!
Watch the swallers skootin' past—
'Bout as peert as you could ast;
'Er the Bobwhite raise and whiz
Where some other's whistle is.

IV

Ketch a shadder down below,
And look up to find the crow;
Er a hawk away up there,
'Pearantly froze in the air!—
Hear the old hen squawk and squat,
Over every chick she's got,
Suddent-like!—And she knows where
That air hawk is, well as you!
You jes' bet your life she do!—
Eyes a-glitterin' like glass,
Waitin' till he makes a pass!

V

Pee-wees' singin,' to express
My opinion's second class;
Yit you'll hear 'em more er less;
Sapsucks gittin' down to biz,
Weedin' out the lonesomeness;
Mr. Bluejay, full o' sass,
In them baseball clothes o' his,
Sportin' round the orchard jes'
Like he owned the premises!
Sun out there in the fields kin sizz,
But flat on yer back, I guess,
In the shade's where glory is!
That's jes' what I like to do
Stiddy fer a year er two!

VI

Plague if they ain't sompin' in
Work 'at kind o' goes agin
My convictions!—'long about
Here in June especially!—
Under some old apple-tree,
Jes' a-restin' through and through,
I could git along without
Nothin' else at all to do,
Only jes' a wishin' you
Was a-gittin' there like me,
And June was eternity!

VII

Lay out there and try to see
Jes' how lazy you kin be!
Tumble round and souse yer head
In the clover-bloom, er pull
Yer straw hat acrost yer eyes,
And peek through it at the skies,

Thinkin' of old chums 'at's dead,
Maybe, smilin' back at you
In betwixt the beautiful
Clouds o' gold and white and blue!—
Month a man kin railly love—
June, you know, I'm talkin' of!

VIII

March ain't never nothin' new!—
April's altogether too
Brash fer me! and May— I jes'
'Bominate its promises,—
Little hints o' sunshine and
Green around the timber-land—
A few blossoms, and a few
Chip-birds, and a sprout or two—
Drap asleep, and it turns in
'Fore daylight and snows agin!—
But when June comes—Clear my throat
With wild honey! Rench my hair
In the dew! and hold my coat!
Whoop out loud! and throw my hat!—
June wants me, and I'm to spare!
Spread them shadders anywhere,
I'll git down and waller there,
And obleeged to you at that!

—James Whitcomb Riley.

NOMENCLATURE

Some people have names like pitchforks, some people have names like cakes,
Names full of sizzling esses like a family quarrel of snakes,
Names black as a cat, vermillion as the cockscomb of a fool,
But your name is a green small garden, a rush asleep in a pool.

When God looked at the diffident cherubs and dropt
them out of the sky
He named them like Adam's animals while Mary and
Eve stood by,
The poor things huddled before him in scared little
naked flocks—
And he gave you a name like sunlight and clover and
hollyhocks.

For your mouth with its puzzled jesting, for your hair
like a dark, soft bird,
Shy humor and dainty walking, sweet laughter and
subtle word,
As a fairy walks with a mushroom to keep the rain
from its things,
You carry your name forever like a scepter alive with
wings!

Neither change nor despair shall touch it, nor the sea-
sons make it uncouth,
It will burn like an autumn maple when your proud age
talks to your youth;
Wise child, clean friend, adoration, light arrow of God,
white flame:
I would break my body to pieces to call you once by
your name!

—Stephen Vincent Benet.

WIND AND SEA

The Sea is a jovial comrade,
He laughs wherever he goes,
His merriment shines in dimpling lines
That wrinkle his hale repose;
He lays himself down at the foot of the Sun,
And laughs all over with glee,
The broad-backed billows fall faint on the shore,
In mirth of the mighty Sea!

But the Wind is sad and restless,
And cursed with an inward pain;
You may hark as you will, by valley or hill,
But you hear him still complain.
He wails on the barren mountains,
And shrieks on the wintry sea;
He sobs in the cedar, and moans in the pine,
And shudders all over the aspen tree.

Welcome are both their voices,
And I know not which is best,—
The laughter that slips from the Ocean's lips,
Or the comfortless Wind's unrest.
There's a pang in all rejoicing,
A joy in the heart of pain,
And the Wind that saddens, the Sea that gladdens,
Are singing the selfsame strain!

—Bayard Taylor.

HONEST CONFESSIONS

"I know what you're going to say," she said,
And she stood up, looking uncommonly tall;
"You are going to speak of the hectic fall,
And say you're sorry the summer's dead,
And no other summer was like it, you know,
And can't I imagine what made it so?
Now, aren't you, honestly?" "Yes," I said.

"I know what you're going to say," she said;
"You are going to ask if I forget
That day in June when the woods were wet,
And you carried me"—here she dropped her head—
"Over the creek; you are going to say—
Do I remember that horrid day?
Now, aren't you, honestly?" "Yes," I said.

"I know what you're going to say," she said;
"You are going to say that since that time
You have rather tended to run to rhyme,
And"—here her glance fell and her cheek grew red—
"And I have noticed your tone was queer?
Why, everybody has seen it here!
Now, aren't you, honestly?" "Yes," I said.

"I know what you're going to say," I said;
"You're going to say you've been much annoyed,
I am short of tact, you will say devoid,
And I'm clumsy and awkward, and call me Ted;
And I bear abuse like a dear old lamb,
And you'll have me anyway, just as I am.
Now, aren't you, honestly?" "Ye-es," she said.

THE WISDOM

A blare of brass and a throb of drums—
And Solomon comes. Solomon comes!
A thousand guards and a glint of steel,
Ivory wrought in his chariot-wheel.
A silken standard which hides the sun,
A mantle of Tyrian purple, spun
By the cunningest hands in the wise old East,
So Solomon goes to his mighty feast.

The breath of lutes and the twanged strings sigh—
And the Queen goes by! The Queen goes by!
The Lady of Sheba in cloth of gold
With her hennaed nails and her dark eyes bold.
A peacock perches behind her chair;
The sun lights diamonds in her hair;
The music glows like the heart of wine,
For Sheba goes with the King to dine.

Rattling hoofs through the city's heat,
The shepherd passes along the street!
And his nut-brown maid is at his side,
He has his pipes and the skies are wide;

His chest is bare to the breeze's kiss;
The thought of eating is honest bliss;
He knows content and his spirit sings—
So a fig, I say, for all your Kings!

—Dale Collins.

AS THY DAY THY STRENGTH SHALL BE

There are stepping-stones in the deepest waters
That firmly meet the tides of human life;
And havens safe from every storm that gathers,
And issues out of every human strife.

There is no cloud that sunshine does not follow,
Nor pain without its solace in the end;
There is no day but that the coming morrow
Will bring some balm, the passing ills to mend.

There is no bond of friendship's firmest tying
Which threatened parting does not closer weave;
The very gifts that love delights to squander,
By love's great law the givers richer leave.

Not here shall all our hopes grow to fruition,
Nor yet our fears reach half their fancied ills;
One hour comes vaulting pride, the next, contrition;
Now doubt, now faith, our mortal spirit fills.

But heavenward, with kindly radiance glowing,
A slight perennial, beyond the grave,
Doth promise solace, balmy peace bestowing,
To prove that trials here but bless and save.

CASEY AT THE BAT

It looked extremely rocky for the Mudville nine that day;
The score stood two to four, with but an inning left to play.

So, when Cooney died at second, and Burrows did the same,
A pallor wreathed the features of the patrons of the game.

A straggling few got up to go, leaving there the rest,
With that hope which springs eternal within the human breast,
For they thought: "If only Casey could get a whack at that,"
They'd put up even money now, with Casey at the bat.

But Flynn preceded Casey, and likewise so did Blake,
And the former was a puddin', and the latter was a fake,
So on that stricken multitude a deathlike silence sat,
For there seemed but little chance of Casey's getting to the bat.

But Flynn let drive a single, to the wonderment of all,
And the much-despised Blakey tore the cover off the ball.
And when the dust had lifted, and they saw what had occurred,
There was Blakey safe at second, and Flynn a huggin' third.

Then from the gladdened multitude went up a joyous yell;
It rumbled in the mountain-tops, it rattled in the dell;
It struck upon the hillside and rebounded on the flat;
For Casey, mighty Casey, was advancing to the bat.

There was ease in Casey's manner as he stepped into his place,
There was pride in Casey's bearing, and a smile on Casey's face;

And when, responding to the cheers, he lightly doffed
his hat,
No stranger in the crowd could doubt 'twas Casey at
the bat.

Ten thousand eyes were on him as he rubbed his hands
with dirt,
Five thousand tongues applauded when he wiped them
on his shirt.
Then while the writhing pitcher ground the ball into
his hip,
Defiance gleamed in Casey's eye, a sneer curled Casey's
lip.

And now the leather-covered sphere came hurtling
through the air,
And Casey stood a-watching it in haughty grandeur
there.
Close by the sturdy batsman the ball unheeded sped—
"That ain't my style," said Casey. "Strike one," the
umpire said.

From the benches, black with people, there went up a
muffled roar,
Like the beating of storm waves on a stern and distant
shore.
"Kill him! Kill the umpire!" shouted some one on the
stand,
And it's likely they'd have killed him had not Casey
raised his hand.

With a smile of Christian charity great Casey's visage
shone;
He stilled the rising tumult, he bade the game go on.
He signaled to the pitcher, and once more the spheroid
flew;
But Casey still ignored it, and the umpire said, "Strike
two."

"Fraud!" cried the maddened thousands, and echo
answered "Fraud!"
But one scornful look from Casey and the audience
was awed.
They saw his face grow stern and cold, they saw his
muscles strain,
And they knew that Casey wouldn't let that ball go
by again.

The sneer is gone from Casey's lip, his teeth are
clenched in hate;
He pounds with cruel violence his bat upon the plate.
And now the pitcher holds the ball, and now he lets
it go,
And now the air is shattered by the force of Casey's
blow.

Oh, somewhere in this favored land the sun is shining
bright;
The band is playing somewhere, and somewhere hearts
are light.
And somewhere men are laughing, and somewhere
children shout:
But there is no joy in Mudville—mighty Casey has
struck out.

—Phineas Thayer.

ONLY A LITTLE THING

It was only a tiny seed,
Carelessly brushed aside;
But it grew in time to a noxious weed,
And spread its poison wide.

It was only a little leak,
So small you might hardly see;
But the rising waters found the break,
And wrecked the great levee.

It was only a single spark,
Dropped by a passing train;
But the dead leaves caught, and swift and dark
Was its work on wood and plain.

It was only an unsound nail
That the workman used—ah me!
But the ship that else had weathered the gale
Went down in the deep, dark sea.

It was only a thoughtless word,
Scarce meant to be unkind;
But it pierced as a dart to the heart that heard,
And left its sting behind.

It may seem a trifle at most,
The thing that we do or say;
And yet it may be that at fearful cost
We may wish it undone some day.

—Mrs. M. P. Handy.

APOSTROPHE TO THE OCEAN

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean—roll!
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;
Man marks the earth with ruin—his control
Stops with the shore;—upon the watery plain
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,—
Without a grave, unknelled, uncoffined, and unknown.

Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee;—
Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are they?
Thy waters washed them power while they were free,
And many a tyrant since; their shores obey

The stranger, slave, or savage; their decay
Has dried up realms to deserts: not so thou;
Unchangeable save to thy wild waves' play,
Time writes no wrinkles on thine azure brow:
Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
Glasses itself in tempests; in all time
Calm or convulsed—in breeze, or gale, or storm—
Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime
Dark-heaving, boundless, endless, and sublime,—
The image of eternity,—the throne
Of the Invisible; even from out thy slime
The monsters of the deep are made; each zone
Obeys thee; thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone.

—Lord Byron *(Childe Harold)*.

BY TELEPHONE

When the young ladies who were spending the summer at the Seaside Hotel, at Sandy Beach, resolved to get up a fair, they had no heartier helper than Mr. Samuel Brassy, a young gentleman recently graduated from Columbia College. He was alert, energetic, ingenious, and untiring; and when at last the fair was opened, the young ladies declared that they did not know what they should have done without him.

Mr. Samuel Brassy was on friendly, if not familiar, terms with Mrs. Martin, her charges, the three Miss Pettitoes, and her niece, Miss Bessie Martin. Toward the three Miss Pettitoes he was kind, but to Miss Bessie Martin he was devoted. He hovered about her as though he had words of deepest import trembling on his tongue; but when he sat beside her on the piazza, or danced with her in the Virginia Reel of a Saturday night, or walked to church with her of a Sunday morning, he found that he had nothing to say for himself.

Miss Martin treated him as she treated other young

men. She allowed him to assist her in the organization of a postoffice department in the fair, of which she was to be postmistress. At Sam Brassy's suggestion the postoffice had been arranged as the public pay station for the Seaside Hotel Telephone Co. He had set up a toy telephone in the postoffice with a line extending to a summer house, about two hundred feet from the hotel. Any person paying twenty-five cents at the postoffice was entitled to go to the summer house and hold a conversation by wire. The questions which a casual converser might choose to put were answered promptly and pointedly, for Bessie Martin was a quick-witted and keen-sighted girl.

So it happened that the telephone was a captivating novelty, and Miss Bessie's conversation charmed many a quarter into the box.

Sam himself was constant in his attendance at the postoffice. He did not seem altogether pleased at the continual use of the telephone. As the evening wore on, a shadow of resolution deepened on his face. About ten o'clock the ballroom began to empty, as the crowd gathered in the dining room, where the drawing of the grand prize was to take place. A subscription had been opened for a pair of handsome vases which Mr. Martin had presented, and every subscriber had been given a numbered ticket; and now, on the last evening of the fair, there was to be a "casting of lots" to discover to whom the vases might belong. The interest in the result was so intense that most of the ladies who had stalls abandoned them for a while and deserted to the dining room. Then Mr. Samuel Brassy stepped up to the window of the postoffice.

"Are you going to see the drawing of the prize, Miss Bessie?"

"No; I shall stick to my post."

"That's all right, then here's my quarter."

So saying he placed the coin before her, and then he hurried away. Miss Bessie Martin was left alone in the corner of the ballroom. She was counting up her

gains, when the telephone bell rang sharply. Before she could put the money down and go to the instrument, there came a second impatient ting-a-ling.

"Somebody seems to be in a hurry," she said, as she took her station before the box and held the receiver to her ear.

"Hello! hello! Oh, it's you, is it, Mr. Brassy?"

* * * * * * * * *

"Yes; I wondered why you ran off so suddenly."

* * * * * * * * *

"You have paid your quarter and you can talk just two minutes."

* * * * * * *

"Of course, I did not mean that. You ought to know me better."

* * * * *

"What did you say?"

* * * * * * *

"Not lately."

* * * * *

"Yes, she had on a blue dress, and I thought she looked like a fright; didn't you?"

* * * *

"Who were you looking at, then?"

* * * * *

"Oh, Mr. Brassy!"

* * * *

"No, they are not here now."

* * * * * * *

"There's nobody here at all."

* * * * * * *

"Yes, I'm *all* alone. There isn't a creature in sight."

* * * * * * *

"I love secrets! Tell me."

* * * * * * *

"Tell me now."

* * * * *

"Why can't you tell me now? I'm just dying to know."

* * * * *

"No, there isn't anybody here at all—nobody—nobody."

* * * * * * * * *

"How poetic you are tonight."

* * * * * * *

"I just dote on poetry."

* * * * * * * * *

"Oh, Mr. Brassy!"

* * * * * * *

"You take me by surprise."

* * * * *

"I never thought of such a thing."

* * * * *

"You do!"

* * * *

"With your whole heart?"

* * * *

"I don't know what to say."

* * * * * * *

"But I can't say 'yes' all at once."

* * * * * * *

"Well, I won't say 'no'."

* * * * *

"But I really must have time to think."

* * * *

"No, no, no! I can't give you an answer right away."

* * * * * *

"Well, if you must—you can ask Auntie—"

* * * * * * *

"Yes, yes, I'm all alone still."

* * * * *

"Good-bye, Sam!"

* * * * * * * * *

Miss Bessie Martin turned away from the instrument with a flush on her cheek and a light in her eye. Just then Mr. Samuel Brassy rushed in through the open

door, flew across the ballroom, and disappeared within the postoffice. A minute later a throng of people began to pour back from the dining room, and there were frequent calls for "Sam" and "Mr. Brassy."

With heightened color and ill-concealed excitement, Mr. Samuel Brassy came out of the postoffice. He found himself face to face with Mr. Martin, who held out his hand and cried, "I congratulate you, Sam." "How—how did you know anything about it?" Before Mr. Martin could reply, Mr. Harry Brackett and the three Miss Pettitoes came forward. Mr. Brackett bore in his arms the pair of vases.

Then Mr. Brassy knew why Mr. Martin had congratulated him. "You have won the prize," cried Harry Brackett. "I have for a fact," Sam Brassy answered, looking at Miss Bessie Martin.

CALL O' THE NORTH WOODS

I'm hungering in the city for the smell of rainwet timber,
For the valleys where the birchbark smoke goes curling through the trees.
For the lazy miles of lakeshore, where the blue waves kiss the pebbles,
In the land of skyblue water, up beyond the inland seas.

Where the wood things whisper magic, and old memories come to stir you,
When the twilight lowers her purple veil that city folks call night,
But, oh, the miles of weary streets that shut me from the northland,
From the leagues of solemn pine trees, in my woods of lost delight.

It's there my heart goes straying, to the peace of woods and river,
Where the pike leap in the shadows and you hear the partridge drum,
Where I'll vision all the folly, all the noise and pain and tumult,
As a fevered dream that's vanished, never more—please God—to come!

For the night winds murmur comfort to the hearts that know their music.
In the great, green, silent places where the quiet sets one free
From the gold-greed of the city, from its sin and strife and clamor,
And the pure wind of the northland washes clean the soul of me.

—May Stanley.

A RIME OF AN ANCIENT GENTLEMAN

Timothy Dexter of Newburyport
Was a droll old scout of a good old sort.
He published a book did this choice old spark,
With no trace of a punctuation mark.
The critics might rave or readers complain,
And declare the proceeding scarcely sane;
Yet never a point did the book contain.

Some persons denounced him and others jeered,
But a new edition ere long appeared.
Points of all sizes and all the faces
That then could be found in printers' cases
Adorned an appendix, set closely spaced;
And over them all was the legend placed:
Just pepper the victuals to suit your taste.

Timothy Dexter of Newburyport
Was a gay old soul of a rare old sort.
For West Indian trade he laid his plans,
So he sailed with a cargo of warming-pans;
And when he discovered for things like these
No market at all in the Caribbees
His comment was merely, "We aim to please."

He removed the lids with a right good will,
And the pans he sold to a sugar mill
For molasses ladles. "Bring all you've got!"
They cried, and he went with another lot.
And he sold the lids to the native beaux,
Who wore 'em suspended from ear or nose
And asked, "Can you furnish some more of those?"

Timothy Dexter of Newburyport
Was a stanch old blade of a fine old sort.
They begged him to stay. "My regrets," said he,
"But Newburyport is the place for me.
Though I like it here, yet I aim to tack
For my native town on the Merrimac.
You'll please excuse me, for I'm going back."

So he sailed back home, where he lived in state,
With a coach and a poet laureate;
And he set up statues of men of fame,
With Timothy Dexter among the same;
And he wronged no man nor was sued in tort,
This blithe old fellow of a high old sort,
Timothy Dexter of Newburyport. —G. S. B.

THE OLD STAGE QUEEN

Back in her box by the curtains shaded
She sits alone, by the house unseen;
Her eye is dim and her cheek is faded,
She who once was the people's queen.

The curtain rolls up, and she sees before her
A vision of beauty and youth and grace.
Ah! no wonder all hearts adore her,
Silver-throated and fair of face.

Out of her box she leans and listens;
O! is it with pleasure or with despair
That her thin cheek pales, and her dim eye glistens
While that fresh young voice sings the grand old air?

She is back again in her past's bright splendor,
When life was worth living and love was a truth;
Ere Time had told her she must surrender
Her double dower of fame and youth.

It is she herself who stands there singing
To that sea of faces, that shines and stirs;
And the cheers on cheers that go up ringing
And rousing the echoes, are hers, all hers!

Just for one moment the sweet delusion
Quickens her pulses, and blurs her sight,
And wakes within her that wild confusion
Of joy that is anguish and fierce delight.

Then the curtain goes down, and the lights are gleaming
Brightly o'er circle and box and stall;
She starts like a sleeper who wakes from dreaming:
Her youth lies under Time's funeral pall.

Her day is dead, and her star descended
Never to rise or to shine again;
Her reign is over, her queenship ended—
A new name is sounded and sung by men.

All the glitter and glow and splendor,
All the glory of that lost day,
With the friends that seemed true and the love that seemed tender,
Why, what is it all but a dead bouquet!

She rises to go; has the night turned colder?
The new queen answers to call and shout;
And the old queen looks back over her shoulder
As, all unnoticed, she passes out.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

KITTY OF COLERAINE

As beautiful Kitty one morning was tripping
With a pitcher of milk, from the fair of Coleraine,
When she saw me she stumbled, the pitcher it tumbled,
And all the sweet buttermilk watered the plain.

"O, what shall I do now?—'twas looking at you now!
Sure, sure, such a pitcher I'll ne'er meet again!
'Twas the pride of my dairy: O Barney M'Cleary!
You're sent as a plague to the girls of Coleraine."

I sat down beside her, and gently did chide her,
That such a misfortune should give her such pain.
A kiss then I gave her; and ere I did leave her,
She vowed for such pleasure she'd break it again.

'Twas hay-making season—I can't tell the reason—
Misfortunes will never come single, 'tis plain;
For very soon after poor Kitty's disaster
The devil a pitcher was whole in Coleraine.

—Charles Dawson Shanly.

THE SHOOTING OF DAN McGREW

A bunch of the boys were whooping it up in the Malamute saloon;
The kid that handles the music-box was hitting a jag-time tune;
Back of the bar, in a solo game, sat Dangerous Dan McGrew,
And watching his luck was his light-o'-love, the lady that's known as Lou.

When out of the night, which was fifty below, and into
the din and the glare,
There stumbled a miner fresh from the creeks, dog-
dirty, and loaded for bear.
He looked like a man with a foot in the grave, and
scarcely the strength of a louse,
Yet he lifted a poke of dust on the bar, and he called
for drinks for the house.
There was none could place the stranger's face, though
we searched ourselves for a clue;
But we drank his health, and the last to drink was
Dangerous Dan McGrew.

There's men that somehow just grip your eyes, and
hold them hard like a spell;
And such was he, and he looked to me like a man who
had lived in hell;
With a face most hair, and the dreary stare of a dog
whose day is done,
As he watered the green stuff in his glass, and the
drops fell one by one.
Then I got to figgering who he was, and wondering
what he'd do,
And I turned my head—and there watching him was
the lady that's known as Lou.

His eyes went rubbering round the room, and he seemed
in a kind of daze,
Till at last the old piano fell in the way of his wander-
ing gaze.
The rag-time kid was having a drink; there was no
one else on the stool,
So the stranger stumbles across the room, and flops
down there like a fool.
In a buckskin shirt that was glazed with dirt he sat,
and I saw him sway;
Then he clutched the keys with his talon hands—my
God! but that man could play!

Were you ever out in the Great Alone, when the moon
was awful clear,
And the icy mountains hemmed you in with a silence
you most could *hear*;
With only the howl of a timber wolf, and you camped
there in the cold,
A half-dead thing in a stark, dead world, clean mad
for the muck called gold;
While high overhead, green, yellow and red, the North
Lights swept in bars—
Then you've a hunch what the music meant . . .
hunger and night and the stars.

And hunger not of the belly kind, that's banished with
bacon and beans;
But the gnawing hunger of lonely men for a home and
all that it means;
For a fireside far from the cares that are, four walls
and a roof above;
But oh! so cramful of cozy joy, and crowned with a
woman's love;
A woman dearer than all the world, and true as Heaven
is true—
(God! how ghastly she looks through her rouge,—the
lady that's known as Lou.)

Then on a sudden the music changed, so soft that you
scarce could hear;
But you felt that your life had been looted clean of all
that it once held dear;
That someone had stolen the woman you loved; that
her love was a devil's lie;
That your guts were gone, and the best for you was to
crawl away and die.
'Twas the crowning cry of a heart's despair, and it
thrilled you through and through—
"I guess I'll make it a spread misere," said Dangerous
Dan McGrew.

The music almost died away . . . then it burst
like a pent-up flood;
And it seemed to say, "Repay, repay," and my eyes
were blind with blood.
The thought came back of an ancient wrong, and it
stung like a frozen lash,
And the lust awoke to kill, to kill . . . then the
music stopped with a crash.

And the stranger turned, and his eyes they burned in
a most peculiar way;
In a buckskin shirt that was glazed with dirt he sat,
and I saw him sway;
Then his lips went in in a kind of grin, and he spoke,
and his voice was calm:
And, "Boys," says he, "you don't know me, and none
of you care a damn;
But I want to state, and my words are straight, and I'll
bet my poke they're true,
That one of you is a hound of hell . . . and that
one is Dan McGrew."

Then I ducked my head, and the lights went out, and
two guns blazed in the dark;
And a woman screamed and the lights went up, and two
men lay stiff and stark;
Pitched on his head, and pumped full of lead, was
Dangerous Dan McGrew,
While the man from the creeks lay clutched to the
breast of the lady that's known as Lou.

These are the simple facts of the case, and I guess I
ought to know;
They say that the stranger was crazed with "hooch,"
and I'm not denying it's so.
I'm not so wise as the lawyer guys, but strictly between
us two—
The woman that kissed him and—pinched his poke—
was the lady that's known as Lou.

—Robert W. Service.

DO YOU REMEMBER, DEAREST?

Do you remember, dearest, the days we used to roam
About the summer meadows, hand in hand?
The birds sang sweetly o'er us, the crickets joined the chorus,
Even the livestock seemed to understand.
Do you remember, dearest, the words I made you say
When first I dared to call you little pal?
You promised you would ne'er forget that blue-and-golden day
In Syracuse, beside the barge canal.

Do you remember, dearest, the ancient cider mill
Whose wheel turned still as in the days of yore?
And we filled a china pitcher with a drink, I swear, was richer
Than the sweetest draught I'd ever known before.
Oft have I seen expensive wine at dinner parties flow,
But naught has ever been so sweet to me
As the jug we drained together in the days of long ago
Where the barge canal goes dreaming to the sea.

Alas, the ghosts of Memory grow dimmer day by day!
We summon up the past; it answers not.
Though I'll ne'er forget the spider that was pressed out with the cider,
I can't remember how we reached the spot.
Do you remember, dearest, how we found that cider press,
And had it any name that you recall?
If you remember, dearest, will you send me the address?
I'd like to buy a barrel in the fall.

—Morris Bishop, in *The Saturday Evening Post.*

THE ROAD TO YESTERDAY

Will some wise man who has journeyed
Over land and over sea
To the countries where the rainbow
And the glorious sunsets be

Kindly tell a little stranger
  Who has oddly lost her way
Where's the road that she must travel
  To return to Yesterday?

For, you see, she's unfamiliar
  With Today, and cannot read
What its strange, mysterious sign-posts
  Tell of ways and where they lead.
And her heart upbraids her sorely,
  Though she did not mean to stray
When she fell asleep last evening
  And abandoned Yesterday.

For she left a deal neglected
  That she really should have done;
And she fears she's lost some favors
  That she fairly might have won.
So she'd like to turn her backward
  To retrieve them if she may—
Will not some one kindly tell her
  Where's the road to Yesterday?

—Julie M. Lippmann, in *St. Nicholas.*

THE GOLD LOUIS

When Lucien de Hem had seen his last 100 francnote raked in by the banker and had risen from the roulette table where he had just lost the remains of his small fortune, he experienced a sort of vertigo and almost fell.

With reeling brain and failing limbs he tottered over to the leather bench that encircled the room and threw himself on it. He heard the soft friction of the gold on the felt and realized his loss, his ruin; but he remembered that at home, in a bureau drawer there were two army pistols that had been bravely used by his father, Gen. de Hem, in the attack of Zaatcha. Then, utterly worn out, he slept soundly.

He awoke with a parched throat and glancing at the clock saw that he had barely slept a half-hour.

An imperative need to breathe the night air came over him. The hands marked a quarter to midnight, and, on rising and stretching his arms, Lucien recollected that it was Christmas eve, and by an ironical freak of memory, he saw himself a little child again putting his shoes in front of the chimney at bedtime.

Just then old Dronski, the Pole, a fixture of the place, in threadbare, braided livery, came up to Lucien and mouthed a few words in his dirty beard.

"Lend me five francs, Monsieur. Here are two days since I have been out of the club and seventeen has not turned up once. Laugh at me if you will, but you may cut off my fist if seventeen does not come out in a few minutes when the clock strikes midnight."

Lucien de Hem shrugged his shoulders; he had not even the wherewithal in his pockets to pay the tax known by the house habitues as "The Pole's Pence."

He passed into the hall, put on his hat, his coat, then descended the stairs with the haste of a fevered person. During the four hours he has been indoors heavy snow has fallen, and the street, a central one, walled in by high houses, was all white. Multitudes of cold stars shone in the blue-black purged sky.

The ruined man walked rapidly, revolving desperate thoughts in his mind, and was more than ever drawn to the pistol box in his dressing case drawer.

Suddenly he stopped. He was confronted by a heart-breaking scene.

On a stone bench, placed according to the old-time custom beside the monumental door of a palace, a little girl of six or seven, barely covered by a ragged black frock, was sitting in the snow. She had gone to sleep there, in spite of the cold, in a painful attitude of utter weariness, with her poor little head and shoulder propped in an angle of the icy stone.

One of her shoes had fallen from the foot which hung over, and lay in the snow.

Lucien de Hem felt mechanically in his vest pocket, and was suddenly reminded that a moment before he had not even found a forgotten franc for the valet.

However, stirred by an instinctive pity, he approached the little girl, and would have perhaps carried her in his arms to give her a night's shelter, if he had not seen something shining in the old shoe as it lay in the snow.

He bent over. It was a gold louis.

Some charitable person, a woman, doubtless, in passing by this Christmas eve had seen the shoe in front of the sleeping child, and had remembered the touching legend. This generous alms had been given so that the little one might believe in the gifts of the holy child, and in spite of her distress retain some hope in the goodness of Providence.

A louis! It meant many days of plenty for the beggar, and Lucien was about to waken and tell her so, when he heard a voice in his ear, a drawling, thick voice, mumbling:

"Here are two days since I have been out of the club. You can cut off my fist if seventeen does not come out when the clock strikes midnight."

Then this young man of twenty-three, coming of honest stock, with a magnificent military record, never failing in honor, this young man suddenly conceived a dreadful thought, fell prey to a wild, hysterical, monstrous desire. Assuring himself with one swift glance that the street was deserted he swiftly stooped, advanced a trembling hand, and stole the louis from the old shoe. With a wild rush he reached the club again, cleared the stairs in one impetuous bound, flung open the door of the reeking hall, and threw the gold piece on the green, just as the clock chimed the first stroke of midnight.

"All on seventeen!"

Seventeen won.

With a turn of his hand he shoved the thirty-six louis on red.

Red won.

He left seventy-two louis on the same color. Again it appeared. Three times he put up the double stakes with the same luck. There was now a great heap of gold and bank-notes before him, and he began frantically to sow them broadcast over the table. Every combination favored him. The little ivory ball jumping about the divisions of the roulette seemed to be magnetized by the gambler's gaze, and obeyed it. In ten plays he had recovered the few thousand francs, his last resource, that he had lost early in the evening. By putting 200 or 300 louis at once he would soon have far more than the heritage he had fooled away.

In his haste to play, he kept on his heavy coat, and the great pockets were already crammed with rolls of bank-notes and gold pieces. He had now to stuff them into his inside pockets, his vest and trouser pockets, his cigar case, his handkerchief, and everything that could hold them. He still played. He still won; like a lunatic, like a drunken man! He threw the gold anywhere on the table with disdainful certainty.

In his heart a redhot iron was burning; he thought only of the child asleep in the snow—of the little beggar he had robbed.

"She is still there, of course; certainly, she must be there! In a minute, when it strikes one—I swear it—I will leave here and carry her home sleeping in my arms. I will bring her up, love her as my own child, and care for her always, always."

The clock struck one, the quarter, the half, the three-quarters, and Lucien still sat at the table. A minute before two the banker rose abruptly from the table and said in a sharp voice:

"Enough for today, gentlemen; the bank is closed."

Lucien leaped to his feet. Roughly he pushed the players aside as they lingered about, eying him with envious admiration; hurriedly he cleared the stairs and

ran to the stone bench. From afar he could see the little form in the faint light of a gas lamp.

"Thank God!" he cried, "she is still there!" He seized her hand.

"Ah! how cold she is, poor little one!"

As he lifted her in his arms, the child's head fell back limp, and she did not waken. "How children sleep," he thought, pressing her to his breast for warmth; and, vaguely anxious, he was about to kiss her lids to draw her from this heavy slumber, when he saw with terror that the child's eyes were half-open, showing glassy pupils, extinguished and motionless. With a terrible suspicion, Lucien brushed her little lips with his own, and no breath came from them. While Lucien had been winning a fortune with the louis stolen from her, this little beggar had died—died from cold.

His throat contracted in awful agony, he tried to cry out—and in the effort he awoke from a nightmare on the bench at his club, where he had fallen asleep before midnight, and had been left undisturbed by the kindness of the old valet, who had gone off last of all at five o'clock. His heart had been touched by the poor bankrupt.

A misty December dawn was peering through the panes. Lucien went out, pawned his watch, bathed, breakfasted, then went to the recruiting office, where he enlisted in the First African Chasseurs.

Lucien de Hem is now a lieutenant; he lives on his small pay and never touches a card.

It appears that he saves something, too, for not long ago, in Algiers, he was seen by a brother officer, who was walking behind him in a winding street of the Kasha, giving alms to a little Spanish beggar asleep under a doorway. The officer had the indiscretion to look at the money which Lucien had given to poverty.

He had put a gold louis into the child's hand.

WAITING

Serene, I fold my hands and wait,
Nor care for wind, or tide or sea;
I rave no more 'gainst time or fate,
For lo! my own shall come to me.

I stay my haste, I make delays,
For what avails this eager pace?
I stand amid the eternal ways,
And what is mine shall know my face.

Asleep, awake, by night or day,
The friends I seek are seeking me;
No wind can drive my bark astray,
Nor change the tide of destiny.

What matter if I stand alone?
I wait with joy the coming years;
My heart shall reap where it has sown,
And garner up its fruit of tears.

The waters know their own and draw
The brook that springs in yonder height;
So flows the good with equal law
Unto the soul of pure delight.

The stars come nightly to the sky;
The tidal wave comes to the sea;
Nor time, nor space, nor deep, nor high,
Can keep my own away from me.

—John Burroughs.

HOLIDAYS

If Dorothy her wish could speak
She'd have her birthday every week.
Just think! And when the year is through,
Her age would gain by fifty-two!

If Harriet could have her way
It would be always Christmas day;
She wishes Santa Claus would come
And make her chimneypiece his home.

July the Fourth is Johnny's choice—
The time when all the boys rejoice;
But if that day was always here,
We'd soon be all burned up, I fear.

And merry old St. Valentine
Would be the choice of Angeline;
But ah! I know if that were so,
The postmen all on strike would go.

So don't you think perhaps it's best
For holidays, as well, to rest,
And be on hand with joy and cheer,
Just once in all the long, long year?

—Rose Mills Powers, in *St. Nicholas.*

NOT GUILTY

It was about noon on a sultry day, that wore heavily on both court and jury, when the prosecution announced that it had finished its case. There was little excitement in the audience; it was evidently a clear case of murder, the chain of evidence presented by the state had completely entwined the prisoner. A man had been stabbed; had fallen dead, his hands clasped over his wound, with not an indication of defense on his part. From beneath his hand, when convulsively opened, a knife had fallen, which, it was shown, the prisoner's wife had seized and concealed. Why should she have concealed it if her husband was innocent of foul play?

There was marked lack of attention on the part of the jury when the dusky prisoner took the stand in his

own behalf. He told his story in a straight-forward, simple manner; explained how he had killed the deceased in self-defense; that the knife had fallen from the dead man's hand and was the one with which he himself had been attacked. It was apparent that nothing he could say would make any impression on the jury; they were decided as to his guilt, so, with a sigh that permeated the whole room, he took his seat. While the prisoner was on the stand, an elderly gentleman with iron-gray hair, and clad in a gray suit, entered the room and stood silently by the door.

At the close of the prisoner's plea, the solicitor arose and in a few cold words stated his case: The man had stabbed another wantonly. If the knife was the property of the deceased, why was it not produced in court? The prisoner's wife had picked it up. With this brief summary, he passed the prisoner's life into the hands of the jury.

The judge had arisen, and in solemn style was saying: "Mr. Foreman, and Gentlemen of the Jury," when suddenly from the old gentleman in gray came the sharp but decisive words: "If it please your Honor, the prisoner is entitled to the closing argument, and, in the absence of other counsel, I beg you will allow me to speak for the defense."

"Mr. Clerk," said the Court, "mark General Robert Thomas for the defense."

The courtroom, which before had been astir with the murmur of those present, was now deathly still. General Thomas for the defense! What could it all mean? Had any new evidence been discovered? Only the old man, grim, gray, and majestically defiant, stood between the prisoner and the gallows.

After standing a moment and gazing about the courtroom with an air of disgust, he said with a quick but quiet energy: "The knife that was found by the dead man's side was his own. He had drawn it before he was stabbed. Ben Thomas is a brave man; a strong man; he would never have used a weapon, if his an-

tagonist had been unarmed. A brave man who is full of strength never draws a weapon to repel a simple attack. The defendant drew his knife when he saw a knife in the hand of his foe, not from fear, but to equalize the combat.

"Why do I say he was brave? Every man upon this jury shouldered his musket during the war. Some of you were perhaps at Gettysburg; I was there, too."

It was evident that the General had aroused a deep-felt interest by his allusion to the old days when all the men for miles about entered the army, and many had served under the old General, whose war record was a household legend.

"I and the only brother that God ever gave me. I well remember that fight. The enemy met our onslaught with a courage and grit that could not be shaken. Line after line melted away, and at last came Pickett's charge.

"You know the result. Out of that vortex of flame and that storm of lead and iron a handful drifted back.

"From one to another a man of black skin was seen to run. On, on he went; gone one moment and in sight the next; on, up to the flaming cannon themselves. There he stooped and lifted a form from the ground; and then, stumbling, staggering under his load, made his way back across that field of death, until, meeting him halfway, I took the burden myself from the hero and bore it myself to safety. That burden was the senseless form of my brother"—here the General paused, and walking rapidly towards the prisoner, he raised his arm on high, and his voice rang out like a trumpet,—"gashed and bleeding and mangled, but alive, thank God! And the man who bore him out, who brought him to me in his arms as a mother would a sick child, himself torn by a fragment of a shell until the great heart was almost dropping from his breast, that man, my friends, sits here accused of murder." To add emphasis to his plea, he tore open the prisoner's shirt and laid bare his breast on which were the

scars of that terrible day. "Look!" he cried, "and bless the sight, for that scar was won by a slave in an hour that tried the courage of free men and put to its highest test the best manhood of the South. No man who won such wounds could thrust a knife into an unarmed assailant. I have come seventy miles in my old age to say this."

The jury did not even retire, but instantly returned a verdict of "Not guilty!" Some may say that this was contrary to the evidence, but if one could judge from the appearance of the spectators, as they left the court-house, they were content. Even the apparently cold-hearted solicitor, who bore a scar on his forehead that dated back to the old days when North and South were estranged, received the verdict with a smile that indicated his approval.

THE MYSTERIOUS GUEST

'T was night; the clock had just struck ten
When, with a mighty din,
The stage-coach halted at the door
Of Smith's Hotel in Lynn;
An inside passenger got out,
Who straight went in the inn.

His portly figure was enwrapped
In overcoat of shag,
While one hand grasped a traveling trunk,
The other held a bag;
And in the twinkle of his eye
You recognized a wag.

"Waiter," he cried, "shew me a room;
I'm tired and travel-sore."
The waiter showed him to a room
Upon the second floor.
"Just stay a moment," said the man,—
The waiter closed the door.

"You see," observed the traveler,
"Ere I can take a doze,
I'll have to ask a little help
In getting off my clothes;
For I'm a trifle crippled,
And can't pull off my hose."

"All right," replied the waiter,
Who was a generous elf;
"I pities any man," said he,
"As can't undress hisself.
I'll very soon unrig you, sir,
And lay you on the shelf."

"'Tis well," resumed the traveler,
Who dropped into a chair,
"First, hang my wig upon yon peg
(And he took off his hair),
I'm like a case of glass," said he,
"And must be touched with care."

And as he spoke, he ope'd his mouth
As though it were a trap,
And thrust his fingers in the hole,—
The waiter heard a snap,
And out there rolled two sets of teeth,
And fell into his lap.

"Now, waiter, just unscrew my arm,
But don't look so alarmed;
I'm helpless as a sailing ship
Upon a sea becalmed;
And when my arm you've taken off
You'll see that I'm disarmed."

The waiter, in astonishment,
Upon the traveler gazed;
He thought so strange a stranger
Must certainly be crazed;
But when he saw the arm come off
He was still more amazed,

And seemed inclined to go away;
"A moment more, I beg."
Cried out the waggish traveler;
"Help me unstrap my leg;"
The waiter's hair began to rise
As he pulled off the peg.

"As sheep in summer," said the man,
"Rejoice to lose their fleeces,
So when I doff my limbs at night
My happiness increases;
Because I can not rest in peace
Unless I rest in pieces."

Then he apostrophized his limbs
In strange soliloquy;
"Alas!" said he, "one's in the earth,
The other's in the sea;
But though I well remember them,
They can't re-member me.

"Now, bring me here that looking-glass,
And I'll take out my eye;
Although I'm not a party man,
A man of parts am I;"
And as he uttered this vile joke
He laughed as if he'd die.

The waiter's hair now stood on end,
He trembled with affright;
"Surely," thought he, "no mortal eyes
E'er saw so strange a sight;"
But the man of fractions sat
And laughed with all his might.

"Now lay my fragments in that box
Where they'll be out of sight;
Be careful not to drop the eye,
And mind the teeth don't bite.
My limbs go on my trunk by day,
And in my trunk at night."

But fear held fast the waiter,
He merely stood and stared;
To see such soul-appalling sights
He hadn't come prepared,
While the traveler only laughed the more
To see the man so scared;

And, putting on a serious look,
In solemn accents said,
"There's one thing more to do
Before I get in bed;
Steady yourself against the wall
And just unscrew my head."

—Fowler Bradnack.

THE BARBAROUS CHIEF

There was a kingdom known as the Mind,
A kingdom vast, as fair,
And the brave King Brain had the right to reign
In royal splendor there.
Oh! that was a beautiful, beautiful land
Which unto this king was given;
It was filled with everything good and grand,
And it reached from earth to heaven.

But a savage monster came one day,
From over a distant border;
He made war on the king and usurped his sway,
And set everything in disorder.
He mounted the throne, which he made his own,
And the kingdom was sunk in grief,
There was sorrow and shame from the hour he came—
Ill Temper, the barbarous chief.

He threw down the castles of Love and Peace,
He burned up the altars of prayers;
He trod down the grain that was sowed by Brain,
And planted thistles and tares.

He wasted the storehouse of knowledge, and drove
Queen Wisdom away in fright,
And a terrible gloom like the cloud of doom
Shadowed that land with night.

Then, bent on more havoc, away he rushed
To the neighboring kingdom Heart,
And the blossoms of kindness and hope he crushed,
And patience was made to depart.
And he even went on to the isthmus Soul,
That unites the Mind with God,
And its beautiful bowers and fragrant flowers
With a reckless heel he trod.

Oh! to you is given this beautiful land
Where the lordly Brain has sway—
But the border ruffian is near at hand—
And be on your guard, I pray.
Beware of *Ill Temper,* the barbarous chief,
He is cruel as Vice or Sin;
He will certainly bring your kingdom grief,
If once you let him in.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

UNDER A SPREADING CHESTNUT TREE

(The School-Teacher's Friday-Night Dream)

Listen, my children, and you shall hear
Of Lady Clara Vere de Vere.
'Twas the night before Christmas, in '75—
Hardly a man is now alive who remembers,
Who remembers the house where I was born,
The little window where the sun came peeping in
At midnight, in his guarded tent,
The Turk was dreaming of the hour
When Greece, her knee in suppliance bent,
Should tremble at his power!

And, as he was dreaming, an angel song
Awakened our Little Boy Blue—
Oh! the years are many, the years are long,
O Douglas, O Douglas! Tender and trewe.
Up rose old Barbara Frietchie then,
Bowed with her fourscore years and ten.
Blue were her eyes as the fairy-flax,
Her cheeks like the dawn of day,
And I would that my tongue could utter
The words she to him then did say.
"I'm sorry that I spelt the word,
I hate to go above you,
Because"—the brown eyes lower fell—
"Because, you see, I love you!"
A shade of sadness, a blush of shame,
Over the face of the leader came,
For of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these: "It might have been."
The judge rode slowly down the lane,
Smoothing his horse's chestnut mane.
He drew his bridle in the shade
Of the apple trees, to greet the maid and ask,
"Have you heard of the wonderful one-hoss shay
That was built in such a logical way
It ran a hundred years to a day?
And then, of a sudden, it—ah, but stay,
I'll tell you what happened without delay."
The boy stood on the burning deck,
Whence all but him had fled.
The flames rolled on; he would not go!
And this is what he said:
"O father! I see a gleaming light,
Oh, say, what may it be!"
But the father answered never a word,
A frozen corpse was he.
Then out spake brave Horatius,
The Captain of the Gate:
"To every man upon this earth
Death cometh soon or late.

And how can man die better
Than facing fearful odds?
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother,
And Wynken and Blynken and Nod."
So he spake, and, speaking, sheathed
The good sword by his side,
And with John Gilpin on his back
Plunged headlong in the tide.
And the stately ships go on
To their haven under the hill;
But oh for the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still!

—Helen Pendleton Miller, in *The Saturday Evening Post.*

THE AMERICAN CONSTITUTION

After all our doubts, our suspicions and speculations on the subject of government, we must at last return to this important truth—that when we have formed a constitution on free principles, we may, with safety, furnish it with all the powers necessary to answer, in the most ample manner, the purposes of government.

The great objects desired are a free representation and mutual checks. When these can be obtained, all the apprehensions as to the extent of powers are unjust and imaginary. What, then, is the structure of this American Constitution? One branch of the Legislature is to be elected by the people—by the same people who choose your State Representatives. Its members are to hold office for two years, and then return to their constituents. Here the people govern. Here they act by their immediate representatives. You also have a Senate, constituted by your State Legislatures, by men in whom you place the highest confidence, and forming another representative branch. Then, again, you have an Executive Magistrate, created by a form of election which merits universal admiration. You

find all the checks which the greatest politicians and the best writers have ever conceived. What more can reasonable man desire? The legislative authority is lodged in three distinct branches, and the judicial is still reserved as an independent body who hold their offices during good behavior. This organization is all so skillfully contrived that it is next to impossible that an impolitic or wicked measure should pass its scrutiny with success.

What do gentlemen mean by coming forward and declaiming against this government? Why do they say that we ought to limit its powers and destroy its capacity for blessing the people? Has philosophy suggested, has experience taught, that such a government ought not to be intrusted with everything necessary for the good of society? When you have divided and balanced the departments of government; when you have strongly connected the virtue of your rulers with their interests; when, in short, you have rendered your system as perfect as human forms can be—you must place confidence; and you must give power.

—Alexander Hamilton.

THE LITTLE OUTCAST'S PLEA

We laid in a cell, Mister Judge, all night long,
Jimmie and me, waitin' and wishin' for the mornin' to dawn,
'Cause we couldn't sleep, Mister Judge, in that cold, damp place,
And Jimmie was most scared to death at the wild, mad race
That the rats kept runnin' all through the dark night;
That's why we were glad, Mister Judge, to see the daylight.

Please, Mister Judge, we are not very bad little boys,
And the policeman what took us said we're some mother's joys.

He was wrong, Mister Judge, and should only have said
That we're two little outcasts, and our mother is dead—
And there's no one to care for us, at least here below,
And no roof that shelters us from the rain and the snow.

A preacher once told us that way up in the blue
There was a God that was watchin' all that little boys do,
And that He loved little children, and His love it was free;
But I guess, Mister Judge, He don't love Jimmie or me,
For I prayed, and I prayed, till I was 'most out of breath,
For something to eat and to keep Jimmie from death.

And that's why we're here, Mister Judge, for you know
There was no help from above—I must find it below.
'Twas no use beggin' and be told in God I must trust,
For I begged all the day, and got never a crust;
And there was poor Jimmie, holdin' his cold little feet,
And cryin' and moanin' for somethin' to eat.

So I went to a house that was not very far,
And saw, Mister Judge, that the back door was ajar,
And a table was settin' right close by the door,
Just loaded with pies, about twenty or more.
So I quickly slipped in and grabbed one to my breast;
The policeman then caught us, and you know the rest.

Discharged, did you say, Mister Judge! both Jimmie and I?
And—and we ain't got to be jailed 'cause I took a pie!
And we can eat all we want!—how funny 'twill seem.
Say, Jimmie, pinch me, for I think it's a dream.
And you'll give us work, summer, winter and fall?
Say, Jimmie, I think there's a God, after all!

IN AMSTERDAM

Meynheer Hans Van Der Bloom has got
A magasin in Kalverstraat,
Where one can buy for sordid gold
Wares quaint and curious, new and old.
Here are antiquities galore—
The jewels which Dutch monarchs wore,
Swords, teacups, helmets, platters, clocks,
Bright Dresden jars, dull Holland crocks,
And all those joys I might rehearse
That please the eye, but wreck the purse.

I most admired an ancient bed,
With ornate carvings at its head,
A massive frame of dingy oak,
Whose curious size and mold bespoke
Prodigious age. "How much?" I cried,
"Ein tousand gildens," Hans replied.
And then the honest Dutchman said,
A king once owned that glorious bed.
King Fritz der Foorst, of blessed fame,
Had owned and slept within the same.
Then long I stood and mutely gazed,
By reminiscent splendor dazed;
And I had bought it right away
Had I the wherewithal to pay;
But, lacking of the needful pelf,
I thus discoursed within myself:
"Oh, happy Holland—where's the bliss
That can approximate to this
Possession of the rare antique
Which maniacs hanker for and seek?
My native land is full of stuff
That's good, but is not old enough.
Alas! it has no oaken beds
Wherein have slumbered royal heads,
No relic on whose face we see
The proof of grand antiquity!"

Thus reasoned I a goodly spell,
Until perchance my vision fell
Upon a trade-mark at the head
Of Fritz der Foorst's old oaken bed—
A rampant Wolverine, and round
This strange device these words I found:
"Patent Antique. Berkey & Gay,
Grand Rapids, Michigan, U. S. A."

At present I'm not saying much
About the simple, guileless Dutch;
And as it was a loathsome spot,
I kept away from Kalverstraat;
Determined when I want a bed
In which has slept a royal head,
I'll patronize no middleman,
But deal direct with Michigan.

—Eugene Field.

WARNING

Ask me nothing now, my dear—
The stars are all too large and near;
At dusk the peepers in the pool
Make my pulses play the fool;
Robins with morning winds awake
And in my spirit barriers break;
The willows are too golden green,
The grasses are too young and clean,
The little brooks too loud and swift;
Too red a crest the maples lift.
The heart of life beats high and glad—
Can we keep wise when earth goes mad?
Do not ask me anything
Lest misfortune fall.
I am in love with Love and Spring
And not with you at all!

—Amelia Josephine Burr, in *The Outlook.*

CHANGES

Whom first we love, you know, we seldom wed.
Time rules us all. And life, indeed, is not
The thing we planned it out ere hope was dead.
And then, we women cannot choose our lot.

Much must be borne which it is hard to bear;
Much given away which it were sweet to keep.
God help us all! who need, indeed, His care,
And yet, I know, the Shepherd loves His sheep.

My little boy begins to babble now
Upon my knee his earliest infant prayer.
He has his father's eager eyes, I know;
And, they say, too, his mother's sunny hair.

But when he sleeps and smiles upon my knee,
And I can feel his light breath come and go,
I think of one (Heaven help and pity me!)
Who loved me, and whom I loved, long ago;

Who might have been . . . ah, what I dare not think!
We are all changed. God judges for us best.
God help us do our duty, and not shrink,
And trust in Heaven humbly for the rest.

But blame us women not, if some appear
Too cold at times; and some too gay and light.
Some griefs gnaw deep. Some woes are hard to bear.
Who knows the past? and who can judge us right?

Ah, were we judged by what we might have been,
And not by what we are—too apt to fall!
My little child—he sleeps and smiles between
These thoughts and me. In heaven we shall know all!

—Bulwer Lytton.

THE WIDE BROWN ROAD

Before my door a wide brown road I see,
And blithesomely it winds away from me;
I do not know what in its way may lie,
Or on what quest its travelers may be.

Sometimes I dream it crosses brooks that creep
Slowly to find the lake so still and deep;
I stand upon the bridge and see below
The eddying waters and the trout's swift leap.

I see fair homes behind the screening trees,
Which thrill like harps in every passing breeze,
With children playing by the kitchen door,
Which rises out from gold-starred, grassy seas.

The road winds on where stately hills arise,
Or past some pool which like a mirror lies,
Holding a picture of the arch above,
Or tossing billows when the north wind cries.

And at its end there lies a city fair—
I dream of chiming towers and buildings there—
And there my road comes to a happy end;
But of its travelers, who shall know, or care?

—Ninette M. Lowater.

ROLLER-SKATING

Gaily gliding,
Smoothly sliding
O'er the polished floor!
Poetry of motion such as never was before.
Onward sweeping,
Never creeping,
Round and round the track—
Sizz!
Whizz!
Flat upon my back!

Up and swinging,
Onward flinging,
Singing as I swing.
Round about the place I'm soaring like a bird on wing,
Ever flying,
Never sighing,
Round and round, and then—
Whang!
Bang!
Down I go again!

Up and speeding,
All unheeding,
On my way I go,
Like an errant bob-sled sliding o'er the frosty snow.
Never fretting,
Pirouetting,
Like a dancer plump—
Rip!
Zip!
Golly, what a bump!

Once more skating,
Undulating,
Free of every care!
Like a fleck of filmy cloud-mist flirting through the air.
Swiftly swerving,
Swaying, curving,
In a dreamy dance—
Ow!
Wow!
Call an ambulance!

—Carlyle Smith, in *Munsey's.*

BACK!

I've been out next to nature's heart;
I've led the simple, simple life,
Where honest faith is more than art,
And peas are eaten with a knife.
I've worshiped at the Druids' shrine,
I've followed Pan upon his track;
I've drunk my fill of Dian's wine,
But say, I'm glad I'm back!

I love the farmhouse on the hill,
The cottage on the country way,
Where vines are peeping at the sill,
And coal-oil lamps are *tout au fait.*
Sweet is the life where wants are small,
And sweet the wild nook in the wood;
Yet in the fulness of it all
An ice-cream soda might taste good!

I love the wide outlying lands,
I love the unobstructed sky;
I love the honest harvest hands
With appetites for breakfast pie.
I love the "heaven-kissing hill,"
I love the "cowslip on the lea";
I love "the bank whereon"—but still
A bath-tub also pleases me.

Ah me, the ice-clink in the glass!
Hot water hissing at a touch!
A thousand marvels come to pass—
Street-cars and salads, shows and such!
Briareus with his hundred hands
Stands quick to serve whate'er I lack!
Oh, palaces and pop-corn stands!
Oh, say, I'm glad I'm back!

—Edmund Vance Cooke, in *Munsey's.*

A SERENADE

"Lullaby, O, lullaby!"
Thus I heard a father cry.
"Lullaby, O, lullaby!
The brat will never shut an eye;
Hither come, some power divine!
Close his lids, or open mine!"

"Lullaby, O, lullaby!
What the devil makes him cry?
Lullaby, O, lullaby!
Still he stares—I wonder why,
Why are not the sons of earth
Blind, like puppies, from their birth?"

"Lullaby, O, lullaby!"
Thus I heard the father cry;
"Lullaby, O, lullaby!
Mary, you must come and try!—
Hush, oh, hush, for mercy's sake—
The more I sing, the more you wake!"

"Lullaby, O, lullaby!
Fie, you little creature, fie!
Lullaby, O, lullaby!
Is no poppy-syrup nigh?
Give him some, or give him all,
I am nodding to his fall!"

"Lullaby, O, lullaby!
Two such nights and I shall die!
Lullaby, O, lullaby!
He'll be bruised, and so shall I—
How can I from bedposts keep,
When I'm walking in my sleep?"

"Lullaby, O, lullaby!
Sleep his very looks deny—
Lullaby, O, lullaby!
Nature soon will stupefy—
My nerves relax—my eyes grow dim—
Who's that fallen—me or him?"

—Thomas Hood.

GIVE OLD MOTHER NATURE A CHANCE

Escape from your shop for a little,
No matter just where it may be.
Go out in the green woods and whittle,
Or wander along by the sea.
Fly forth from the turbulent city
And all of its clangorous ills,
And list to the jovial ditty
Of birds on the burgeoning hills.

No matter how much you enjoy it,
Drop work for a moment and dance.
Go out for a little and "boy it"—
Give old Mother Nature a chance.
Be noisy and fresh, and be jolly;
Build castles of nothing but air;
Drop worry and black melancholy—
Escape from vexation and care.

Go lie in the grass and just holler;
Go laze by the babbling streams.
Forget there's a thing called the dollar,
And live in your visions and dreams.
Like mists of the night, like a bubble,
Will vanish unquiet and fear;
And out of the sea of your trouble
Will rise the warm sunlight of cheer.

—John Kendricks Bangs.

HOMESICK

I've lived abroad for quite a while,
Some thirty years or more;
I know the lotus-blooming Nile,
I've strolled by Tiber's shore.
I'm weary of the weird old Sphinx,
And Tutenkhamun's tomb;
I want to see some bobolinks,
And goldenrods in bloom.

Some love the soft, melodious tongue
When the Italians speak;
By others are the praises sung
Of Spanish, French or Greek;
But I've an ache that's like a tooth,
A steady, growing pang
To hear the language of my youth
In good old nasal twang!

The bees still make on Grecian hills
The honey Venus ate,
And Hybla's busy swarm distills
A brew more delicate;
I envy not the ancient horde
Who gorged these classic eats—
Give me some maple syrup poured
Upon a stack of wheats!

The seven hills of ancient Rome
Appeal to me in vain;
I long to see my mother's home
Among the hills of Maine;
I'm tired of all this foreign bliss;
I'll trade the Grecian sky
And throw in the Acropolis
For a piece of punkin pie!

So I'll take ship and fare due west
Along Columbus' track,
Unto the land I love the best,
And never more come back.
I've seen, these many restless nights,
They beckon me by day,
The elfin, dancing harbor lights
Of New York, U. S. A!
—GEORGE HORTON, in *Saturday Evening Post.*

ENDURANCE

How much the heart may bear, and yet not break!
How much the flesh may suffer, and not die!
I question much if any pain or ache
Of soul or body brings our end more nigh:
Death chooses his own time: till that is sworn,
All evils may be borne.

We shrink and shudder at the surgeon's knife,
Each nerve recoiling from the cruel steel
Whose edge seems searching for the quivering life,
Yet to our sense the bitter pangs reveal,
That still, although the trembling flesh be torn,
This also can be borne.

We see a sorrow rising in our way,
And try to flee from the approaching ill;
We seek some small escape; we weep and pray;
But when the blow falls, then our hearts are still;
Not that the pain is of its sharpness shorn,
But that it can be borne.

We wind our life about another life;
We hold it closer, dearer than our own:
Anon it faints and fails in deathly strife,
Leaving us stunned, and stricken, and alone;
But ah! we do not die with those we mourn,—
This also can be borne.

Behold, we live through all things—famine, thirst,
Bereavement, pain; all grief and misery,
All woe and sorrow; life inflicts its worst
On soul and body—but we cannot die.
Though we be sick, and tired, and faint, and worn,
Lo, all things can be borne.

—Elizabeth Akers Allen.

TO YOU IN BOHEMIA

I dreamed last night that to our open door
You came with eager feet; and, looking in
Across the golden daffodils that bloom
Beside the sill, you saw your place prepared
As for a welcome guest; and you came in
And sat among us, with your hair wind-blown
About your face. Then I awoke and found
The door ajar, the daffodils in bloom,
And all but you! Ah, me! When will you come?

The old home wears the very look it wore
When you went from us. Even now, sweetheart,
The orchard trees, all gnarled and bent with years,
Are young again with spring. The paths are pink
With drifting petals from the peach. The rose
Beyond the gate is bursting into red;
Your lilies whiten. All the birds are back
From their long flight. Ah, me! When will you come?

Ofttimes, at even, when above their cote
The gray-winged pigeons circle ere they light
And from the purple distance of the hill
The flocks, with tinkling bells, come to the fold;
When through the dusk a red bird flashes by,
To seek the tree wherein a nest lies hid,
We sit in silence, for our thoughts are flown
In search of you. Ah, me! When will you come?

In that far country which we do not know,
Is there a brook as joyous as the one
That makes our meadows gay? Do birds sing there?
And does the balm grow sweet along your way?
See! I have crushed between these pages here
One fragrant leaf. I plucked it on the path
Just where, between the willow and the birch,
You catch the first glad glimpse of home. You know
The very spot. Ah, me! When will you come?

—Maud Lindsay, in *Munsey's*.

WEST POINT

'Twas Commencement eve, and the ballroom belle
In her dazzling beauty was mine that night,
As the music dreamily rose and fell,
And the waltzers whirled in a blaze of light:
I can see them now in the moonbeam's glance
Across the street on a billowy floor,
That rises and falls with the merry dance,
To a music that flows in my heart once more.

A long half hour in the twilight leaves
Of the shrubbery: she, with coquettish face,
And dainty arms in their flowing sleeves,
A dream of satins and love and lace.
In the splendor there of her queenly smile,
Through her two bright eyes I could see the glow
Of cathedral windows, as up the aisle
We marched to a music's ebb and flow.

All in a dream of Commencement eve!
I remember I awkwardly buttoned a glove
On the dainty arm in its flowing sleeve,
With a broken sentence of hope and love.
But the diamonds that flashed in her wavy hair,
And the beauty that shone in her faultless face,
Are all I recall as I struggled there,
A poor brown fly in a web of lace.

Yet a laughing, coquettish face I see,
As the moonlight falls on the pavement gray,
I can hear her laugh in the melody
Of the waltz's music across the way.
And I kept the glove so dainty and small
That I stole as she sipped her lemonade,
Till I packed it away I think with all
Of those traps I lost in our Northern raid.

But I never can list to that waltz divine,
With its golden measure of joy and pain,
But it brings like the flavor of some old wine
To my heart the warmth of the past again.
A short flirtation—that's all, you know,
Some faded flowers, a silken tress,
The letters I burned up years ago,
When I heard from her last in the Wilderness.

I suppose, could she see I am maimed and old,
She would soften the scorn that was changed to hate,
When I chose the bars of the gray and gold,
And followed the South to its bitter fate.
But here's to the lads of the Northern blue,
And here's to the boys of the Southern gray,
And I would that the Northern star but knew
How the Southern cross is borne to-day.

—L. C. Strong.

WHERE ARE YOU GOING MY PRETTY MAID?

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?"
"I am going a-milking, sir," she said.
"May I go with you, my pretty maid?"
"You're kindly welcome, sir," she said.
"What is your father, my pretty maid?"
"My father's a farmer, sir," she said.
"What is your fortune, my pretty maid?"
"My face is my fortune, sir," she said.
"Then I can't marry you, my pretty maid!"
"Nobody asked you, sir," she said.

THE BABY AT THE WINDOW

In the twilight of the city,
  When the busy day is done,
And the human ranks march homeward
  From their battles lost and won—
When the shops let down their shutters
  And the street-lamps flicker up,
And a legion homes are lighted
  For the social bit and sup—
Oh, above all other visions
  Sweet to weary heart and brain,
Is the baby at the window
  With his face against the pane!

With his golden hair like sunshine,
  And his eyes like Heaven's stars,
And his dewy lips twin-roses
  That no storm or season mars—
With his little face all laughter
  And his childish heart all glee,
And his tiny hands a-quiver
  With Life's springtime ecstasy—
In the mother-arms that nest him
  He is waiting for the bliss
That his big, strong, splendid Papa
  Brings him nightly with a kiss.

How he kicks and crows in rapture
  As a firm step echoes nigh,
And his pretty Mamma blushes
  At the dear face flashing by!
Then a hand tip-taps the window,
  And the home-door opens wide,
And a shaggy coat engulfs him
  For his wondrous ev'ning-ride
Pick-a-back on Papa's shoulder;
  Then, in dizzy fall and rise—
With a kiss between each journey
  To and fro from earth to skies!

As his baby's arms enfold him
And his baby's lips uplift,
Past the man in Love's port anchor'd,
Passion's deathward currents drift;
And he knows that Home is sweetest
And that Wifehood is its heart,
And his soul grows strong within him
For the man's heroic part—
And the gains that he must garner,
And the tempters he must shame,
Are a glory, not a burden,
In his Wife's and Baby's name!

—MINNIE GILMORE.

A HUNDRED YEARS TO COME

Where, where will be the birds that sing,
A hundred years to come?
The flowers that now in beauty spring,
A hundred years to come?
The rosy cheek,
The lofty brow,
The heart that beats
So quickly now?
Where, where will be our hopes and fears,
Joy's pleasant smiles and sorrow's tears,
A hundred years to come?

Who'll press for gold the crowded street,
A hundred years to come?
Who'll tread yon aisle with willing feet,
A hundred years to come?
Pale trembling age
And fiery youth,
And childhood with
Its brow of truth;
The rich, the poor, on land and sea—
Where will the mighty millions be,
A hundred years to come?

We all within our graves will sleep,
A hundred years to come;
No living soul for us will weep,
A hundred years to come;
And others then
Our lands will till,
And other men
Our homes will fill,
And other birds will sing as gay,
And bright the sun shine as to-day,
A hundred years to come.

—Hiram D. Spencer.

"MUVVER"

My Fambly's such a busy one!
They're doin' things all day.
They have to work so drefful hard
They have no time for play;
'N' when I'm tucked up in my bed
At night, they're working, too:
Seems though they never could quite stop
They have so much to do—
That is, exceptin' Muvver,
'N' somehow ruther, she
Is never doin' anything
But havin' fun wif me.

My sister goes to school all day,
She is *so* dignified!
She reads 'r writes 'n' studies books;
'N' only once she cried
When I was sick, right in my crib,
'N' then my sister said
That no one else know how to fix
Curl-papers on her head.
'N' then my Muvver laughed at her
As nice as she could be
'Cuz she was makin' toast 'n' gruel
'N' other things for me.

My Daddy's such a busy man
He can't have any fun.
My Muvver says he fights wif giunts
'N' whips 'em one by one.
I guess he can, he is so strong,
But he's so tired at night
He kinder flops down in a chair
That Muvver sets just right,
Or else he lies down on the couch
'N' pulls his collar free,
'N' Muvver rubs his head 'n' nen
Makes goo-goo eyes at me.

I'm glad my Muvver never has
A thing to do but play.
I guess I'd be *so* lonesome
If she ever went away.
Sometimes I wake up early
'N' nen, when she's asleep,
I try to push her eyelids up
'N' inside take a peep;
'N' that's the *only* time she's cross.
I wonder why, when she
Has nuffin' else to do all day
But just have fun wif me?

—Tom Masson.

THE WANDERER

I have come back to my own again, to my old familiar place—
To the peace and quiet I left behind in this little circled space.
I have warmed my hands by the friendly blaze of many a home hearth-side:
"At last," they say, "he has come to stay—at last he is satisfied."
But there is a cry in the wind to-night, and it will not let me be,
And well I know I must rise and go whenever it comes to me.

My feet are stayed in the pleasant ways, my heart is a
thing at rest;
For me there is neither north nor south, there is neither
east nor west.
And out of a very thankfulness the spirit in me sings
For a new-born beauty I find each day in simple and
homely things.
Yet there is a voice in the wind to-night, like the surge
of the western sea,
And it's I that know I must rise and go whenever it
comes to me.

The West with its wide and open charm, the East with
its days that were,
The fragrant South with its lotus bloom, the North
with its spicy fir—
They have taken my fancy, each in turn, and held me
a little while,
But the feet turn back to the beaten paths when it
comes to the last long mile.
Yet there is a call in the wind to-night, and the gray
road opens free,
And to-morrow I know I shall rise and go wherever it
beckons me.

—Esther Clark Hill.

IT'S A BOBBER SHOP NOW

"Newt Whaley, Barber Shop," was what we read upon
his sign
When Newt unlocked at 6 a.m. and closed at night at 9.
It use' to be worth while—that shop; a feller could
drop in
An' trade the latest racin' dope while Newt scraped on
his chin.
But times has changed—an' Newt's changed, too; upon
his wall you see
A gilt edged sign of "Ladies' Hours from 10 a.m. to 3."

A body use' to have a chance to rest a while in there,
An' chaw his fine cut while he talked with some one in Newt's chair.
We kep' up with th' baseball scores, and argued politics—
But times has changed—an' times that was an' times that is won't mix!
Newt Whaley ain't th' same at all; he's gettin' pretty gay,
An' wears his Sunday suit to work, all spruced up, every day.

One mornin' we was settin' there—three, four of us, you know—
With Jerry Holcomb tellin' us about a burlesque show
He'd seen th' week before, while he was on a little trip,
When in walked that school teacher—she's a pretty little snip.
She climbed into Newt Whaley's chair in front of all our mob—
Says, business-like as all get out, "I want a shingle bob!"

Newt looked at us—we looked at him . . . He took an' cut her hair,
An' 'fore that day was over there was three more come in there.
It wasn't long till Saturday — them wimmen — I be durn!
They kept ol' Newt so busy that no man could get a turn.
An' Newt! Doggone his treachery; he swept his shop out clean
An' had his wife put fancy shades behind th' window screen.

Well, one by one we quit Newt's place; we won't loaf
there again
Until he learns there's got to be some place reserved
for men!
Why, all th' time th' wimmenfolks keeps goin' in his
door—
An' now he's got the walls all cleaned, an' rugs put
on th' floor.
He's turnin' sissy, too! Last time I went in, wha' 'd
he say
But: "Will you try a Russian clip or classic bob
today?"

Saloons is gone; th' blacksmith shop's a big garage
place now;
Th' farmers wear white collars an' buy gas to run th'
plow.
Th' grocery ain't got no chairs where fellers can set
down—
There ain't a single place a man can loaf an' talk in
town.
It won't be long until some day we'll see th' worst, an'
stop
To read a new sign on Newt's door—"Newt Whaley—
Bobber Shop!"

—Wilbur D. Nesbit, in *Chicago Tribune.*

THE USE OF FLOWERS

God might have bade the earth bring forth
Enough for great and small,
The oak tree and the cedar tree,
Without a flower at all.

We might have had enough, enough,
For every want of ours,
For luxury, medicine, and toil,
And yet have had no flowers.

The ore within the mountain mine
  Requireth none to grow;
Nor doth it need the lotus-flower
  To make the river flow.

The clouds might give abundant rain,
  The nightly dews might fall,
And the herb that keepeth life in man
  Might yet have drunk them all.

Then wherefore, wherefore were they made,
  All dyed with rainbow-light,
All fashioned with supremest grace,
  Upspringing day and night:—

Springing in valleys green and low,
  And on the mountains high,
And in the silent wilderness
  Where no man passes by?

Our outward life requires them not,—
  Then wherefore had they birth?—
To minister delight to man,
  To beautify the earth;

To comfort man—to whisper hope,
  Whene'er his faith is dim,
For Who so careth for the flowers
  Will much more care for him!

—Mary Howitt.

LIFE

Life! I know not what thou art,
But know that thou and I must part;
And when, or how, or where we met
I own to me's a secret yet.

Life! we've been long together,
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather;
'Tis hard to part when friends are dear—
Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh, a tear;
—Then steal away, give little warning,
Choose thine own time;
Say not Good-Night,—but in some brighter clime
Bid me Good-Morning.

—Anna Letitia Barbauld.

THE SEALERS OF NEWFOUNDLAND

HO! We be the Sealers of Newfoundland!
We clear from a snowy shore,
Out into the gale with our steam and sail,
Where tempest and tumult roar.
We battle the floe as we northward go,
North, from a frozen strand!
Through lead, through bay, we battle our way,
We Sealers of Newfoundland!

Yea, we be the Sealers of Newfoundland!
We laugh at the blinding dark;
We mock the wind, as we fling behind
The wilderness hoar and stark.
We jest at death, at the icy breath
Of the Pole, by the north-lights spanned.
In a wild Death-dance we dice with Chance,
We Sealers of Newfoundland!

Sealers, ho Sealers of Newfoundland,
With engines begrimed and racked,
With groaning beams where the blue ice gleams,
We push through the growlers packed,
With rifle, with knife we press our strife.
What lubber shall understand
The war we fight in the ghostly light?
Aye, Sealers of Newfoundland!

The ice glows red where our skin-boots tread,
And crimson the gleaming floes.
From mast we "scun" till our race be run,
Where the Labrador current goes.
From ship we spring to the pans that swing;
By stalwarts our deck is manned.
O'er the blood-red road the sculps are towed
By the Sealers of Newfoundland!

Oh, some may sail with a southern gale;
Some may fare east or west.
The North is ours, where the white storm lowers,
Wild North that we love the best!
Oh North, we ken that ye make us men;
Your glory our eyes have scanned,
Hard men we be, of the Frozen Sea,
We Sealers of Newfoundland!

Bitterly bold through the stinging cold
We vanquish the naked North.
We make our kill with an iron will,
Where the great white cold stalks forth.
"Onward!" we cry, where the bare bergs lie,
Dauntless our course is planned.
With blood, with sweat, scant bread we get,
We Sealers of Newfoundland!

"Starb'rd!" and "Steady!" and "Port!" we steer:
Press on through the grinding pan!
We labor and muck for a fling at luck,
Each man of us, God! a man!
We cheer at the bawl of the white-coats all,
We labor with knife and hand,
With rope and gaff. At the North we laugh,
We Sealers of Newfoundland!

Where the old dog-hood and the old harps' brood
Lie out on the raftered pack,
We tally our prey. Then away and away,
Men, Ho for the homeward track!
Till the day dawns near when a welcome cheer
Shall greet us, as red we stand
On the decks that come to our island home,
We Sealers of Newfoundland!

—George Allan England.

IO VICTIS

I sing the hymn of the conquered, who fell in the battle of life,—
The hymn of the wounded, the beaten, who died overwhelmed in the strife;
Not the jubilant song of the victors, for whom the resounding acclaim
Of nations was lifted in chorus, whose brows wore the chaplet of fame,
But the hymn of the low and the humble, the weary, the broken in heart,
Who strove and who failed, acting bravely a silent and desperate part;
Whose youth bore no flower on its branches, whose hopes burned in ashes away,
From whose hands slipped the prize they had grasped at, who stood at the dying of day
With the wreck of their life all around them, unpitied, unheeded, alone,
With death swooping down o'er their failure, and all but their faith overthrown.

While the voice of the world shouts its chorus,—its pæan for those who have won;
While the trumpet is sounding triumphant, and high to the breeze and the sun
Glad banners are waving, hands clapping, and hurrying feet
Thronging after the laurel-crowned victors, I stand on the field of defeat,
In the shadow, with those who are fallen, and wounded, and dying, and there
Chant a requiem low, place my hand on their pain-knotted brows, breathe a prayer,
Hold the hand that is helpless, and whisper—"They only the victory win,
"Who have fought the good fight and have vanquished the demon that tempts us within;
"Who have held to their faith unseduced by the prize that the world holds on high;
"Who have dared for a high cause to suffer, resist, fight—if need be to die."

Speak, History! who are Life's victors? Unroll thy long annals, and say
Are they those whom the world called the victors—who won the success of a day?
The martyrs or Nero? The Spartans who fell at Thermopylæ's tryst,
Or the Persians and Xerxes? His judges or Socrates? Pilate or Christ?

—W. W. Story.

FATE

"The sky is clouded, the rocks are bare,
The spray of the tempest is white in air,
The winds are out with the waves at play,
And I shall not tempt the sea to-day.

"The trail is narrow, the wood is dim,
The panther clings to the arching limb,
And the lion's whelps are abroad at play,
And I shall not join in the chase to-day."

But the ship sail'd safely over the sea,
And the hunters came from the chase in glee,
And the town that was builded upon a rock
Was swallow'd up in the earthquake shock.

—Bret Harte.

A MUSICAL INSTRUMENT

What was he doing, the great god Pan,
  Down in the reeds by the river?
Spreading ruin and scattering ban,
Splashing and paddling with hoofs of a goat,
And breaking the golden lilies afloat
  With the dragon-fly on the river?

He tore out a reed, the great god Pan,
  From the deep, cool bed of the river.
The limpid water turbidly ran,
And the broken lilies a-dying lay,
And the dragon-fly had fled away,
  Ere he brought it out of the river.

High on the shore sate the great god Pan,
  While turbidly flow'd the river,
And hack'd and hew'd as a great god can
With his hard, bleak steel at the patient reed,
Till there was not a sign of a leaf indeed
  To prove it fresh from the river.

He cut it short, did the great god Pan
(How tall it stood in the river!)
Then drew the pith like the heart of a man,
Steadily from the outside ring,
Then notch'd the poor dry empty thing
In holes as he sate by the river.

"This is the way," laugh'd the great god Pan
(Laugh'd while he sate by the river),
"The only way since gods began
To make sweet music, they could succeed."
Then dropping his mouth to a hole in the reed,
He blew in power by the river.

Sweet, sweet, sweet, O Pan,
Piercing sweet by the river!
Blinding sweet, O great god Pan!
The sun on the hill forgot to die,
And the lilies revived, and the dragon-fly
Came back to dream on the river.

Yet half a beast is the great god Pan,
To laugh, as he sits by the river,
Making a poet out of a man.
The true gods sigh for the cost and the pain,—
For the reed that grows nevermore again
As a reed with the reeds of the river.

—Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

THE THREAD-AND-NEEDLE TREE

Gladys Mehitable Arabelle Jane
Could never be taught to sew!
A table they gave her, exact to her size,
With drawers and with fittings a princess might prize.
Such needles she owned in a glittering line;
Such thread and such silk, both the coarse and the fine;
The daintiest scissors that ever were seen,
A wee golden thimble, a gem for a queen;
But, spite of these charming and housewifely things
And a pink brocade work-bag with blue satin strings,
She could not be *made* to sew!

Gladys Mehitable Arabelle Jane
  Could never be taught to sew!
Her mother's instructions she viewed with disdain;
Her grandmother's teaching was given in vain.
Her needles she'd break and her thread she would lose,
Her thimble she'd hide in the tops of her shoes,
She'd tear a fine handkerchief given to make,
Her sampler she'd throw to the puppy to shake.
And then she would cry, and she'd fret, and she'd
    scold,
And vow if she lived to be ninety years old
  She *never* would learn to sew!

Gladys Mehitable Arabelle Jane,
  Who never would learn to sew—
Oh, a terrible thing befell the child!
She was sent to live in a desert wild,
By her godmother fay, who was heard to swear
She'd reform the chit or she'd leave her there!
'Twas a Mexican desert where Arabelle went,
And shelter she had none, not even a tent.
Her task was to gather her teardrops and soak
The Needle-and-Thread Tree! Dear me, what a joke
  On a child who so *"hated"* to sew!

Gladys Mehitable Arabelle Jane,
  Who never would learn to sew,
Draws her needles now from a cactus leaf,
And her thread unwinds from a prickly sheaf!
She does it with care, and they've taught her to sing,
"Oh, 'tis sewing I love above everything!"
Her needles are thorns and they're shining and long,
Her thread is a fibre and marvelous strong:
And all day long on the desert sands
She mournfully chants o'er her gussets and bands—
  This Gladys who never would sew!

Gladys Mehitable Arabelle Jane,
  Who never would learn to sew,
Tends the Needle Tree in the desert drear,
But her other tasks not so sweet appear.
She mends the crown of the fat horned toad;
The lizard's tail, if it snaps in the road;
The scorpion's claws she bastes on tight,
And the spider's web she darns by night.
She's the tailor for snake and for bumblebee.
Oh, ever, eternally busy is she,
  This Gladys who *"hated"* to sew!

—Nora Archibald Smith.

THE CHAMELEON

Oft has it been my lot to mark
A proud, conceited, talking spark,
With eyes that hardly served at most
To guard their master 'gainst a post,
Yet round the world the blade has been
To see whatever could be seen.
Returning from his finish'd tour
Grown ten times perter than before;
Whatever word you chance to drop,
The travell'd fool your mouth will stop;
"Sir, if my judgment you'll allow,
I've seen—and sure I ought to know,"
So begs you'd pay a due submission,
And acquiesce in his decision.

Two travellers of such a cast,
As o'er Arabia's wilds they pass'd,
And on their way, in friendly chat,
Now talk'd of this, and then of that,
Discoursed a while, 'mongst other matter,
Of the chameleon's form and nature.
"A stranger animal," cries one,
"Sure never lived beneath the sun.
A lizard's body, lean and long,
A fish's head, a serpent's tongue,
Its foot with triple claw disjoin'd,
And what a length of tail behind!
How slow its pace, and then its hue,—
Who ever saw so fine a blue?"

"Hold, there!" the other quick replies;
" 'Tis *green*,—I saw it with these eyes,
As late with open mouth it lay,
And warm'd it in the sunny ray;
Stretch'd at its ease the beast I view'd,
And saw it eat the air for food."
"I've seen it, sir, as well as you,
And must again affirm it blue;
At leisure I the beast survey'd,
Extended in the cooling shade."
" 'Tis green, 'tis green, sir, I assure ye."
"Green!" cries the other in a fury,—
"Why, sir, dy'e think I've lost my eyes?"
" 'Twere no great loss," the friend replies,
"For if they always serve you thus,
You'll find them of but little use."

So high at last the contest rose,
From words they almost came to blows,
When luckily came by a third,—
To him the question they referr'd,
And begg'd he'd tell 'em, if he knew,
Whether the thing was green or blue.
"Sirs," cries the umpire, "cease your pother!
The creature's neither one nor t'other.
I caught the animal last night,
And view'd it o'er by candlelight;
I mark'd it well—'twas black as jet;
You stare,—but, sirs, I've got it yet,
And can produce it." "Pray, sir, do:
I'll lay my life the thing is blue."
"And I'll be sworn, that when you've seen
The reptile, you'll pronounce him green."

"Well then, at once to ease the doubt,"
Replies the man, "I'll turn him out,
And when before your eyes I've set him,
If you don't find him black, I'll eat him."
He said, then full before their sight
Produced the beast, and lo!—'twas white.

Both stared; the man look'd wondrous wise—
"My children," the chameleon cries
(Then first the creature found a tongue),
"You all are right, and all are wrong;
When next you talk of what you view,
Think others see as well as you;
Nor wonder, if you find that none
Prefers your eyesight to his own."

—James Merrick.

"HELLO, MISS BROWN"

She was just a little teacher
In a Sunday-school uptown,
When first she caught my notice by her bright and sunny smile;
And the children, day by day,
As she passed them on the way,
Always turned about and called to her:
"Hello, Miss Brown!"

She was quite like other mortals
(At least, I thought so then),
Not so very beautiful, but gay and full of fun;
Yet the youngsters all agree
There are none so fair as she,
And they think they could not live without
Their dear Miss Brown.

I used to ponder idly:
Was she ever known to frown?
Until the day when Hogan struck lame Billy with a stone;
Then such wrath and righteous ire
Scorched the bully as with fire,
And my spirit cheered within me: "Hip,
Hurrah, Miss Brown!"

And when next I met her, walking
In a still and shady lane,
I looked into her eyes of gray, their changing lights to catch.
It was hardly circumspect,
Yet I gladly recollect
That she smiled when I saluted her:
"Hello, Miss Brown!"

But of course I said "Forgive me!"
And "I know 'twas very rude,
But how could man — just common man — withstand
your witching spell?
The radiance that shone
From your smile would melt a stone.
How I wish I went to Sunday-school
To you, Miss Brown."

So she took me as a pupil,
But it was to church we went;
And I love my teacher better every year that rolls
away.
Still the children think they own her—
That to me they merely loan her—
For they always say, on meeting us:
"Hello, Miss Brown!"

—Frances A. Pratt.

SHE WOULDN'T SAY PLEASE

There was once a small child who would never say
please,
I believe, if you even went down on your knees.
But, her arms on the table, would sit at her ease,
And call out to her mother in words such as these:
"I want some potatoes!" "Give me some peas!"
"Hand me the butter!" "Cut me some cheese!"
So the fairies, this very rude daughter to tease,
Once blew her away in a powerful breeze,
Over the mountains, and over the seas,
To a valley where never a dinner she sees,
But down with the ants, the wasps, and the bees,
In the woods she must live till she learns to say please.

—M. S. P. in *St. Nicholas*.

ENCORES

GOOD MEDICINE

The druggist leaned on his counter rail
As I strolled in with a letter to mail,
And a small, pale boy of a puny build
Came in to have a prescription filled.
And the druggist frowned a wise, wise frown
As he clinked mysterious vials down
And mixed queer things in a graded cup
And funneled the small boy's bottle up.
And he labeled the bottle and corked and capped it
And took white paper and neatly wrapped it
And made it fast with a rubber band;
Then under the counter he thrust one hand
Into a drawer that was open handy
And brought out a fistful of nice hard candy—
Comfits and peppermints, white and red—
And he shoved the lot at the boy and said
With a growl and a scowl both fierce and fell,
"If you don't eat those you won't get well!"
And the small boy grinned, for the small boy knew
What the druggist meant, and I grinned, too,
As I bought my stamp and mailed my letter;
And I'm sure that the little boy got better!
—Arthur Guiterman, in *The Saturday Evening Post.*

THE TICKET AGENT

Like any merchant in a store
Who sells things by the pound or score,

He deals with scarce perfunctory glance
Small pass-keys to the world's Romance.

He takes dull money, turns and hands
The roadways to far distant lands.

Bright shining rail and fenceless sea
Are partners to his wizardry.

He calls off names as if they were
Just names to cause no heart to stir.

For listening you'll hear him say
". . . and then to Aden and Bombay . . ."

Or ". . . 'Frisco first and then to Nome,
Across the Rocky Mountains—Home . . ."

And never catch of voice to tell
He knows the lure or feels the spell.

Like any salesman in a store,
He sells but tickets—nothing more.

And casual as any clerk
He deals in dreams, and calls it—work!

—Edmund Leamy, in *Harper's Magazine*.

DESERT SAGE

My feet are treading the city streets,
But my heart is far astray,
Over the distant desert hills
Where the sage grows cool and grey.
Where the scent of the sage is keen and sweet
That flies on the wind away.

I hear the noise of the busy town
And the crowds that pass me by;
But my thoughts are away to the distant hills
As wild birds homeward fly.
I am one with the hills and the fragrant sage,
The wind, and the autumn sky.

And ever the western winds do blow,
From the Land of Yesterday,
Where the silvery plumes of desert sage
Fragrantly bend and sway;
(Oh, my feet are treading the city streets—
But my heart is far away!)

—Edith Osborne.

THE ELEVATOR GIRL

(A Monologue)

Fourth floor, going down—
Hardware, underwear, and hose.
Third floor, going down—
Toys, tobacco, children's clo'es.
Second floor, going down—
Linen, perfume, sports, and shoes.
First floor, going down—
Gramophones, pianos, news.
Ground floor, going down—
Hats, books, dresses, furs, and frocks.
Basement floor, bargain store—
Fish, fruit, art, hair-cutting, clocks.
Ground floor, going *up*—
Hats, books, dresses—read the rhyme,
Upwards, downwards,
Upwards, downwards,
Stop at six—
It's closing-time.

—Geoffrey Dearmer.

DAYS GONE BY

Alone by the grated window,
I mused in the after-glow;
The life I had lived unfolded—
I dwelt in the long ago;

Saw only blight and sorrow,
Roamed only the land of tears,
And never a golden moment came
Out of the buried years.

Like unto a cloud it faded,
Yet sadder it left me then;
I had traversed the vale of shadows
In my search for souls of men;
Had bowed at the crumbled ruins
Of my hopes and fears that day,
As I gazed at the dying colors
On the rim of the far away.

(Written by a woman prisoner in the Oregon penitentiary, and published in *Lend a Hand*.)

THE LITTLE ROAD

Did you ever notice a little road
That you didn't wonder where it led?
Whether—after the cool, green wood—
It chanced on the dell where your dream-house stood?
Maybe—beginning dusty and rough,
It keeps up the pretense just long enough
To tire those who haven't the clew,
And leave the adventure—and end—to you?
Maybe it leaves the highway to follow
Up, swooping up like the flight of a swallow—
Till valley and town lie dim below,
And Time flies far on the winds that blow,
There you may find a nook for your dreaming,
Seeming,
Just planned for you from the Edenglow.

So the little road cries to me: "Follow, follow,
Maybe you'll find that your dreams are hollow,
Maybe you'll see—but follow, follow,
Come with the faith of the homing swallow,
Or, to your death, you will never know."

—Ellen Morrill Mills.

RADIO, OR THE WONDERS OF SCIENCE

Between the steeples and the stars,
  Man works his latest miracle;
  The atmosphere is lyrical
With news of stolen motor cars.

A voice goes leaping into space,
  And sounds in huts and palaces,
  Enlightening Annes and Alices
On making Mud Packs for the Face.

While heaven's lightning, tamed and yoked
  By some appalling mystery,
  Gives to the world the history
Of How Old Grampa Bullfrog Croaked.

The air is full of words awing.
  On endless waves ethereal
  Is borne the daily serial—
The Dixie Serenaders sing.

How like a demigod is man!
  His mighty mind works tirelessly,
  That he may listen wirelessly
To Hash House Blues and Dapper Dan.

—Stoddard King, *in The Saturday Evening Post.*

AS GOOD AS GOLD

The day that I was five years old
I thought I'd be as good as gold.
I promised mother, as I stood there,
All dressed up, on a parlor chair,
That I would do my very best
To act as well as I was dressed.

She told me when my party came
To think of others in the game,
To let my visitors go first,
To take the smallest piece and worst,
And see that others had enough,
And not be greedy, cross, or rough.

But I forgot it once or twice,
And then my manners were not nice.
So when they'd gone she shook her head;
"As good as silver," mother said.
But—when I grow to six years old,
I know I'll be "as good as gold."
—Annie Willis McCullough, *in St. Nicholas.*

THE JILT

Why should I curl my hair for him?
He said the trouble couldn't be mended,
He said it must be good-by and go;
And he took up his hat, and all was ended.
So all was over. And I'm not dead!
And I've shed all the tears I'm going to shed!

And now he's wanting to come again?
Perhaps he's sorry; perhaps he misses
The hill-top girl. Well, let him come!
But no more love and no more kisses—
Whatever the future, gay or grim,
Why should I curl my hair for him?
—Agnes Lee, *in Poetry.*

TUMBLE-WEED LADIES

There are no leaves out on the plains
To dance when the frost wind blows,
But Tumble-Weed Ladies all of brown
Whirl about on their toes.

I know that they dance out there to-night
With billowy capes blown wide,
Tiny hoods pulled over each face
As they hurry side by side.

Out there the wind plays little bells
For hundreds of flying feet.
Tumble-Weed Ladies in magic rings
Dance where the lost trails meet.

—Neal Gallatin.

A SUGGESTION

She had lingered long by the window-pane,
And watched with her childish, impatient eyes,
The countless drops of the beating rain,
And the leaden, relentless skies.

At length, when the dreary day was done,
She told her thoughts, in the twilight gray:
"You know there's a bureau in Washington,
Where weather is stored away.

"And when it's so stormy and cold and wet,
I wonder what they are thinking about,
Not to open some other drawer and get
A different weather out!"

—Hattie Lummis, *in St. Nicholas.*

IF I WERE A KING

I often wish I were a King,
And then I could do anything.

If only I were King of Spain,
I'd take my hat off in the rain.

If only I were King of France,
I wouldn't brush my hair for aunts.

I think, if I were King of Greece,
I'd push things off the mantelpiece.

If I were King of Norroway
I'd ask an elephant to stay.

If I were King of Babylon
I'd leave my button gloves undone.

If I were King of Timbuctoo,
I'd think of lovely things to do.

If I were King of Anything,
I'd tell the soldiers, "I'm the King."

—A. A. M.

HALF-WAY DOWN

Half-way down the stairs
Is a stair
Where I sit;
There isn't any
Other stair
Quite like
It;
I'm not at the bottom,
I'm not at the top;
So this is the stair
Where
I always
Stop.
Half-way down the stairs
Isn't up,
And isn't down;
It isn't in the nursery,

It isn't in the town;
And all sorts of funny thoughts
Run round my head:
"It isn't really
Anywhere!
It's somewhere else
Instead!"

—A. A. M.

THE GREATEST INVENTION

Isn't it queer, when you say to a toe:
"Wiggle!" why, straightway it wiggles, you know!
Isn't it queer, when you wish it, your feet,
Onward will carry you, right down the street!
Isn't it queer, when you'd open your hand,
Open it flies! Can your palm understand?

Isn't it queer that you scarce have to think
Ere things are obeying you, quick as a wink!
Isn't it queer that by night as by day
Your breath "keeps on breathing," your heart beats
away!
Isn't it queer?

We read columns, I ween,
On "wireless" and "fireless" and "flying-machine";
But when you consider, now, isn't it true,
The marvelous marvel of marvels is you!

—Edwin L. Sabin, *in St. Nicholas.*

MONTANA WIVES

I had to laugh,
For when she said it we were sitting by the door,
And straight down was the Fork
Twisting and turning and gleaming in the sun.

And then your eyes carried across to the purple bench
beyond the river
With the Beartooth Mountains fairly screaming with
light and blue and snow,
And fold and turn of rimrock and prairie as far as
your eye could go.
And she says: "Dear Laura, sometimes I feel so sorry
for you,
Shut away from everything—eating out your heart with
loneliness.
When I think of my own full life I wish that you could
share it.
Just pray for happier days to come and bear it."

She goes back to Billings to her white stucco house,
And looks through net curtains at another white stucco
house,
And a brick house,
And a yellow frame house,
And six trimmed poplar trees,
And little squares of shaved grass.

Oh, dear, she stared at me like I was daft.
I couldn't help it! I just laughed and laughed!

—Gwendolen Haste.

LOVE'S CYCLE

Bob's in love with Nina,
Nina's stuck on Fred;
Fred is sweet on Marguerite,
And Margie's mashed on Ed.
Eddie's strong for Julia,
Julia's all for Lee.
Lee is smit with darling Kit,
But Kit likes me!

I'm a hardened sinner;
I've a crush on Nell!
Nell is gone on Algernon,
And Algy's flopped for Belle!
Belle is after Stephen,
Steve is chasing Sue.
Susie's heart is set on Art,
But Art loves Prue!

Prue is vamping Harvey—
It's a futile job.
His gifts go to dainty Flo,
And Flo's gifts go to Bob!
Thus throughout the ages,
Seer and fool have found,
With all its aches it's love that makes
The world go round!

—Max Lief, *in The Saturday Evening Post.*

VIOLETS

I had not thought of violets of late,
The wild, shy kind that spring beneath your feet
In wistful April days, when lovers mate
And wander through the fields in raptures sweet.
The thoughts of violets meant florists' shops,
And bows and pins, and perfumed papers fine;
And garish lights, and mincing little flops,
And cabarets and songs, and deadening wine.
So far from sweet real things my thoughts had strayed,
I had forgot wide fields, and clear brown streams,
The perfect loveliness that God has made—
Wild violets shy and heaven-mounting dreams
And now—unwittingly, you've made me dream
Of violets, and my soul's forgotten gleam.

—Alice Dunbar Nelson.

IN A CUP OF TEA

Here is a visitor in my tea!
Hard or soft? If it chance to be
The very one that I long to see!
I'll wear my pink dress, I'll curl my hair,
And everything for his call prepare.

Three turns of the cup, and a wish — who knows,
If he comes, what may happen before he goes?
For if he should chance the sweet words to say,
I never could dream to answer him "Nay!"
I will lift the cup. Not a drop I see!
There will be no tears from this cup of tea.

I will cut my cake, with the frosting white—
Perhaps I'll be wearing a ring to-night!
Sometimes I dream that a whole life long
With love is sweet as a beautiful song;
Who knows what a wonder may come to me
From finding this visitor in my tea?

—Cora A. Matson Dolson.

A STOLEN KISS

Now gentle sleep hath closed up those eyes
  Which, waking, kept my boldest thoughts in awe;
And free access unto that sweet lip lies,
  From whence I long the rosy breath to draw.
Methinks no wrong it were, if I should steal
  From those melting rubies, one poor kiss;
None sees the theft that would the theft reveal,
  Nor rob I her of aught what she can miss:
Nay, should I twenty kisses take away,
  There would be little sign I would do so;
Why, then, should I this robbery delay?
  Oh, she may wake, and therewith angry grow!
Well, if she do, I'll back restore that one,
And twenty hundred thousand more for loan.

—George Wither

LOVE'S PHILOSOPHY

The fountains mingle with the river,
  And the rivers with the ocean,
The winds of heaven mix for ever
  With a sweet emotion;
Nothing in the world is single;
  All things by a law divine
In one another's being mingle—
  Why not I with thine?

See the mountains kiss high heaven,
  And the waves clasp one another;
No sister flower would be forgiven
  If it disdain'd its brother:
And the sunlight clasps the earth,
  And the moonbeams kiss the sea;—
What are all these kissings worth,
  If thou kiss not me?

—Percy Bysshe Shelley.

THE FIRST MAN

What was't awakened first the untried ear
Of that sole man who was all humankind?
Was it the gladsome welcome of the wind,
Stirring the leaves that never yet were sere?
The four mellifluous streams which flowed so near,
Their lulling murmurs all in one combined?
The note of bird unnamed? The startled hind
Bursting the brake, in wonder, not in fear,
Of her new lord? Or did the holy ground
Send forth mysterious melody to greet
The gracious presence of immaculate feet,
Did viewless seraphs rustle all around,
Making sweet music out of air as sweet?
Or his own voice awake him with its sound?

—Hartley Coleridge.

CUPID—BANKRUPT

'Tis sad, sad news I heard to-day—
  Dan Cupid's fled the town;
His bank has closed, and in the fray
  Of failure has gone down.

For years poor Danny's kept the place,
  And honored any bill
From men of every creed or race
  Presented at his till.

But now the bank has closed its doors—
  A scene of misery,
And Cupid's skipped to other shores
  In hopeless bankruptcy.

He had a vast reserve of love
  Hid safely in his vault;
There never was suggestion of
  A possible default.

He owned a mine of richest ore—
  True eighteen-caret stuff—
And none who ever glimpsed the store
  Could doubt he had enough.

But I—alas, yes, yes, it is I
  Who wrecked our banker fair;
It is a fact I can't deny—
  I wrought that ruin there.

For when I first saw Polly's eyes,
  And fell beneath their sway,
I sent a draft of such a size
  He simply couldn't pay!

—Blakeney Gray.

RENUNCIATION

His Letter

"Dear Madge: Of course you've noticed by the papers,
That I've eschewed the joys of single life;
Renouncing all my former merry capers,
I shortly take unto myself a wife.
My stage-door days, I feel, have found an ending—
Most circumspect, from now, must be my lot;
But, as you see, for old love's sake I'm sending
An au revoir—and this forget-me-not."

Her Letter

"Dear Jim: Accept a friend's congratulations;
I hope your luck will be the bestest yet,
Although I fear you'll miss your old flirtations,
Unless you've changed a lot since last we met.
Be good to her—and ere this letter closes
One friendly word—it's quite the best I've got—
Your marriage, Jim, will not be strewn with roses,
Unless the tie's a real forget-me-not."

ASPIRATION

Ah, were I but a pair of dainty, best
Four-buttoned kids (a size or so too small),
That I might squeeze my lady's hand with zest
And own no impropriety at all!

About her wrist to count the pulsing flow,
Fresh from her throbbing heart; or from her lips
To catch the wafted kiss she fain would throw
To some one else, from taper finger-tips.

To feel the pressure of her soft, warm cheek
When wearily she poised her drooping head
Upon my hand enveloped—so to speak—
By my sleek self, caressed and comforted.

Perchance affrighted, with a sudden start
And little cry of terror she might press
The palpitating region of her heart;—
How sweet to soothe and quiet her distress!

And when together we grew old, I'd seek
Within her boudoir still to find a place;
Devoted to the last, I'd kiss her cheek,
And bring the rouge-red roses to her face.

—Arthur J. Mundy, in *Century*.

HEART'S SUMMER

The red, red rose,
Born in the sunny south,
Denotes to me the lure of
Your red mouth.

The purple violet,
Blooming 'neath azure skies,
Seems to me but the wonder
Of your eyes.

When brooks make melody,
And singing birds rejoice,
I think I hear the music
Of your voice.

The sunbeams turn to gold
The motes in air;
But brighter gleams the radiance
Of your hair.

And thus no winter bleak
Can gloom impart,
For you, incarnate summer,
Fill my heart!

—Grace E. Mott, in *Munsey's*.

FEALTY

When my lady hath pleasure and friends to spare,
And riot of roses strewed in her path of days,
And laughter ringing carillons into the air,
She needs not me; I travel the lonely ways.

When my lady hath youth uplifting a song,
Like the twitter of birds in a springtime hawthorn bough,
And round her the notes of a merry-mad music throng,
She needs not me; my music is sad and slow.

But when my lady hath sorrow to stress her heart,
And pain brings up to her eyes the ghosts of fear,
And music of youth and laughter and joy depart,
Then she will need me, and lo! am I not here?

Here I stand at the gateway and vigil keep,
Waiting the summoning sob or the calling sigh,
Ready to stay her tears, should my lady weep,
Happy if sorrow forever may pass her by.

—Bernard Moore.

WHO ELSE HEARD IT?

A lady hurrying through the square,
With steamship tickets in her hand,
To spend her summer in the Alps,
Her winter in the Holy Land,

Heard — or else dreamed — as she passed by
The orphan home across the way,
A small and clear and wondering voice
From out a dormer-window say:

"And would you really rather climb
Mont Blanc alone than walk with me
Out hunting mayflowers in the woods
Of Hemlockdale and Cloverlea?

"Alas, and would you rather hear
Cathedral choirs in cities far
Than me at bedtime on your lap
Say, 'Twinkle, twinkle, little star'?

"A lonely Christmas will you choose
By Galilee or Jordan's tide,
When a child's stocking you might fill,
And hang it by your own fireside?"

—Sarah N. Cleghorn.

THE ALPHABET OF MY WIFE

A's for the Automobile I must buy;
B is for Bridge, where the stakes are quite high.
C's for her Club, most select and exclusive;
D for its Dues, which are simply abusive.
E for her Earrings, that dangle so gaily;
F for the Fashions she studies up daily,
G's for her Gowns, quite expensive, I find!
H for her Hats—she *will* have the best kind.
I is for Ibsen—she raves o'er him madly.
J for the Jewels I give to her gladly.
K for her Kitten, a mass of white fluff;
L's for her Lingerie—similar stuff.
M's the Masseuse who comes every day;
N's for the Neighbors—she cares what they say!
O's for the Opera, whither I'm dragged.
P's for the Prizes at Bridge she has bagged.
Q's for our Quarrels—they're very soon over;
R's for Repentance, for which I just love her!
S is the suffrage—she hates it, thank Heaven!
T's for the Teas where she lingers till seven.
U's for Unhooking, where often I've blundered;
V's for her Veils—she must have a hundred!
W's her Wheedlesome ways, words, and wiles;
X for the X's she gets by her smiles.
Y's for the Yacht she longed to possess;
Z is the Zany I was to say yes!

—Carolyn Wells, in *Munsey's*.

THE RUNAWAYS

Let's run off to Arcady,
All alone—just you and me!
  Let your dolls and tea-things rest—
    Hark, the birds are singing!
  Choose the road that you like best,
    See the shadows quiver,
  Where the trees, by winds caressed,
    Nod across the river!

June-day sunshine overhead,
Candy, cakes, and gingerbread;
  Flowers that grow just anywhere,
    All invite our coming.
  Here the day is always fair,
    Not a cloud hangs darkling;
  Let us go, dear Goldenhair—
    How your eyes are sparkling!

Now we find our way across;
Though I'm old, no second's loss;
  In the garden of the gods
    We may wander ever.
  In our pathway lie no clods,
    Threatens no drear weather.
  Six and sixty—what's the odds,
    So we go together?

—Rem. A. Johnston.

ANOTHER DAY

Another day! The slowly rising sun
Proclaims long hours of toil to be begun
  On life's highway.
We fain would slumber on, for rest is sweet;
But we must work to live, and so we greet
  Another day.

Another day! We venture forth, not knowing
Whether, ere sunset, we too may be going
Far, far away,
Into that distant land where we forget
The pricking thorns and cares that once beset
Another day.

Another night! The dark, with brooding wings,
Brings with it haunting fears of unknown things;
And so we pray
That God will pardon work so feebly done,
And let us live again to greet the sun
Another day!

—Ella Middleton Tybout.

FATE

Two shall be born the whole wide world apart,
And speak in different tongues, and have no thought
Each of the other's being, and no heed;
And these o'er unknown seas to unknown lands
Shall cross, escaping wreck, defying death;
And, all unconsciously, shape every act
And bend each wandering step to this one end—
That one day out of darkness they shall meet
And read life's meaning in each other's eyes.

And two shall walk some narrow way of life,
So nearly side by side that should one turn
Ever so little space to left or right
They needs must stand acknowledged face to face,
And yet, with wistful eyes that never meet,
With groping hands that never clasp, and lips
Calling in vain to ears that never hear,
They seek each other all their weary days
And die unsatisfied: and this is Fate.

TOUJOURS AMOUR

Prithee tell me, Dimple-Chin,
At what age does Love begin?
Your blue eyes have scarcely seen
Summers three, my fairy queen,
But a miracle of sweets,
Soft approaches, sly retreats,
Show the little archer there,
Hidden in your pretty hair;
When didst learn a heart to win?
Prithee tell me, Dimple-Chin!

"Oh!" the rosy lips reply,
"I can't tell you if I try.
'Tis so long I can't remember:
Ask some younger lass than I!"

Tell, oh tell me, Grizzled-Face,
Do your heart and head keep pace?
When does hoary Love expire,
When do frosts put out the fire?
Can its embers burn below
All that chill December snow?
Care you still soft hands to press,
Bonny heads to smooth and bless?
When does Love give up the chase?
Tell, oh tell me, Grizzled-Face!

"Ah!" the wise old lips reply,
"Youth may pass, and strength may die;
But of Love I can't foretoken:
Ask some older sage than I!"

—Edmund Clarence Stedman.

MOTHER

Mother's out among her pinks,
Givin' 'em their little drinks.
Dear old mother! All her days
She has walked in humble ways
Tendin' something small and weak—
Helpless babies, so to speak.

Sometimes babies of her own;
Sometimes other people's, thrown
On her cares, because, I vow,
She just seemed to know just how;
Sometimes fluffy little chicks,
Sometimes lambs that didn't mix
With the old sheep very well.
I could set here months and tell
How she's nursed all kinds of weak,
Helpless babies, so to speak.

Don't have just such mothers now,
Seems to me. They're—well, I vow,
Not exactly natural like.
S'pose they love each little tike
After a fashion—but, that's it—
Fashion-like—a little bit
Of the pure old mother stuff
Mixed in, mebby, but a lot
Of machine stuff that they've got
Out of papers, mother's clubs,
Congresses, O, mollygrubs;
Give us mothers of the kind
That we always useter find
Cuddlin' things that's small and weak,
Lovin' of 'em, so to speak!

I BELIEVE

I believe in being happy,
I believe in being good,
I believe in being busy,
I believe in sawing wood.
I believe in being decent,
I believe in being fair,
But I don't believe in laughing
When I really ought to care.

I believe in being cheerful,
I believe in being brave;
But when stern-faced duty calls me
I believe in being grave.
I do not believe in whining
When misfortune comes my way,
But I do believe in fighting
Very grimly with dismay.

I believe in smiles and laughter,
I believe in gentle ways,
I believe in making merry
When I have my merry days.
But when obstacles beset me
And the clouds above are gray,
I do not believe in thinking
I can laugh them all away.

I believe that worry's useless,
I believe that frowns are worse;
I believe that it is idle
For a man to rail and curse.
But when trouble I am facing
I believe in "bucking" in
With the strength the Lord has given,
Putting up a fight to win.

—*Detroit Free Press.*

JUDGE ME, O LORD!

If I had lived in Palestine,
A poor disciple I had been;
I had not risked my purse or limb
All to forsake, and follow Him;
But in the vast and wondering throng
I too had stood and listened long;
I too had felt my spirit stirred
When the Beatitudes I heard.

With that great crowd that sang the psalm,
I should, I fear, have strewed the palm,
Then slunk away in dastard shame
When the high priests denounced His name.
But when my late companions cried,
"The Nazarene be crucified!"
I would have begged, with tremulous
Pale lips, "Release Him unto us!"

Beside the Cross when Mary prayed,
A great way off I too had stayed;
Not even in that hour had dared,
And for my fainting Lord declared,
But beat upon my craven breast,
And loathed my coward heart, at least,
To think my life I dared not stake
And beard the Romans for His sake!

—Sarah N. Cleghorn.

TO PHYLLIS IN REVENGEFUL MOOD

You bid me sally boldly forth to slay
A wicked honey-bee that yesterday
Did feed upon your cheek, and then took wing
And left you victim to his errant sting?

Since you command, why, then, it must be so,
And I'll proceed at once against the foe,
And make him rue the sorry day he strove
To feast his spirit on that field of love.

Yet in my heart I find small blame for him
That he should seek to gratify his whim—
How can I rightly saddle him with blame
When with his chance myself would do the same?

Ah, no indeed! When haply he shall meet
His punishment for conduct indiscreet,
And at my hands, 'twill simple murder be
By one who writhes with ruthless jealousy!

—Wilberforce Jenkins.

SPRING IN THE BRONX

Now to the neighboring lots and fields in quest
Of dandelions for her thrifty board
The swart *signora* hies; her practised eye
Anticipates the skillful blade; alert,
From place to place the tender spoil she crops,
Bent o'er the verdant lea. The passer-by
Admires the pastoral beauty of her pose.
Full soon her apron with the greens is filled,
And home with swinging hips and cumbrous brogues
Elate she trudges—Verdi on her lips.

Soused in the crystal flood, and soused again,
And still once more, or grit and slug to cleanse,
Her culinary art the matron plies,
Learned in Calabria; the condiments,
Pepper and salt and vinegar, combine
To animate the mess, and scallions shrewd,
With copious olive-oil nutritious drenched,
The royal dressing; and, to vitalize
And quicken with the very breath of life,
The aromatic garlic's tingling zest!

Meanwhile Antonio from his muddy trench,
Lord of her heart and father of their brood,
Noblest of all the men in all the world
To Angelina, proud Antonio comes.
With shouts of joy the children greet their sire
Who, beaming, hugs his spouse, and to his breast
The sweet *bambino* fondles. At the sink
His rude ablutions done, they sit them down.

O wondrous love! the shack where you abide
Becomes a palace, and the laborer's fare
A banquet. From Antonio's ardent lips
The honeyed compliments effusive flow,
No sweeter had he borrowed Tasso's harp,
Or filched from Petrarch's lute its sweetest string—
And Angelina's rosy flush of pride
Attests her triumph and her wifely bliss.
Spring in The Bronx for some is Paradise.

—John Ludlow.

A MOUNTAIN LOVE SONG

Could I but catch the thrush's song
  That thrills the twilight through and through,
Its joyous cadences I'd use
  To tell my love for you.

Could I translate the forest scent
  Of mingled balsam, sun, and dew,
In tender phrase I'd strive again
  To tell my love for you.

Could I but keep the sunset fire
  That flames across the mountains blue,
In words ineffable I'd try
  To tell my love for you.

But though the secrets of the woods
  And golden streams and peaks I knew,
Still were no words half sweet enough
  To tell my love for you! —Alice E. Allen.

IF DREAMS CAME TRUE

If dreams came true, if dreams came true,
What would it mean, for me, for you?

Days full of joy, no work, no school;
The swimming-hole, fish in the pool;
Dolls playing house beneath a tree—
This it would mean, for you, for me.

A summer night, the moon on high,
A maiden fair, a lover nigh,
A hammock swung beneath a tree—
This it would mean, for you, for me.

Friends not a few, success in life;
A husband true, a charming wife;
Wee, smiling faces two or three—
This it would mean, for you, for me.

Days full of joy, no work, all rest;
An easy chair, a book the best;
A fireside couch, a cup of tea—
This it would mean, for you, for me.

If dreams came true, if dreams came true,
This it would mean, for me, for you.

—E. Marriner.

A MAN OF TITLES

All day Jim Smith sells boots and shoes;
  Obsequious he bends,
With double B's and threes and twos
  To serve man's lowest ends.
But when his supper he consumes,
  And meets the appointed hour,
In fair regalia James forth-blooms
  Like some exotic flower.

On Monday night High Potentate,
  On Tuesday, Sir Knight Peer;
On Wednesday, Keeper of the Gate,
  On Thursday, Overseer;
On Friday, Most High Worshipful
  And Grandest Seneschal;
On Saturday, Omnipotent
  Imperial Lord of All.

On Sunday morn James hies to church,
  His waistcoat all aflame
With symbols, emblems, pins and charms
  Of each fraternal name;
And as his pastor tells of heaven,
  Imagination paints
For Jim a jeweled lodge-room fair,
  Full of regalia'd saints;

Where grips are more mysterious
  And pass-words complicate
Than earthly minds can fashion forth,
  Or lips articulate.
Ah, were it not for earthly ties,
  How soon would Jim ascend
Where stated sessions ne'er break up,
  Conventions have no end!

—Walter D. Makepiece.

TO THE BUCKWHEAT CAKE

In a verse grand and sonorous
I should like to sing the porous
  Beauties of the buckwheat cake;
I should like to tell the story
Of its onward march of glory,
  Free of flaw and fake.

I should like to sing its wonders
In a style of rime that thunders
With a fierce Miltonic roar,
Yet with all the grace untirin'
Of an Edgar Poe or Byron
To some fair *Lenore*.

I should like to sing a rural
Pastoral taradidooral,
Full of glowing sentiment,
Full of feeling equinoctian,
To that glorious concoction
Of such marvels blent.

I would sing the cryptic vision
Of the gladsome vales Elysian
Into which I softly glide
When the buckwheat, sweetly dripping
With the maple, goes a skipping
Into my inside!

But, alas, I cannot sing it!
I have tried, but I can't bring it
Swelling grandly, piping strong;
For I've eaten such a stack of
Buckwheat cakes that I've a lack of
Room within for song! —Carlyle Smith.

GEMS

What's a coronet to wear
When the gold is in her hair?
Is it necklaces she loves,
When her throat is like a dove's?
Does she wish for sapphires, too,
She whose eyes are sapphire blue?
What are gems that catch the light,
When her skin is pearly white?
Take the diamonds and the pearls—
She needs them not, this gem of girls!
—Littell McClung.

THE LIMIT OF SYMPATHY

I am a tender-hearted chap,
And thrill with sympathy
When I encounter some poor wight
Who's steeped in misery.
I stretch to him a brother's hand
To ease the sting of woe,
And with a grasp fraternal try
To set his heart aglow.

I met a man the other day
Who never makes mistakes,
And gave to him the tenderest
Of all my tender shakes.
It must be awful to be right
For ever and a day,
And feel that you have not been built
Of truly human clay!

Another fellow came along
Who said in all his life
He'd never had the slightest tiff
Or quarrel with his wife;
And I, I pitied him indeed;
How bitter is the cup
Of him who's never tasted that
Rare joy of making up!

And finally another came,
Amid the noisy whirl,
Who vowed he'd never flirted with
Or kissed a pretty girl.
I had no pity for that man
In all his show of pride,
Because, in spite of what he said,
I think the fellow lied!

—Carlyle Smith.

CHILD'S PLAY

In happy childhood's days I blew
Great iridescent globes that flew
High in the air like swift balloons,
Or whirled like new-created moons
In strange, erratic orbits round
Some distant sun I never found.

Now, older but not wiser grown,
A fairer bubble have I blown.
Of sun-kissed loveliness impearled,
It filled the limits of the world,
And seemed as if 'twere meant to last;
It was so exquisite, so vast,
So visionlike, so heavenly bright,
I saw in it all life's delight.

Illusion! It was film so rare
That even when it seemed most fair,
A hasty word its fabric jarred—
Strange that a breath should strike so hard!
It burst, and there was nothing left
To tell of what I was bereft,
Except a sprinkle of hot tears,
As when a bubble disappears!

—Nathan Haskell Dole.

MISUNDERSTOOD

He thought I said yes; but I'm sure I said no.
My heart was a-beating, my cheeks were aglow;
I looked on the ground and I thought he would go:
He thought I said yes, but I'm sure I said no.

Now what could I do? For he thought I said yes;
He sat close beside me, and—you'll never guess;
If you look at me so, I cannot confess,
He—I'm sure I said no, but he thought I said yes.

—A. L. R., in *Century*.

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